J.C. Superstar Enterprises, Inc. by Molly Haskell

Saturday Review

OCTOBER 30, 1971 / 50¢

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THE IMPROBABLE TRIUMVIRATE

KHRUSHCHEV · KENNEDY · POPE JOHN

by Norman Cousins

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October 30, 1971

Saturday Review

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by Norman Cousins

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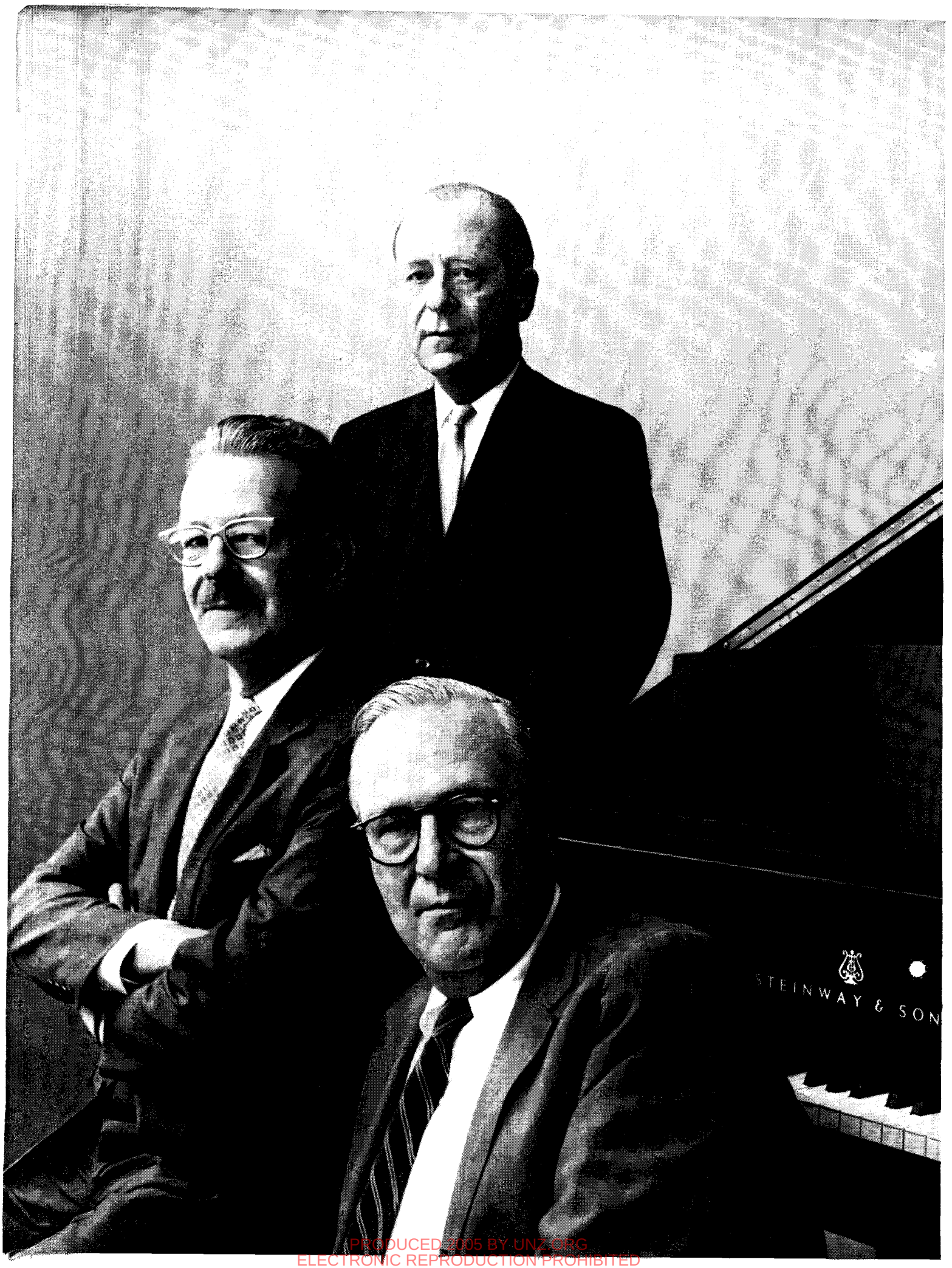

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Scion

ATTENTION, all ten- or eleven-year-olds. If you haven't yet decided what you want to be when you grow up, please consider going into the scion business.

Becoming a scion, the offspring of a famous and/or wealthy family, is easy. All it takes is a father who is famous enough to become an important politician, or a good enough politician to become a wealthy father. Bingo! You're a scion.

But while he's making it to fame and fortune, you cool it. For the next ten or eleven years you go to the schools of his choice (or prejudice), get passing grades, be polite ("sir" and "ma'am") and obedient. When your father says, "Jump," you don't say, "No, sir." You say, "How high, sir?"

Until you reach twenty-one. Then if you have played all your cards right and have become heir apparent to all the chips, you can, without loss of the dignified title of scion, politely tell the old man to go jump in the lake, sir.

That's the scene, man. It's what's happening. You can read it in the papers. Quote: "Stewart Reid, twenty-one-year-old son of Representative Ogden Reid, and scion of one of the nation's most thoroughly Republican families, which owned the defunct New York *Herald Tribune*, a rigidly Republican newspaper, has registered as a Democrat."

Or take John D. Rockefeller 4th, scion of John D. Rockefeller 3rd, grandson of John D. Rockefeller, Jr., great-grandson of John D. the first. He and his wife, the former Sharon Percy, beautiful daughter of Charles Percy, Republican Senator from Illinois, live in West Virginia, where he is the Democratic Secretary of State.

Or take this extreme case, quote again: "Alfred G. Vanderbilt, Jr., scion of the famous sportsman, has a fall wedding date," as the paper puts it. Adding, "He plays guitar with various rock groups."

Where did these kids go wrong? Or right? Depending on when you reach your boiling point with today's young people. For myself, I am one who thinks this new breed of independently thinking young men and women who are becoming political activists will somehow set straight the old ideologies and inequities and so preserve the greatness of America.

This does not include the over-reacting teen-agers who hold that to accept the Establishment's contention that two plus two equals four is a defeatist attitude. Whereas the independent young thinkers have compromised on the possibility that two plus two might equal four and have gone on to the new math, that 127 members of the United Nations plus 800 million Chinese equals one world. And other global problems like that.

It is said of the young scions cited above who have switched from one political party to another, and even of that guitar player up there who sits in with various rock groups, that they had "the courage of their convictions."

I don't go for that quick and simplistic evaluation. It doesn't apply here. It is more germane, for example, in "The prisoner walked bravely to the gallows." Of him it can be said, "He had the courage of his conviction." And his appeals.

Now where was I? Oh, yes. Courage. How much courage does it take, if you are a scion, to make a drastic change in your life-style, when you are sure you can meet the annual premium on your life insurance, or next month's rent, or the dentist's bill for your kids' braces? And besides, at age twenty-one, you have years ahead to adjust to the mistakes you may have made when you first became a young independent.

Not so is the case of tall, handsome, charismatic John Lindsay, Mayor of New York, who late in life (he's pushing fifty) switched to the Democratic Party. That's courage. Nation-wise, it was startling news. However, to his constituents in New York it was no surprise. Even when he first ran for Congressman they were saying, "John Lindsay is a Republican? He doesn't look it."

Switching political parties at any stage of his life doesn't make a man a turncoat. When he feels his party has run out on the moral philosophies he holds dear, he has reasons to switch. It's more admirable than the posture of the man who recently told me he's going to vote for President Nixon.

"Why are you voting for him?" I asked.

"Because I'm a Republican."

"Why are you a Republican?"

"Because my father was."

"Oh. Are you married?"

"No, I'm a bachelor. What's that got to do with it?"

"Nothing. Only I thought you might be a bachelor because your father was."

Now that took courage. But the swelling has gone down considerably.

"They want peace; we want peace. Why don't they surrender?"

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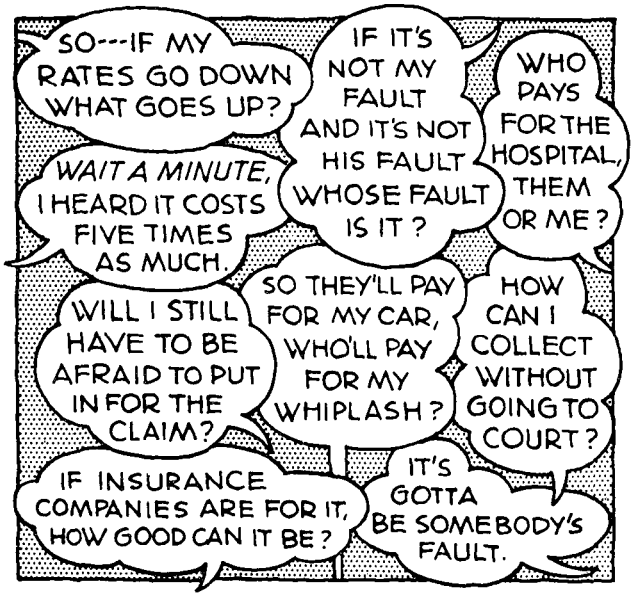
SO---IF MY RATES GO DOWN WHAT GOES UP?
IF IT'S NOT MY FAULT AND IT'S NOT HIS FAULT WHOSE FAULT IS IT?
WHO PAYS FOR THE HOSPITAL, THEM OR ME?
WAIT A MINUTE, I HEARD IT COSTS FIVE TIMES AS MUCH.
WILL I STILL HAVE TO BE AFRAID TO PUT IN FOR THE CLAIM?
SO THEY'LL PAY FOR MY CAR, WHO'LL PAY FOR MY WHIPLASH?
HOW CAN I COLLECT WITHOUT GOING TO COURT?
IF INSURANCE COMPANIES ARE FOR IT, HOW GOOD CAN IT BE?
IT'S GOTTA BE SOMEBODY'S FAULT.

As a rule, any discussion of insurance has a tendency to fog people's minds.

The current discussion of no-fault auto insurance is no exception to that rule.

Some people say no-fault is the answer to all the auto insurance problems. Everything from the high costs to the length of time it can take to collect a claim.

Some people say no-fault is the answer to nothing.

Several states already have it.

Several more are considering making it law.

We happen to think that, while no-fault is a good place to begin, there are a great many more things that should be done.

However, knowing what you think of insurance companies—and knowing that some of you may find it a bit hard to believe that any insurance company could be for anything that could lower rates and make claims easier to collect—we'd like to do something better than give you our opinion.

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THE TRAVELERS

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Sign of the Times—from Mrs. Robert Lanzit of Cincinnati, who found it in the Cincinnati *Enquirer*:

> The Nearly Weds most often have one room to furnish, either in an efficiency or at home, with the thought of minimal upkeep.

It's the upkeeping of appearances, we've always said, that makes the difference between the Nearly Weds and the Newly Divs.

TV Trick of the Week—from Mrs. R. Mannfield of Coventry, Rhode Island, who spotted it in the Providence *Sunday Journal TV Weekly*:

> THURSDAY: Heart surgeon Dr. Michael DeBakey tells how to detect early signs of heart attack, shows an exercise machine that measures heart beats and prepares Crab Gumbo Creole.

A galloping gourmet shortcut, we presume, to debaking.

Notice of the Week—via Mrs. Lester Webb of Comer, Georgia, via the Comer *News*:

> NOTICE: If you lost anything in Ila Saturday, Sept. 25; if you will call me and describe it, and I have found it, you can get it.
>
> Mrs. B. B. Cook

These days you just *can't* be too careful. Finally, our Letter of the Week, from Andrew J. Moye III of Decatur, Georgia, came in response to the claim of Mr. Mort Weisinger that no Miss America had ever achieved a bust size of over 36 inches.

"There were," Mr. Moye writes sternly, "four Miss Americas with bust size over 36 inches: Venus Ramey in 1944, who measured 37.5; Bebe Shopp in 1948 with 37 . . . 1954's Evelyn Ay, also at 37; and most recently Debra Dene Barnes at 36.5."

Furthermore, Mr. Moye continues, "No redhead has won, but there are few true redheads and fewer attractive ones. Venus Ramey had auburn hair."

Well he's the expert, but was it *true* auburn?

One of the troubles with fiction nowadays is that, obviously, it's something truth can be stranger than. And there's no better proof of this sad—for novelists—cliché than the incredibly exciting non-fiction book *Indict and Convict* by Bill Davidson (Harper & Row). The book is a scene by behind-the-scenes report of Mr. Davidson's many months spent with the staff of the office of the California Attorney General—a time in which occurred, among other things, the double murder of a) the wife of an Assistant D.A. and b) her lover, both of whom were killed in the actual act of love, with the prime suspect being c) the Assistant D.A. himself. When we met Mr. Davidson we found him still excited. "I could," he said, "have done a dozen books on that one office. The problem was leaving stuff out."

Mr. Davidson, a well-rounded fellow in person and in print, has done time himself—if not in prison, in article writing. He has in fact authored more than 700 magazine pieces, as well as three previous books, one of them, *Six Brave Presidents*, with President Kennedy. Born in Jersey City, the son of a dentist who was an opponent of Boss Hague ("That's how I got involved in underdog politics"), Mr. Davidson was a hurdler in college. "That," he said firmly, "was a hundred pounds ago.

"Hurdling," he continued, "is good training for a writer." In any case, after an athletic scholarship at NYU, where he also edited the literary magazine, he got a job as a sports writer for the one and only Bill Stern.

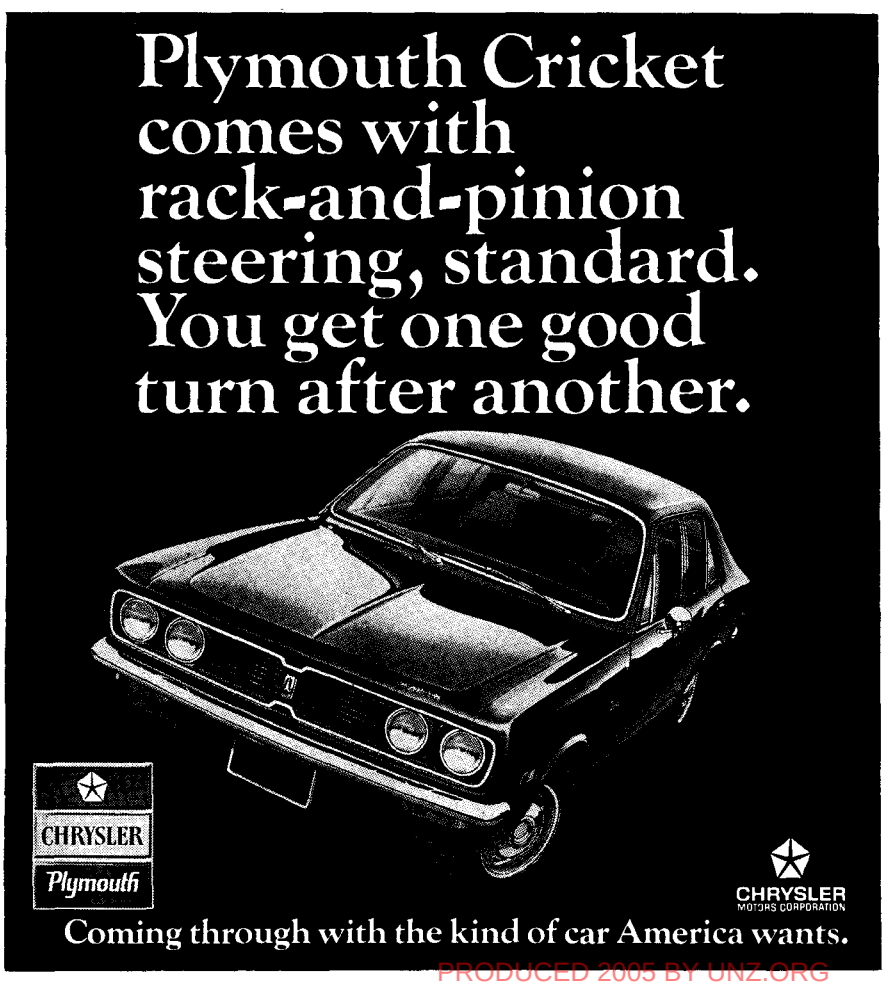
Mr. Stern's incredible stories, which were an indelible part of the golden days of radio, not only were stranger than truth, they were, in many cases, strangers to truth. Mr. Davidson intoned for us what he described as his "wildest" one.

"The bearded, kindly-faced man was dying. . . . Murdered. But with enormous effort, he turned to the man beside him and with his very last breath said, 'Tell Abner Doubleday, don't let baseball die' . . . And that man was . . . (music up) . . . ABRAHAM LINCOLN! 'And now a word from COLGATE!' "

Mr. Davidson's other favorite story came during the Russo-Finnish War. It concerned a Finnish javelin thrower who placed seventh in the Olympic Games. "We brought him in seventh," Mr. Davidson said, "because the Olympics kept records up to six."

From Bill Stern he graduated to other NBC people who wanted ghosted articles. His first piece under his own name was entitled "The World's Female Ping-Pong Champion." "Even in those days," he said quietly, "I was ahead of my time."

Next came *Yank*, which is to be the subject of his next book. "I have been working on it for some time," he told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KING RICHARD III. His evil reputation may well be the greatest hoax of all time. But hero or villain, his death in battle at Bosworth Field marked the end of the War of the Roses –the series of bloody clashes between the houses of Lancaster and York over the crown.

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Come, walk with Kings and let the ancient gates of London's Tower creak shut behind you.

Walk with King Edward III as he sallies forth from the Tower cell where he's been locked up for years. He has vowed to avenge the murder of his father and to seize the kingdom from his mother and her lover.

Wasting little time, Edward threw his mother into a dungeon and tossed away the key. Then he had her lover beheaded.

Walk with the boy-king, Richard II. Stand fast with him as he faces an army of 100,000 rebels on Tower Hill and refuses to surrender his jeweled sword to their leader, Wat Tyler.

Tyler was executed on the spot. Then Richard rode forth, alone, into the howling mob and, in a child's voice, commanded the rebels to go home. And they did.

Walk with King Henry VI, a gentle and retiring man who doesn't even want to be King. He is a helpless pawn in a power struggle between his son and the sensual, violent Duke of York.

Arrested by the Duke's men, Henry was brought as a prisoner to the Tower with his golden spurs struck off and his feet bound under his horse by leather thongs. When his son was killed in battle years later and his value as a hostage was gone, Henry was murdered in his cell as he knelt, praying.

Come, walk with Kings. Walk with King Edward the Confessor as he sees a comet streak across the sky and predicts—accurately, it turned out—that a time of great evil was coming over the land.

Walk with King James I, whose taste for handsome young men was notorious, as he reluctantly sentences one of his favorites, the Earl of Somerset, to the Tower—then, weakening, pardons him.

Walk with King Henry V as he hurries about London, pawning the Crown Jewels and even the altar linen from his private chapel to raise money for an invasion of France—an invasion that would result in his astonishing victory at Agincourt.

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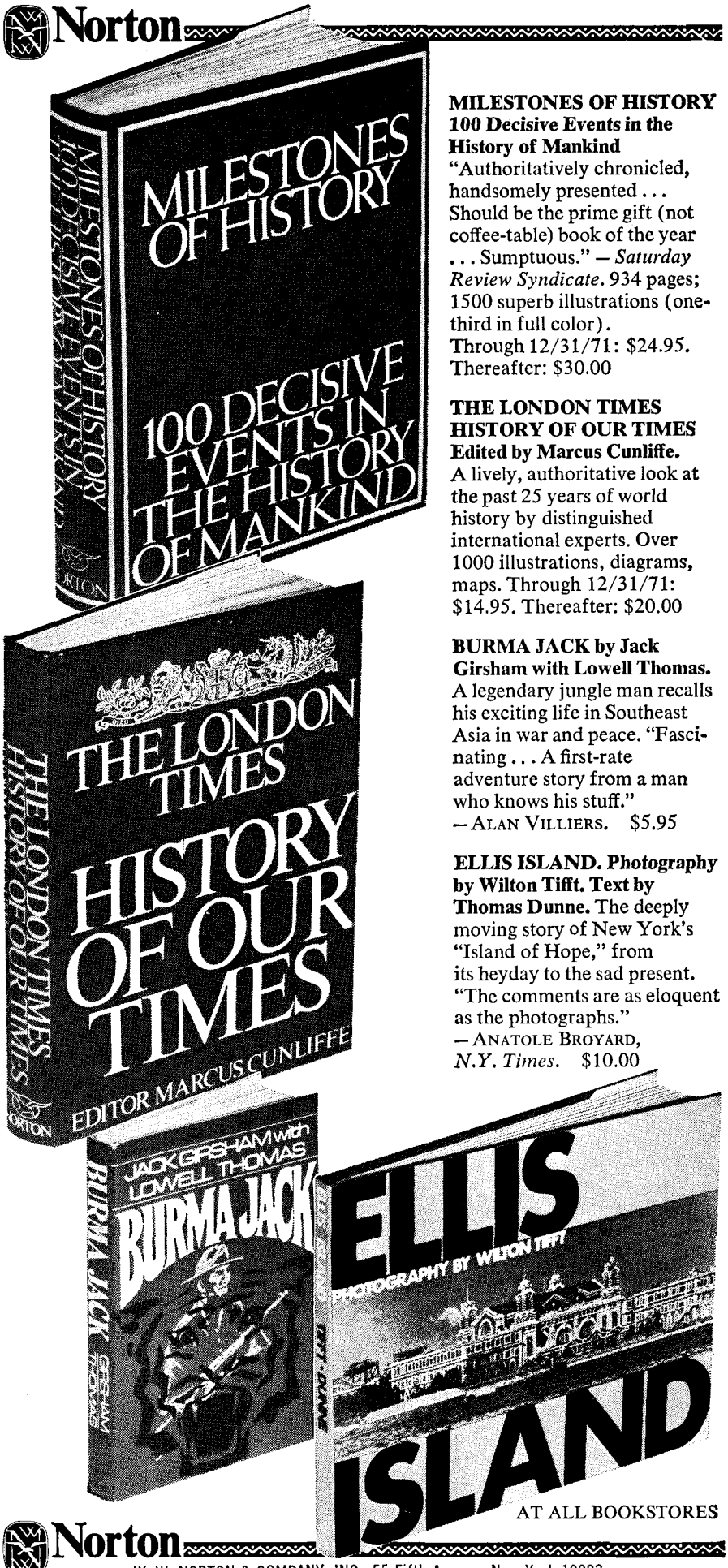

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us. "And I've already finished my title —*Cut Off Behind Enemy Lines in the Battle of the Bulge with Two Small Children, Ernest Hemingway, and Other Assorted Misanthropes*. Do you like it?" he asked.

Love it, we said, don't cut a word. After *Yank* came *Collier's* There he wrote two particularly famous articles—one still used by the military, entitled "Why Half Our Combat Soldiers Fail to Shoot"; the other, in 1959, "Five Reasons Why Lyndon Johnson Can Never Be Elected President." "My *reasons*," he said indignantly, "have stood the test of time."

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In 1960, Mr. Davidson was doing an article on Kim Novak and, in the course of it, met Miss Novak's personal PR girl, Muriel. "The article came out," he told us, "and Muriel got fired. I had to do the right thing by her, so I married her."

Today Mr. Davidson and Muriel, who is known as the most prolific lady writer in the business, live in a 231-year-old colonial house in Connecticut, with separate typewriters. "We have cheek to cheek ones," Mr. Davidson explained, "for magazine pieces. But when I'm working on a book, I boot her out."

Mr. Davidson's biggest problem is writing about people he likes. "Probably the worst article I ever did," he said, "was on Judy Garland. I really liked her so much."

How about, we asked, friends? "Friends," he snorted, "are impossible to do. I actually turn down assignments on them."

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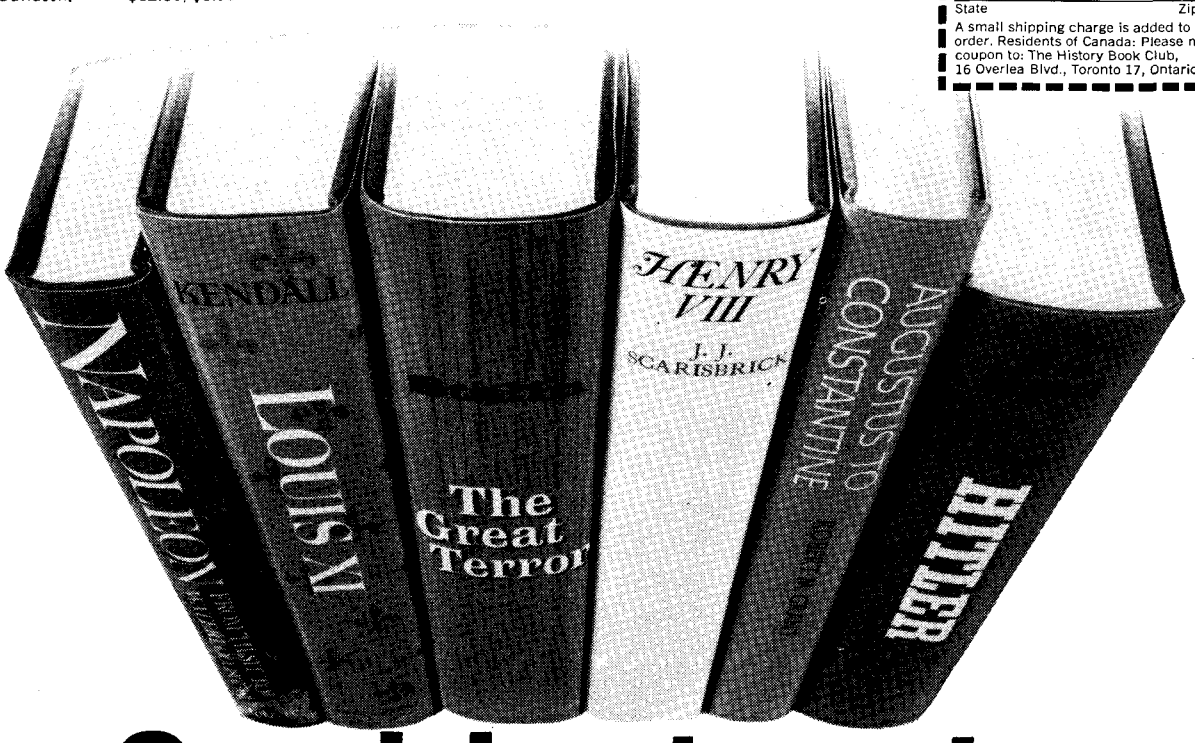

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TV-Radio

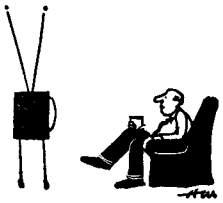
Robert Lewis Shayon

All in the Network

SHOULD the Public Broadcasting Service (PBS), which selects and schedules programs for public television stations, be a "postal delivery service" between program suppliers and member stations or should it be a decision-making network handing down editorial judgments on what is suitable for showing by member stations? The PBS Board is now facing this question, and the answer is of profound importance not only to public television, which is currently tense with conflicts engendered by colliding broadcasting philosophies as well as by group interests, but also to the public's interest in the free flow of ideas over stations supported by federal funds. The issue has been troubling public broadcasting behind the scenes for a long time, but recently it surfaced dramatically when NET, producer, for PBS, of *The Great American Dream Machine*, deleted, at PBS's request, a twelve-minute segment by journalist Paul Jacobs in which three self-styled FBI informers charged that operatives of that agency had encouraged them to infiltrate radical groups and to commit crimes, including arson, murder, and bombing.

PBS—which does not produce programs itself but is the networking arm of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting (CPB), the parent funding arm of public TV—"flagged" its member stations in advance of the scheduled airing of the controversial *Dream Machine*, warning them that it contained the "hot" segment. Some stations previewed the program for their local critics. Then PBS President Hartford N. Gunn, Jr., decided that the segment needed "more documentation" and ordered NET to delete and delay. Channel 13 in New York, which is allied with NET, then put together a special two-hour program, *Behind the Lines*. Versions of the controversial segment were shown, along with discussion by an unusually large panel that included Mr. Gunn, Bill Kobin, program vice president for NET, Alvin H. Perlmutter, producer of *Dream Machine*, two critics, Les Brown of *Variety* and myself, several journalists, and a Constitutional lawyer.

The program was a historic landmark, airing for the first time in some depth the issues that have been agitating public broadcasters. The difficult question of centralized vs. decentralized authority over program content, the struggle for power among strong-minded public TV leaders, and the larger question of the proper degree of federal control over the funding, distribution, and content of public TV were involved. When the Eastern Educational Network, a segment of PBS, agreed to carry the Channel 13 special,



PBS realized that the fat was in the fire and at the last moment offered the program to all stations on the network. Although the program was an excellent starter for a debate that should continue, amid the heat and speed of its preparation and execution, the problem of PBS as a delivery service vs. PBS as decision agent for member stations in the matter of program content failed to receive sufficient discussion.

The Carnegie Commission, whose recommendations to President Johnson shaped public TV, envisioned a system with control diffused among stations, suppliers of programs, and the central agency, CPB. Actually, however, the pragmatic thrust of PBS has been toward the centralized selection and scheduling of programs. PBS is becoming, in effect, a fourth network. Under a policy agreement with member stations, it is obliged to "flag" them when controversy is anticipated, but the stations themselves cannot, under FCC rule, surrender their programing authority to anyone. Many stations, however, are apparently willing and eager to let PBS act as a centralized filter for them. In most cases, these are the smaller stations located in areas where countervailing community pressures are more concentrated. Also, many stations distrust NET's alleged "Eastern liberal Establishment" viewpoint.

In modern broadcasting, it is desirable for stations to try to influence the network, according to their convictions of what best meets the needs of their local communities. They should not surrender program control to a centralized agency that may make decisions disenfranchising local viewers of access to the fullest possible spectrum of views on public controversies. With a few exceptions, the PBS stations in the larger urban areas, where

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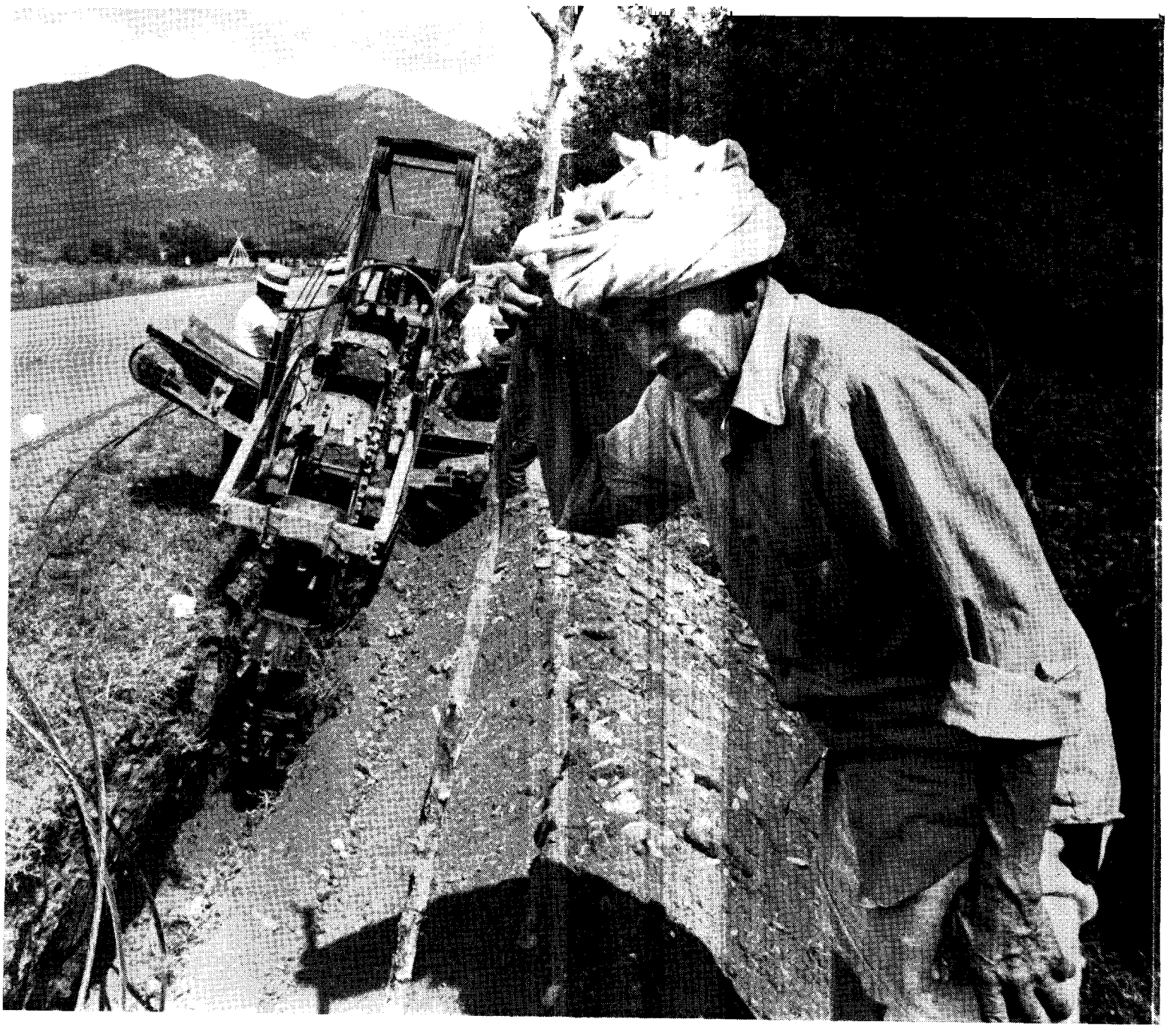

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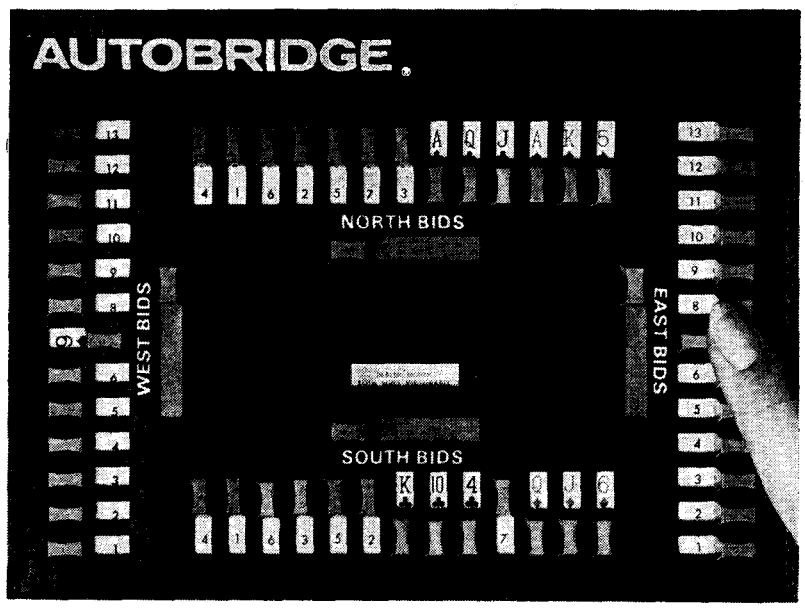

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public pressure is more pluralistic, have been unwilling to let PBS decide for them what ought to be shown to their viewers. PBS now has no legal or contractual right to censor program content delivered to it by NET, under contract to CPB. PBS has tended to lean in that control direction at the encouragement of many of the smaller stations, which are either timid or opposed to content that they consider to be slanted.

No one knows what would have happened had Channel 13 insisted that PBS feed it the uncensored *Dream Machine*. In this debate, the rights of access that program suppliers have to member stations that wish to carry their programs as well as the rights of stations that desire access to the diverse and antagonistic views of the program suppliers who deal with controversial issues must be taken into consideration. Once PBS agrees to schedule regularly a series of programs delivered to it by a program supplier, does it have a right to make a judgment on all or part of individual programs? That is the question. One intriguing but possibly unrealistic solution would be to have two networks, one for the weak sisters and one for the strong (NBC in radio days had the "blue" and "red" networks, designations devoid of any political connotations). In the final analysis, the licensee cannot escape his responsibility to serve all his community. PBS must either be a postal delivery service or, if it elects to be a gatekeeper, decide with its member stations what the rules of gatekeeping are in the larger interest of the public's right to the freest possible flow of ideas.

WIT TWISTER #241

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

While — — — — — — — — children
for some slight misdeed,

One wonders: are they — — — —
— — — — it away,

Or are the — — — — — — — — messages they read

The ones we think and feel, but never say?

—A. S.

(Answer on page 88)

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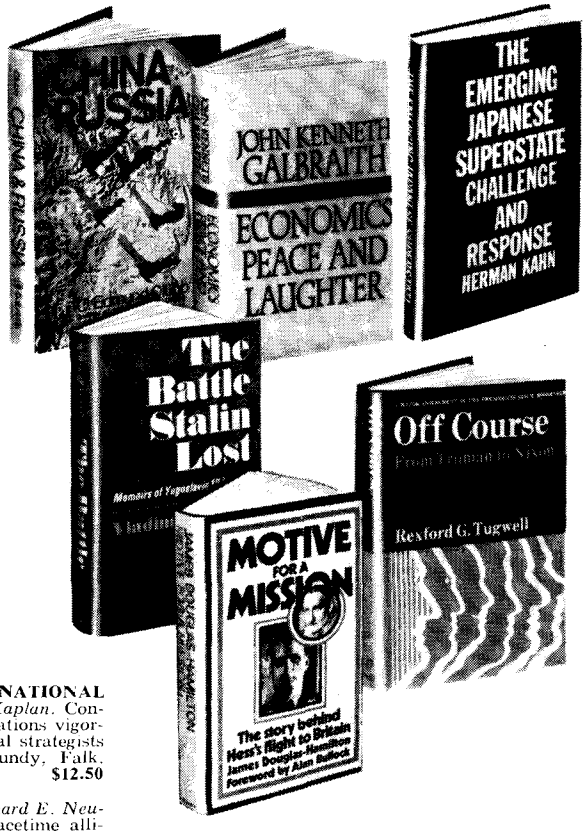

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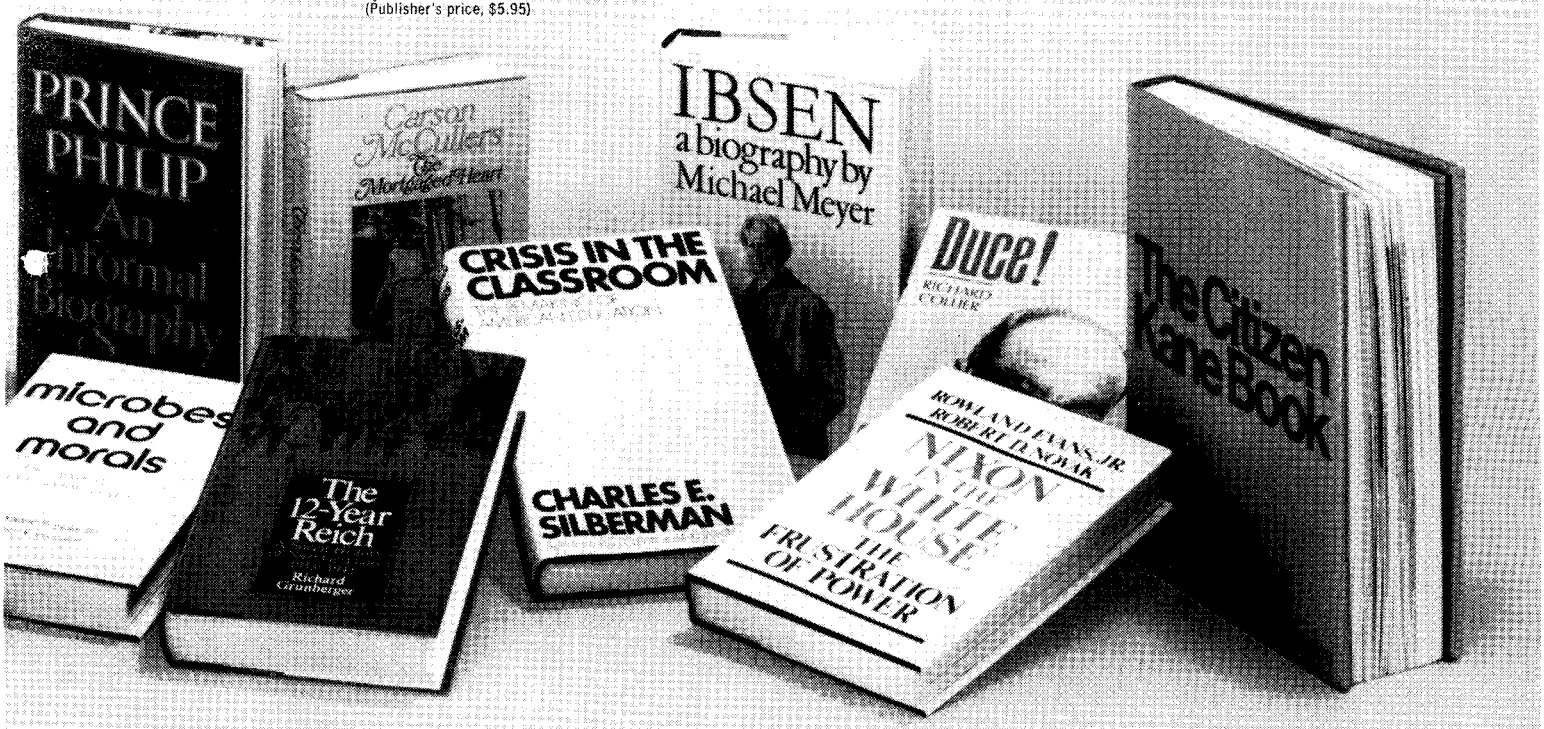

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THE IMPROBABLE TRIUMVIRATE

Khrushchev, Kennedy, and Pope John

by NORMAN COUSINS

In 1963, a new spirit of hopefulness was abroad in the world. The upturn was largely the result of a strange and magnificent interaction among three men: President John F. Kennedy, Pope John XXIII, and Prime Minister Nikita Khrushchev. Ideologically and personally, they were one of history's most implausible triumvirates: an American President, a Pope, a Communist. What brought them together was the vulnerability of civilization to modern destructive power. The particular event that gave blistering reality to their common concern was the Cuban crisis of October 1962.

The crisis over Cuba was bridged but the terror it produced created a new sense of resolution and dedication. At American University on June 10, 1963, President Kennedy proposed an end to the Cold War. The proposal produced an affirmative response from Prime Minister Khrushchev. Pope John used the full weight of the Papacy to speak about the need for world peace under law. His encyclical *Pacem in Terris* was perhaps his single most important document. It called for a new spirit of world cooperation in building an enduring world order.

The three men had a profound respect for one another; all understood the extent to which their combined role was historically necessary, however diverse or contradictory their backgrounds. For a brief period their candle burned brightly. Then very quickly, the trio was lost to history. President Kennedy was assassinated, Pope John died of cancer, and Nikita Khrushchev was replaced in office.

The recent death of Khrushchev has stimulated recollections concerning the relationship among these three men. The account I give here—most of which concerns Khrushchev—is hardly more than an asterisk to history, but it does bear upon the remarkable exchanges among the trio. Through a strange combination of circumstances, I found myself an emissary for Pope John to the Kremlin. An offshoot of this mission involved President Kennedy. I have not written about this episode previously because much of it was in the nature of confidential information involving the Vatican and the Kremlin. Recently, however, reports originating in Rome have quoted Catholic sources on the early portions of this narrative. Under the circumstances, there no longer appears to be reason for withholding these recollections.

The story begins in New York in March 1962, when Father Felix P. Morlion, President of Pro Deo University in Rome, visited the offices of *Saturday Review*. He had come

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to the United States to attract support for his university. Pro Deo had, from its start, been interreligious and international, a fact he attributed in large part to the influence of Pope John XXIII and Cardinal Montini, who later became Pope Paul VI. Father Morlion spoke of his hopes for the development of Pro Deo University as a training center for world citizenship, bridging gaps not just between East and West but within the West itself; gaps, too, between theologian and scientist, philosopher and activist.

Father Morlion was also interested in advancing the ideas of Pope John. At that time, the profound changes inside the Catholic Church that were to be associated with Pope John were not yet in public view.

"You must believe me," Father Morlion said, "when I tell you that dramatic ideas for change inside the Church are now in the making. All the world will come to acclaim and love this gentle man, Pope John. He sees and feels beyond Catholicism. He has a deep-felt respect for people of all faiths. He wants to help save the peace."

Father Morlion said Pope John was encouraged by the growth of anti-war forces inside the Soviet Union. These long-awaited opening-up trends inside Russia were profoundly significant, he said, and ought to be explored and widened, if possible.

In the fall of 1962, a conference between Americans and Russians was held in Andover, Massachusetts. It was the third in a series of meetings that had begun at Dartmouth College several years earlier. The purpose of the conferences was to explore, on the private and unofficial level, problems facing both nations. The hope was that informal understandings could be reached that might be of some use to government leaders in both countries.

We began our meeting the evening of October 21, minutes before President Kennedy announced he was ordering American naval vessels to intercept Soviet shipping to Cuba. He said that the United States had learned of missile sites being constructed in Cuba under Russian direction. He said he recognized the seriousness of his action but that the United States was confronted with a threat to its security it could not accept.

Both delegations at Andover knew that nuclear war might be imminent. The United States and the Soviet Union were on a collision course.

At the height of the Cuban crisis, Father Morlion came to Andover. He thought Papal intervention in the Cuban crisis was essential and possible, enabling each side to react to an outside proposal, whereas the same proposal made directly by either party might be rejected automatically by the other without regard to merit. With the encouragement of those members of both delegations whom he had taken into his confidence, Morlion telephoned the Vatican. A few hours later he gave us word that Pope John was intensely apprehensive about the Cuban crisis and wanted to help avert a ghastly confrontation. The Pope was eager to play a useful role if this was agreeable to both parties. Would a proposal be acceptable that called for a withdrawal of both military shipping and the blockade?

I telephoned the White House and spoke to Ted Sorensen, who conferred with the President. He said the President welcomed the offer of Pope John's intervention and, indeed, welcomed any initiative that would prevent an escalation of the Cuban crisis. But the President could not encourage Pope John to believe that his proposal was directed to the central issue. That issue was not so much the shipping but the presence of Russian missiles on Cuban soil. Those missiles had to be removed—and soon—if the consequences of the crisis were to be averted.

I relayed the information to Father Morlion, who telephoned the Vatican. Father Morlion also consulted with the leaders of the Soviet delegation at Andover, one of whom telephoned Moscow and reported that the Pope's proposal calling for withdrawal of both the military shipping and the blockade was completely acceptable to Premier Khrushchev.

The next day Pope John issued his call for moral responsibility in the Cuban crisis. In line with President Kennedy's reservations, he made no specific reference to the military shipments or the blockade. Instead, he directed himself to the clear obligation of the political leaders to avoid taking those steps that could lead to a human holocaust. He said that not just the Americans and the Russians but all the world's peoples were involved, and that their fate could not be disregarded. He said that history would praise any statesman who put the cause of mankind above national considerations.

The Pope's appeal made headlines throughout the world, including the Soviet Union.

At week's end, Premier Khrushchev announced he was removing the missiles from Cuba and had written a long letter to President Kennedy. He said he hoped that the lessons learned during this crisis could be profitably turned to the promotion of peace.

It was against this background of the Pope's message on Cuba that Father Morlion informally explored with some of the Soviet delegates the possibility of direct communication between Rome and Moscow in the cause of a workable peace. He said he knew how implausible this sounded given the historical incompatibility between these two groupings, but humankind was now faced with overriding needs. He told the Russians he had reason to believe that I would be acceptable to the Vatican for the purpose of undertaking preliminary contacts between Rome and Moscow, and he asked if I would be equally acceptable to the Russians.

The Soviet delegates said they would make inquiries on all these points after they returned to Moscow, and would reply by letter or cable.

Shortly after I returned to New York, I received a telephone call from Ambassador Anatoly F. Dobrynin in Washington. He said the project proposed by Father Morlion at Andover had been approved and that December 14 was suggested as a possible date for a visit by me to Premier Khrushchev in Moscow on behalf of the Vatican.

Under U.S. law American citizens are forbidden to hold discussions with heads of governments on matters that could have a bearing on the policies of those countries toward the United States. Although the United States was not directly involved in my private mission, I thought it best to inform Washington. I sought the advice of Pierre Salinger, the President's press secretary. Two days later he telephoned me in New York to say he had spoken to the President and that there were no objections to the trip. Salinger said that Ralph Dungan had been assigned by the President to follow the project and keep him informed. The President also felt he ought to speak to me just before my departure.

Several days later I was called to the White House. I went through the front gate at the White House, where my name was checked off the guard's list. Then I was escorted into the Cabinet Room on the ground floor; it looked out on a garden enclave and adjoined the portico connecting the

"We never had any intention of invading Cuba. Certainly there were those who advocated invasion, but I decided against it for one simple reason: It would have killed too many Cubans."
—JOHN F. KENNEDY.

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"I don't think there's any man in American politics who's more eager than I am to put Cold War animosities behind us and get down to the hard business of building friendly relations." —JOHN F. KENNEDY.

living quarters of the White House with the Executive offices. Beyond the enclave was the White House lawn, which seemed far less manicured and level than it appeared from the street. I observed several well-sheltered nooks, one of which was modestly equipped with playground facilities. A half-dozen youngsters, ages four to eight, were romping around, chaperoned by two well-dressed young ladies, one of whom looked like the President's sister. A slender young man joined the group and stooped to chat with the children. When he straightened and turned around, I could see it was the President. He spent perhaps five minutes with the children and then entered the Executive offices.

The President greeted me in the Cabinet Room. He was superbly tanned and radiated good health and spirits. He took me into his office and said he had been fully briefed by Ralph Dungan. One of the principal hopes for world peace, President Kennedy said, was that the leaders of the Soviet Union would continue their break away from Stalinist habits, suspicions, goals. There was no alternative to peace among the great nations, especially between the Soviet Union and the United States. He said he believed in creating genuinely amicable relations with the Soviet Union. He hoped we had been through the worst of it with Cuba.

The President said the Russians had miscalculated badly in Cuba. They had assumed we intended to invade.

"We never had any intention of invading Cuba," the President added. "Certainly there were those who advocated an invasion, but I decided against it for one simple reason: It would have killed too many Cubans. This was why we didn't commit our forces in the Bay of Pigs episode. Anyway, the Russians made a serious miscalculation of our intentions."

However, he said, the important thing now was to get on with the business of reducing tensions. One immediate positive measure that might be taken was an agreement to outlaw nuclear testing. But, he added, Russian leaders seemed overly suspicious and held back in agreeing to even the minimal inspection that would have to be part of any such comprehensive test ban.

The President got up from his rocking chair and walked over to the window. He was reflective. After a moment he turned and said, "You'll probably be talking with Mr. Khrushchev about improving the religious situation inside the Soviet Union, and I don't know if the matter of American-Soviet relationships will come up. But if it does, he will probably say something about his desire to reduce tensions but will make it appear there's no reciprocal interest by the United States. It is important that he be corrected on this score. I'm not sure Khrushchev knows this, but I don't think there's any man in American politics who's more eager than I am to put Cold War animosities behind us and get down to the hard business of building friendly relations."

Before I left I was given a letter that asked me to convey the President's Christmas greetings to Pope John and his good wishes for the Pope's full recovery from his illness, the seriousness of which was not known at that time.

I left for Rome on December 1, 1962. It was a comparatively slow flight, with stops in the Azores and Spain. I had a chance to think quietly and consecutively. Could anything be more improbable than attempting the job of messenger boy between the Vatican and the Kremlin? One point that troubled me had to do with Father Morlion's belief that the time might now be propitious for seeking an amelioration of the religious situation inside the Soviet Union. Did this mean amelioration for Catholics only, or was the attempt to be in behalf of all religions?

When I arrived in Rome late in the afternoon, Father Morlion, rotund and beaming, was at the gate to the terminal. On the drive to the hotel, we discussed the plans for my meeting with Vatican officials, beginning that evening with a visit to the home of Monsignor Igino Cardinale, Chief of Protocol in the Vatican Department of State. Then, on the next day, there would be separate meetings with Archbishop Angelo Dell'Acqua, Deputy Secretary of State, and Cardinal Augustin Bea, president of the secretariat in charge of relations of the Ecumenical Council with non-Catholics.

After dinner at the hotel that evening, we called on Monsignor Cardinale. He spoke English with a distinct American accent—the result, I learned, of his upbringing in Brooklyn, New York. He had come to Rome in 1938, where he worked as a chaplain in various parishes from 1941 to 1946, when he was appointed Secretary to the Apostolic Delegation to Egypt, Palestine, Transjordan, Arabia, and Cyprus. He was appointed Chief of Protocol under Pope John in 1961. He had also written with distinction in the field of Papal policy on world affairs, his main work, *Le Saint-Siège et la Diplomatie*, being the only treatise of its kind on Papal diplomacy available in modern times.

We plunged into the matter of the mission to Moscow. He said the time was most auspicious for such an undertaking and that every effort should be made to take advantage of whatever constructive new openings might exist in the Soviet Union. He was apprehensive about the increase of China's influence inside the Communist world, and believed the defeat of Khrushchev's co-existence policies could have serious implications. He thought it might be useful to seek some level of representation by the Church inside the Soviet Union—on the assumption, of course, that there would be a genuine improvement in the religious situation inside the Soviet Union.

Monsignor Cardinale stressed the need for total secrecy of the mission. He explained that if the story broke, it would probably be necessary for all sides to repudiate it.

In response to my question about the Pope's health, the Monsignor confided that the Holy Father's illness was not a temporary indisposition, as had been reported in some newspapers, but a painful and malignant disease. The Pope showed physical evidence of the suffering but astounded the men close to him with his determination to carry on the main part of his work.

The Monsignor then brought me to the office of his superior, Archbishop Dell'Acqua. The Archbishop began the meeting by saying he understood I had come with a Christmas greeting for the Holy Father from President Kennedy. He added that, in view of the Pope's condition, it would not be possible to see him at this time but that he hoped the Pope would be well enough to see me upon my return from Moscow. He said it was of the utmost importance for the Church to take into account the many new changes inside the Soviet Union under Khrushchev. If these changes meant that the danger of a nuclear war was lessened, then it was natural and right that these changes be recognized and welcomed. And if, furthermore, the changes meant there was any prospect for an improvement of religious conditions inside the Soviet Union, that chance couldn't be ignored. He hoped I might be able to make

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known to Premier Khrushchev the great value placed by the Holy Father on world peace. Also, the Pope was mindful of Premier Khrushchev's statesmanlike action in withdrawing the missiles from Cuba.

"As the Pope said in his message during the Cuban crisis, he will go out of his way to praise any man in government who is able and willing to help spare mankind the holocaust of war. When you see Khrushchev, you must be sure to mention this. It is important to know, too, whether the Soviet Union would welcome further intervention by the Holy Father in matters affecting the peace."

The next morning I went to the office of Cardinal Bea. His intellectual vigor quickly belied his eighty-one years. Like Archbishop Dell'Acqua, he believed that the smallest possibility for bettering the conditions of the Soviet people should be explored.

The central question, of course, was whether such explorations would be welcomed on the other end. Was there anything specific I might ask for in Moscow that would indicate a positive response? For many years, he said, members of the religious community had been imprisoned inside the Soviet Union. It would be a most favorable augury if some of them could be released.

Was there any particular person he had in mind? I asked.

"Yes," Cardinal Bea said, "Archbishop Josyf Slipyi of the Ukraine, who has been imprisoned for eighteen years. The Holy Father would like the Archbishop to live out his few years in peace at some seminary. There is no intention to exploit the Archbishop's release for propaganda purposes."

"Is there anything else I might ask for?"

The Cardinal agreed with Monsignor Cardinale and Archbishop Dell'Acqua that this might be a good time to press for improvement of religious conditions within the Soviet Union. It was difficult to obtain Bibles; religious education was proscribed; seminaries were being closed. Perhaps these matters might be explored.

"Premier Khrushchev probably thinks we want to restore the Church to what it was in pre-Revolutionary Russia," the Cardinal said. "Not true. There were many abuses by the Church at that time. In many respects, it was a terrible situation. This is not our idea of the proper role of the Church."

It seemed to me that this was a good time to express my apprehensions. And so I asked whether the representations were to be made in behalf of Catholicism or all religious beliefs. There had been many disquieting reports of anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union. Wouldn't it be strange to discuss the conditions of religious worship in the Soviet Union without referring to this most striking example of discrimination?

Cardinal Bea was emphatic in saying he hoped I would express Pope John's deep interest in the condition of all religions in the Soviet Union. He also urged me to make known to Mr. Khrushchev the Holy Father's profound concern over the treatment of Jews there.

Would it also be agreeable to take up with Mr. Khrushchev the right to publish not only the New Testament but the Old Testament, the Koran, and other holy books?

"That goes without saying," Cardinal Bea answered.

Early the next morning I left Rome, changing planes in Zurich and arriving in Moscow shortly after noon.

One thing that concerned me was the matter of an interpreter. Over the years, in various parts of the world, I had accumulated many examples of mistakes or distortions in meaning caused by faulty translation. Even the best interpreters sometimes had difficulty in conveying the proper nuances. At the Dartmouth conferences, I had been impressed with the ability of the Russian interpreters. Oleg Bykov, in particular, seemed to me to have a flair for the American idiom. I wondered if it would be possible to have Bykov with me at the meeting with Mr. Khrushchev. I decided to speak to Alexander Korneitchuk about it. Mr. Korneitchuk had been chairman of the Soviet delegation to the Dartmouth conference and was a personal friend of Khrushchev's; both came from the Ukraine. When I asked about Korneitchuk, I learned he was in the hospital but that I would be permitted to see him.

Korneitchuk's private hospital room was bright, commodious, well-furnished. Korneitchuk was waiting at the door of his room, looking dapper in an elegant bathrobe. He joked about his health, saying that his incarceration in the hospital was a plot by rival playwrights to keep him out of competition. He had foiled them by writing two plays while on his back. He had some chest pains, he said, but he was not uncomfortable. He had been promised a complete cure; he had a little vodka in his closet to prove it. He poured drinks, then asked the nurse to bring us fruit, tea, and cake.

He confirmed everything I had heard about Khrushchev's need to produce effective agreements with the United States in the wake of the Cuban episode. Khrushchev's supporters felt that the decision to withdraw from Cuba was an act of statesmanship and high responsibility, and might represent a vital turning point in the Cold War. Others, however, reserved judgment, saying it would be necessary to come up with specific agreements before such an optimistic interpretation could be sustained.

What would happen, I asked him, if Khrushchev failed to obtain the agreements he needed to justify his decision to remove the missile bases from Cuba?

It was important to understand, Korneitchuk said, that Khrushchev was irretrievably committed to two objectives. One was to upgrade the living conditions and spirits of the Russian people. The second was to eliminate the dangerous feelings of suspicion and hostility toward the West implanted under Stalin. Specifically, this meant ending the arms race.

The two objectives were related, Korneitchuk said, because only by lifting the burden of arms manufacture would it be possible for the Soviet economy to be freed for economic development and improved living conditions. Co-existence, therefore, was not just a matter of foreign policy; it was directed to the most important need of the domestic economy itself.

Khrushchev would not easily be deflected from these commitments, he said. Even if he didn't get the agreements he thought would be acceptable to the United States, he would persist with his policy of co-existence as long as he had enough support inside the country.

I didn't want to tire my host, but there was one small point I thought I might bring up. I would consider it a great favor, I said, if I could bring my own interpreter to the meeting with Mr. Khrushchev. Not that I lacked confidence in the person Mr. Khrushchev might designate. It was just that I thought it might be more satisfactory if I could talk to the Chairman through an interpreter who was accustomed to my Americanese. (Russian interpreters tend

"Sometimes I make decisions that members of the Party say they don't fully understand. When they ask me how I happened to decide, I tell them this is what my grandson told me to do."
—NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV.

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to be divided into two groups: those whose English was learned in England or under British-taught instructors, and those who speak colloquial "American." Bykov belonged to the latter group.)

Korneitchuk said he would see what could be done and would inform me at the hotel.

The next morning Oleg Bykov telephoned to say that he had been designated as my interpreter for the meeting with Khrushchev. He also said that the Supreme Soviet—equivalent of Parliament or Congress—would be in session that day. Premier Khrushchev would be addressing the delegates at 2 p.m. This would be Khrushchev's first public accounting for his decision to withdraw from Cuba. He probably would reply to the criticisms of the Chinese Communists. Chairman Khrushchev thought I might be interested in going. Would I accept his invitation?

Naturally.

That afternoon Oleg escorted me to one of the largest buildings in the Kremlin complex. We ascended a long, red, deep-carpeted stairway to a large foyer adjoining a rectangular, simply designed auditorium where the representatives from the various districts were taking their seats for the afternoon session. Oleg took me directly to the Kazakhstan section toward the front of the hall.

Shortly after we were seated, two women walked up the aisle and took their places three rows in front of us. Oleg identified them as Mrs. Khrushchev and the wife of Marshal Tito. A minute later Nikita Khrushchev came to the platform. An ovation ensued. After returning the applause Russian-style, Mr. Khrushchev began to talk over the clamor and the hall soon became quiet, filled only by the Chairman's staccato delivery. The first part of his talk dealt with economic conditions inside the Soviet Union. Then he entered into a review of foreign affairs and proceeded to the matter of Cuba.

He said the decision to equip Cuba with modern weapons was dictated by American plans for invading Cuba. Then, as the crisis developed, he said, it became clear that the Cuban situation was getting out of hand and that a terrible culmination was building up. Both he and President Kennedy had the joint responsibility to prevent the Cuban crisis from leading to nuclear war. He said the President had assured him that the United States had no intention of invading Cuba. Therefore he felt it was right to remove the missiles. But the Chinese were attempting to make it appear that a sober, responsible decision to avert nuclear war was a repudiation of Marxist-Leninist ideology. One could only be astounded, he said, by such tortured logic. It was like being in a fight and having someone on the side lines goad you on to your own destruction. He didn't regard the responsibility given to him by the Party as a license to help destroy the human race. Marx and Lenin, he said, were no freebooters or military adventurers. It would not be possible to pursue the triumph of socialism on the radioactive ruins of civilization. As for the derisive comment of the Chinese that the United States was bluffing and was only a "paper tiger," he commented that the tiger had nuclear teeth. He insisted that the Soviet Union would not let the Cuban people down and intended to stand by its commitment. Meanwhile, he said, he would do everything he could do to seek a peaceful resolution of the Cuban situation and all the other critical situations around the world. The remainder of Chairman Khrushchev's address was devoted largely to ideological matters.

On the way back to the hotel, I asked Oleg what he thought of the talk.

"Well, you were able to see for yourself," he said. "The old man really means it. And the people know he means it. I think the Chinese know he means it, too."

For five hours that evening, I rehearsed with Oleg for our meeting the next morning with the Chairman. I wanted to be sure not only that everything I would say to Khrushchev was completely intelligible to Oleg for interpreting purposes but also that the emphasis would be accurate. I encouraged Oleg to ask questions about shadings in meaning—something that would have been awkward during the session with the Chairman. It developed there were at least three dozen terms whose precise equivalents were lacking in the Russian language, and it became necessary to develop context to convey meaning. Exhausted but hopeful, we ended our session at 1 a.m., after agreeing to meet at breakfast for a final go-round.

"There was a very important difference between Lenin and Stalin. Lenin forgave his enemies; Stalin killed his friends."—NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV.

The next morning we tried to anticipate some of the questions Mr. Khrushchev might ask. At 10:15 a.m. we left the hotel for our 11 a.m. appointment at the Kremlin.

Nikita Khrushchev had his offices in a building of pre-Revolutionary vintage on a Kremlin side street not open to the general public. The main doorway was so unpretentious that I thought for a moment we were using the back entrance. The small foyer was more suggestive of a lobby in a modest apartment house than the reception hall of the headquarters of a major government.

Bykov and I were ushered into a small anteroom. We were hardly seated when Mr. Khrushchev came to the door, greeted us, and escorted us to his adjoining office, the most conspicuous feature of which was a long, narrow conference table that could accommodate twenty persons or more. The table was pressed against Mr. Khrushchev's desk and made a T design.

I introduced Oleg Bykov.

"So this is the famous interpreter you bring with you," Mr. Khrushchev said. "Tell me, Mr. Bykov, have you ever sat in the Prime Minister's chair before?"

Oleg mumbled what I took to be the equivalent of "No, sir."

"Very well," said the Chairman. "You'll now see how it feels. I will sit opposite Mr. Cousins at the conference table and you will be at the Prime Minister's desk in the center. If the chair's too uncomfortable, I will requisition a better one."

Oleg assured him he would be most comfortable. We took our places.

"Now," said the Chairman, addressing me, "we will have a man-to-man talk. Please tell me about your family. In Russia we like to hear about families before we talk about business."

I spoke about my wife and four daughters. The Chairman asked me if I had brought them with me. When I said I had not, he looked at me severely and said, "For shame."

I explained that the girls were at school, but he dismissed what I said with a wave of the hand.

"School? Nonsense! They don't teach anything in the schools as important as they could learn traveling with Papa. Weren't they even curious about your trip?"

I said that the youngest, then twelve, had asked me before leaving whether I was terrified about being alone with the mighty head of all the Communists. Then, without even waiting for my answer, she said, "Daddy, when you see him, just imagine he's an old uncle and you won't be scared anymore."

"My grandson gives me good advice, too," Mr. Khrushchev said. "In fact, sometimes I make decisions that members of the Party say they don't fully understand. When they ask me how I happened to decide, I tell them this is

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what my grandson told me to do. They think I'm joking. They don't know how wise my grandson is."

I noted that Mr. Khrushchev had had a busy time with the Supreme Soviet and thanked him for the opportunity to sit in on the session at which he spoke. Was he exhausted?

"It's really not too bad, but I am a little tired now that it's over," he said.

Then he asked if I had heard Tito.

I said no. Tito had spoken at the morning session.

"The Tito matter gave me a few more gray hairs," he said. "As you know, our relations with Yugoslavia are rather delicate. I don't want Marshal Tito to think that we are too big to have equality with him in our relations. We have our differences, and I've tried very hard to persuade him that I respect his position on these differences and that we're not trying to gloss over them.

"So yesterday, in introducing Marshal Tito to the Supreme Soviet, I made it clear that, even though our two countries disagreed on certain matters, we were not allowing these differences to stand in the way of our friendship.

"Marshal Tito acknowledged the introduction very cordially and spoke along the same lines as I did. He received a very warm response at the end of his talk. Then there was a recess for a few minutes. It had become pretty stuffy and I needed air. I went out for a walk.

"One thing I like to do while I walk is listen to music. I have a small transistor radio I keep in my pocket. And so yesterday, as I took my walk, I held the tiny radio to my ear, listened to the music, and tried to clear my mind. The music was interrupted for a news bulletin. The announcer reported the morning session of the Supreme Soviet just completed. He said Marshal Tito and I had spoken and we had announced that all differences between our two countries had been fully resolved. I could hardly believe my ears. We had done nothing of the sort. What really troubled me, of course, was that if this news report came to the attention of Tito, he would think I was playing a double game—saying in his presence that I recognized the fact of the important differences between us but telling a different story to the press, glossing over our differences and making it appear they no longer existed. How could that idiot of an announcer have said such a stupid thing? What happened, of course, is that some journalists just don't know how to handle good news.

"Now, what should I have done? Should I have rushed back to Tito and apologized? It was possible he knew nothing about it. Why confuse him? In fact, he might be even more upset by the apology than by the news bulletin. But if I did nothing, wouldn't I be taking a chance that somebody in his entourage might have heard the broadcast and elaborated on it in retelling, with the result that all our efforts to establish good relations with Tito would be jeopardized? Besides, wouldn't he assume that the news story was official if I didn't repudiate it?

"Finally, I decided to wait twenty-four hours. I figured that if he or his aides had heard the broadcast, he would be certain to protest. In that case, I could say, 'Yes, I know it's a stupid, dreadful thing. Please pay no attention to it. I'm investigating to find out how it happened and I intend to give you a report.' But if, at the end of twenty-four hours, he says nothing to me, the chances are he knows nothing about it and there's no problem. So, I've still got an hour to go. The things a man gets into when he gets into politics. . . ."

He shook his head. "But you didn't come here to hear me complain about my problems, especially after having listened to me for two hours yesterday. That's a long time for a capitalist like you to listen to an old Communist like me. I hope I didn't shake you in any of your beliefs."

I said I had listened with the keenest interest to everything he had said and was glad to reassure him he had not deprived me of my philosophical underpinnings. I added that I was pleased to hear him tell the Supreme Soviet that there had been an economic upturn.

"I have a great liking for Pope John. We both come from peasant families; we both have lived close to the land; we both enjoy a good laugh."
—NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV.

The Chairman said his country had been making progress. In industry, they had surpassed their quotas. That didn't satisfy him. The quotas should have been set much higher. But at least the increase in industrial production gave promise of much larger gains ahead. In agriculture, they hadn't done nearly so well. They were ahead of the previous year, but still far behind where he thought they ought to be. One thing they had done might help, he said. They had just divided the Communist Party into two major sections—one industrial, one agricultural. In this way he thought they ought to be able to sharpen the lines of responsibility.

But they were still plagued by bureaucracy, he continued. The bureaucracy made for inefficiency. If something went wrong, it was always someone else who was responsible. The bureaucracy and the incompetence didn't happen overnight; they couldn't be eliminated overnight. They were built into the way things were done during the long years under Stalin. The Chairman said people had a habit of finding easy excuses for doing the wrong things. He would be told this was the way matters had always been and that it was the only way people knew how to do them. He realized, therefore, that there would have to be something approaching a psychological upheaval before people would be ready to face up to the need to change the way they were doing things.

This meant de-Stalinization. The bureaucracy had grown up under Stalin. Only by changing the attitudes toward Stalin could they change everything else that had to be changed, he said. But this was a real problem. Stalin had been worshiped by the Soviet people. Millions of people had gone off to war and died with the name Stalin on their lips. They had no idea how irresponsible and irrational he was. Did anyone have the right to disillusion those who had survived the war? Wouldn't there be a profound emotional shock if they were told that the man they had venerated for so long hadn't really known what he was doing?

"I wrestled with the problem," he said, "then finally decided I had to tell the people the truth. At least twice I made long statements on the subject, telling the full story. You would suppose that by now people would know. Not so. Every day I meet otherwise intelligent people who still think Stalin was sane.

"There was a very important difference between Lenin and Stalin. Lenin forgave his enemies; Stalin killed his friends."

All the time he spoke his hands were folded quietly on the table. I had expected him to be volatile and free-swinging in manner, judging by the newsreel pictures showing him engaged in extravagant gesturing and posturing. Yet his private demeanor couldn't have been more restrained or polite. He spoke in subdued tones. Even his clothes added to the impression of restraint. He wore a dark blue suit, white silk shirt, solid gray tie held in place by a small jeweled stickpin. His shirt had French cuffs with large gold links. The break in the cuffs revealed long-sleeved winter underwear. The correctness and elegance of his attire compared to my own made me feel somewhat awkward. I

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"If we don't have peace and the nuclear bombs start to fall, what difference will it make whether we are Communists or Catholics or capitalists or Chinese or Russians or Americans? Who will be left to tell us apart?" —NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV.

looked down at my own unmoored tie and my plain cuffs. I tucked the tie inside my jacket.

The Chairman said he was happy to accept the suggestion of several of the Soviet delegates who had been to the Andover conference in the United States that I be invited to come to speak to him. He said he had seen various materials prepared by Father Morlion that had been sent to him in advance of our meeting. Then he said he understood I had just come from Rome.

"What can you tell me about the Pope?" he asked. "Is he very ill? He made a big contribution to world peace during that terrible time of the Cuban crisis."

I said there was intense concern for his health. Despite his illness, Pope John was determined to use his remaining energies in the cause of peace. I emphasized, of course, that I was speaking not as the official emissary of the Pope or of the Vatican in general. I had come in a private capacity, but I had seen Vatican officials and was in a position to convey my impressions.

"I understand completely," the Chairman said. "No one need be committed. About the Pope: He must be a most unusual man. I am not religious but I can tell you I have a great liking for Pope John. I think we could really understand each other. We both come from peasant families; we both have lived close to the land; we both enjoy a good laugh. There's something very moving to me about a man like him struggling despite his illness to accomplish such an important goal before he dies. His goal, as you say, is peace. It is the most important goal in the world. If we don't have peace and the nuclear bombs start to fall, what difference will it make whether we are Communists or Catholics or capitalists or Chinese or Russians or Americans? Who could tell us apart? Who will be left to tell us apart?"

His eyes took on a pensive look.

"During that week of the Cuban crisis the Pope's appeal was a real ray of light. I was grateful for it. Believe me, that was a dangerous time. I hope no one will have to live through it again. Well, I think you know how I feel about it. You heard me speak about it yesterday."

Judging from the Chairman's remarks on that occasion, I said I had the impression he felt there were misunderstandings in his country about the Cuban crisis that called for correction.

"Not so much inside this country, but the Chinese have done everything they can to misrepresent what happened. You get echoes of their propaganda here and there. The Albanians, for example.

"The Albanians remind me of something that happened when I was young and used to work in the mines," he continued. "When the miners came up for lunch, they would amuse themselves by calling over small children and offering them kopeks if they would memorize some words and then go home and recite the words to their parents. When the children agreed and held out their hands, the miners gave them kopeks and proceeded to instruct the children in the foulest words known to the Russian language. And afterwards, when the kids left, the miners would howl with laughter when they imagined these tots teaching their parents such choice vocabulary.

"It was stupid, of course, but this was the sort of thing that amused the miners. Well, the point of my story is, somebody has been teaching the Albanians dirty words and giving them kopeks.

"Anyway, most people are smart enough to understand that it is ridiculous to talk in terms of another war. Pope John understands this. I would like to express my appreciation to him for what he did during the crisis of the Cuban week. Do you have any suggestions?"

I said I was certain that the adoption of policies that would make for genuine peace on earth was the finest reward that might be given the Pope. Naturally, the Pope was profoundly interested in the possibility of improvement in the conditions of religious worship within the Soviet Union. If there were new developments indicating such improvement, I was certain he would be gratified to hear about them.

The Chairman said nothing for a moment, then leaned forward in his chair. "Your government in the United States has been separated from the Church," he said, "and you have no idea what the situation was here under the Czar. I can tell you that all of us who lived under it will never forget what it was like. The Church became the means for perpetuating political tyranny and cruelty."

Again I stressed I was speaking as an individual; I felt justified, however, in saying there was no desire to restore the Church to its Czarist status. In fact, there was a keen awareness of the abuses that had been carried out at that time. What was sought now was an amelioration in the conditions of religious worship inside the Soviet Union, with full realization that this would be done within the framework of the existing political authority.

He replied that many of the Soviet leaders had strong religious backgrounds. Some of them had even studied in seminaries. They'd had to struggle against the social injustices and political tyranny of the Czars. He said they saw the Church as a full partner of the regime. "The priests were the gendarmes of the Czar, and they had to be uprooted along with everything else that belonged to the Czar."

Once again I emphasized that there was no idea of reverting to Czarist traditions. But religious freedom was guaranteed under the Soviet constitution. Therefore there was nothing inconsistent between what was being sought and Soviet law. For example, there was a need for increased availability of holy literature, release from prison of religious figures, greater freedom with respect to religious education, removal of difficulties concerning baptism, eradication of anti-Semitic practices, etc.

The Chairman said he would like to go at these specifics one at a time. He said he wasn't too familiar with the precise situation pertaining to publication of Bibles or other religious literature, but would be glad to look into the matter and review it. Then he asked what was meant by the point about release of religious dignitaries from prison.

I said that over the years many attempts had been made to obtain the release from prison of Archbishop Slipyi of the Ukraine. Pope John was hopeful that something could be done. He was not addressing himself to the reasons for the internment; these reasons went back many years and there was no point in rearguing the case. After eighteen years, however, it was not unreasonable to ask that the Archbishop be given an opportunity to live his few remaining years as a free man.

I thought I detected a stiffening in the Chairman's manner.

"You know," he said, "I'm rather familiar with the Slipyi case. I'm from the Ukraine. The entire matter is still fresh in my mind."

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Then, for almost twenty minutes, the Chairman proceeded to describe the religious situation in the Ukraine before 1947. He spoke of the competition between the Ukrainian Rite Catholic Church, to which Archbishop Slipyi belonged, and the Russian Orthodox Church. He spoke of the struggle for power inside both groups. He traced the leadership in the Ukrainian Rite Catholic Church under Archbishop Sheptytsky. He told of the meeting in 1946 that resulted in deep divisions within the Ukrainian Rite Catholic Church. He said that Archbishop Sheptytsky died in 1944 under circumstances that indicated "his departure from this earth may have been somewhat accelerated."

In any event, Slipyi had succeeded Sheptytsky as Archbishop in 1944. The reason for his imprisonment, the Chairman said, had to do with collaboration with the Germans during the war. He added that those who defended Slipyi claimed that "collaboration" was too strong a word and that he had been responsible for saving many lives because of his position.

Once again I said that I hadn't come to argue the original case, but it was now eighteen years since the Archbishop was first imprisoned.

Again the Chairman shook his head. "It is not a good idea," he said. "I would like to have improved relations with the Vatican but this is not the way to do it. In fact, it would be the worst thing we could do. It would make a terrible stink."

When Oleg used the word "stink," I was certain something had gone wrong in translation. I asked for clarification. Oleg said the term "stink" was perhaps a little strong in translation and that what the Chairman meant was that the release of the Archbishop would produce exactly the opposite effect from the one hoped for.

In what respect? I asked.

The Chairman said if the Archbishop were freed, there would be large headlines proclaiming "Bishop Reveals Red Torture." Of course, he said, such stories would be false but newsmen were certain to exploit the Archbishop's release in those terms. The net effect would be to worsen relations with the Vatican.

"I think I can assure you," I said, "that Pope John is not seeking the Archbishop's release for purposes of making propaganda against you. The Church is not lacking in materials for this purpose. All the Pope wants is to give Archbishop Slipyi a chance to live out his life in some distant seminary. The Pope is acting in good faith in seeking the Archbishop's release. Incidentally, you probably are aware that Pope John has made no denunciations against you or your government. He recognizes that important changes have been made since Stalin's time and he feels there is hope that this trend can be continued and expanded."

"Let me think about this," said the Chairman. "It is not an easy question. Anyway, as I say, I welcome the opportunity to have good relations with the Catholic Church. This doesn't mean that I'm going to become a Catholic any more than the Pope is going to become a Communist. I'm not going to try to convert him and I know he's not going to be able to convert me, although"—here he grinned—"stranger things have happened. Anyway, I have no objections to the Church so long as it keeps out of politics. In fact, I believe the government should help to protect the Church so long as it stays within its religious purposes. We had an important meeting recently and I took pains to invite the head of the Russian Orthodox Church."

I said I was certain that Vatican officials would be glad to learn of his opinions in these matters and that I would explore the possibilities of improved communications. I did, however, anticipate one problem in this respect. I then referred to the apprehension among some Vatican officials that such improved contacts might be exploited for political reasons.

"Not so," he said. "You can give them reassurance on this point."

As an example of what I had in mind, I referred to a prominent item appearing in the Soviet press shortly after the Cuban crisis. It praised the Pope's call for peace but then proceeded to interpret his action as proof that the Pope was turning against the West and against the United States in particular. Such an interpretation, I said, was inaccurate and harmful. If further activities by the Pope on behalf of peace were going to be exploited for propaganda purposes favorable to the Soviet Union, then obviously the Vatican would have to disassociate itself from such an interpretation.

Mr. Khrushchev said that he was sorry to hear about this news item. He had not seen it. He said it didn't represent his view or the view of the government. He asked, if the matter came up in my conversations with Vatican officials, that his regrets be made known. In the Soviet Union, as elsewhere, he said, it was difficult to keep bumbleheads out of important news jobs—as his own experience with the Tito episode had just demonstrated.

At this point I thought it important to reiterate that the Pope was not asking for improvements in the religious situation of Catholics alone. He was speaking on behalf of all religions. This led me to the next major point, anti-Semitism.

I mentioned the increasing restrictions in worship, economic repression, and discrimination in government.

For the first time in our talk, I could see that the Chairman was somewhat impatient.

"Not this again!" he said. "I wish I knew how these accusations originated. They're plainly false. Even Mrs. Roosevelt used to write to me about anti-Semitism in the Soviet Union.

"Let's start with one fact," he went on. "Is there prejudice against minority groups in the Soviet Union? Yes, there is. But we are working on it. It is not a major problem. Despite all our laws against discrimination and prejudice, some prejudice and discrimination exist. This should not be difficult for an American to understand. You have laws in the United States. Despite these laws, millions of your dark-skinned citizens don't have equal job opportunities, equal education, equal rights under the law. There are some cases where laws take a long time to become fully effective. But everything begins with the law.

"We have laws in this country against racial and religious discrimination. By and large, we think we do a good job of enforcing these laws. We like to think we have a much better record than the United States in this respect. Your problem of racial discrimination and segregation, not just in the South but in the North, is a very serious one. And so far your law enforcement has been unable to do the job adequately. You have made progress. But, as I say, everything begins with the need for people to know where their government stands on important questions.

"On the matter of anti-Semitism, our government is officially opposed to all religious or racial discrimination or segregation. Does the government itself discriminate? No. One of the most important jobs in government—the job of

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"Somebody has been teaching the Albanians dirty words and giving them kopeks."
—NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV.

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Finance Minister—is held by a Jew. Jews are eminent in other fields—in literature, the theater, ballet, science.

"Let me tell you something else. I'm the grandfather of a Jewish boy. My son married a Jewish girl. They had a child. Then my son went off to war and was killed. The mother and child became part of my family. I brought the child up as my own. You see how preposterous it is to say that I'm anti-Semitic?"

I asked the Chairman whether he would welcome correspondence on the subject of official and unofficial discrimination against Jews. I had seen abundant documentary material I should like to call to his attention.

"Certainly. Anytime." He spoke with emphasis.

As to Pope John's interest in furthering conditions for world peace, I said, the Pontiff believed it might be useful to follow up the success of the International Geophysical Year with an International Cooperation Year. Would the Chairman be willing to support such a project if it were proposed through the United Nations? Mr. Khrushchev replied that it sounded like an excellent idea and that he could see no reason why his country would not give every encouragement to the project.

I stood up to leave. We had discussed the main items on my agenda—and a few others. I was mindful of the fact that the Chairman hadn't had his lunch, even though we had been talking for nearly three hours and it was now almost 2 p.m.

"Please sit down," said the Chairman. "How is President Kennedy?"

I said he was in excellent health and spirits. Also that he was extremely eager to develop the kind of relations with the Soviet Union that would help create the conditions for a more peaceful and orderly world. The time had come to move away from the Cold War.

> "What puzzles me more than anything else is that the Americans don't realize there's a large group in Germany eager to destroy the Soviet Union. How many times do you have to be burned before you respect fire?"—NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV.

The Chairman said he would meet the President, or anyone else, more than halfway for that purpose.

"One thing we ought to do right away," he said, "is to have a treaty outlawing the testing of nuclear weapons and then start to work on the problem of keeping these weapons from spreading all over the world. It is not true I am against inspection. I keep seeing stories in American newspapers that say the Soviet Union is opposed to inspection as part of any test ban. This is not true. If the United States wants reasonable inspection, it can have it. What we do object to is using a nuclear test ban treaty as a device for opening up our country to all sorts of snooping that has nothing to do with the test ban. We see no reason why it shouldn't be possible for both our countries to agree on the kind of inspection that will satisfy you that we're not cheating and that will satisfy us that you're not spying.

"Apart from the test ban, of course, there is the problem of Germany. I can understand why Americans look at Germany somewhat differently from the way we do, even though you had to fight Germany twice within a short time. We have a much longer history with Germany. We have seen how quickly governments in Germany can change and how easy it is for Germany to become an instrument of mass murder. It is hard for us even to count the number of our people who were killed by Germany in the last war. More than twelve million, at least. We have a saying here: 'Give a German a gun; sooner or later, he will point it at Russians.' This is not just my feeling. I don't think there's anything the Russian people feel more strongly about than the question of the rearmament of Germany. You like to think in the United States that we have no public opinion. Don't be too sure about this. On the matter of Germany, our people have very strong ideas. I don't think that any government here could survive if it tried to go against it.

"I told this to one of your American governors and he said he was surprised that the Soviet Union, with all its atomic bombs and missiles, should fear Germany. I told your governor that he missed the point. Of course we could crush Germany. We could crush Germany in a few minutes. But what we fear is the ability of an armed Germany to commit the United States by its own actions. We fear the ability of Germany to start a world atomic war. What puzzles me more than anything else is that the Americans don't realize there's a large group in Germany eager to destroy the Soviet Union. How many times do you have to be burned before you respect fire?"

I asked the Chairman whether he didn't recognize an even greater danger to world peace than a rearmed Germany; namely, the fact of a lawless world in which each state determines the requirements of its own security, the net effect being world anarchy and a stage for world war. Wasn't a strengthened United Nations the only true source of security—for his nation or any other?

He replied that the Soviet Union didn't believe the United Nations was a truly objective agency for peace. The influence of the United States in the United Nations was disproportionate, he said; therefore, the U.N. tended to become an instrument of American foreign policy rather than an impartial world organization.

I asked him whether it was pertinent to point out that the United States had similar misgivings about the main agency of the United Nations charged with maintaining world security—the Security Council—precisely because of the influence of the Soviet Union in that body through its veto. Rather than get into a debate on the weaknesses of the United Nations, I wondered whether he would agree that what was necessary was a determined effort to make the U.N. adequate, objective, and impartial in those respects having to do with enforcement of world peace.

"Do you expect me to agree to a U.N. that can come into our country and tell us what to do?"

"Certainly not. Quite the contrary. The purpose of the United Nations should be to protect the essential sovereignty of nations, large and small, by having adequate authority in matters concerned with the common security of all nations."

"We're not against any idea that really makes for genuine peace," he said, "as long as no one tries to take away the gains of our Revolution."

Again I stood up and started to thank him for his hospitality.

"Before you go, let me give you something for the Pope and President Kennedy," he said. "Just some Christmas greetings." He reached into a drawer and took out some official stationery on the front of which was an embossed drawing of the newest of the Kremlin buildings. Then in his own hand he wrote messages to Pope John and President Kennedy. After he had finished, he handed them unsealed to Oleg Bykov and instructed him to translate the messages. I found it striking that the message to Pope John used religious terminology not readily associated with the leadership of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. It made a specific reference to the holy days in wishing the Holy Father the best of health at Christmas time. The other note was a simple expression of good wishes during the holiday

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season for the health and well-being of the President and Mrs. Kennedy.

On the way to the door, Mr. Khrushchev asked me to convey his Christmas greetings to Father Morlion and to thank him for his part in arranging our meeting; also, to tell him that he would be delighted to have him come to visit him in Moscow. "He doesn't have to take off his priest's clothes when he comes." He smiled.

I thanked the Chairman for his cordial hospitality and left. Early the next morning, I was on my way back to Rome.

Monsignor Cardinale, Father Morlion, and Don Carlo Ferraro stayed up late that night to hear the report on the events in Moscow. As we were leaving, Monsignor Cardinale said the Pope's condition was slightly improved and that there probably would be an opportunity for me to report to him directly the next afternoon. Meanwhile, he had arranged for separate meetings with Archbishop Dell'Acqua, Cardinal Bea, and Cardinal Eugène Tisserant, dean of the college of cardinals. He was especially eager that I give a full account to Archbishop Dell'Acqua of the matters relating to the ideological confrontation between the Soviet Union and Communist China.

The schedule the next morning went off as planned. Most of Cardinal Bea's questions centered on the Chairman's reactions to suggestions for religious amelioration and the request for the release of Archbishop Slipyi. Archbishop Dell'Acqua was interested, of course, not only in the purely religious aspects of the discussion with Chairman Khrushchev but in the possibilities for political and ideological change within the Soviet Union. On the basis of the report, he said he felt it even more propitious than ever for greater involvement by Pope John in matters concerned with peacemaking among nations. Indeed, he felt that any delay might be costly in the sense that Khrushchev's co-existence policy might be shelved unless he could show results. The alternative to the Khrushchev policy was bound to be carried out by men whose ideological and historical leanings were in the direction of Peking. He felt especially concerned about the need for agreement on a treaty to outlaw nuclear tests.

Cardinal Tisserant, dean of cardinals, world-famous not only as a churchman but as a scholar, resembled an Old Testament prophet. His large brown eyes and russet beard dominated a proud head. He listened intently and seemed especially interested in the Chinese developments.

Having made the rounds, I returned to the offices of the Vatican Secretary of State. As we passed through the large doors, Monsignor Cardinale told me of an episode that occurred at that spot the evening of October 28, 1958, when the Papal election ceremonies in the conclave of cardinals were completed.

Well-wishers in profusion pressed in upon Pope John XXIII. Indeed, the congratulatory urge felt by many of the members of the hierarchy was so strong that aides of the Pope tried to protect him by installing him in one of the offices of the Vatican Secretary of State and placing the Holy Seal across the door.

Breaking the seal is a profound sacrilege. But the enthusiasm of the pursuers, many of whom were cardinals and bishops, persisted, and they swept past the seal as though it had never existed. Trying desperately to stem the tide, Cardinal Tisserant cried out to Monsignor Cardinale, then secretary of the conclave: "Stop them! Do something! They will be excommunicated!"

Pope John smiled. "Very well," he said gently. "They will be excommunicated and my first act as Holy Father will be to grant them complete absolution."

Everyone laughed, and the tension was broken. The Pope quickly became engulfed by a human congratulatory tidal wave. It was a strenuous session for the seventy-seven-year-old Pontiff, but he was equal to it.

Monsignor Cardinale then related a number of other anecdotes about Pope John XXIII, all of which pointed up the Pontiff's genius for human relationships. Indeed, the historic Ecumenical Council was a reflection of his desire to bring the Catholic Church into closer contact with the outside world, making it more responsive to needs of human beings everywhere, whether Catholics or not. He didn't believe that God penalized anyone for not being a Catholic. Religion was a matter of individual conscience. All religions were entitled to respect. Even non-believers who have had audiences with the Holy Father were told that he included them in his prayers.

I learned that Pope John's flair for human relations and the importance he attached to direct contacts with the outside world were highlighted by several specific incidents. Shortly after his election he set out from the Vatican one morning on the first of a series of visits to Italian prisons. Asked by his aides to explain his purpose, he said simply: "It is somewhat more difficult for the prisoners to come to see me."

On another occasion the Pope had left his car and was strolling back to his apartment in the Vatican when a distraught priest came up to him and begged his prayers for the paralyzed wife of a friend. The Pope said he could do better than that: He would go directly to the stricken woman at her home, which he did.

The third incident told me by Monsignor Cardinale concerned Pope John's central purpose. A Canadian dignitary asked the Pope to explain the main objectives of his Papacy in general and the Ecumenical Council in particular. Pope John stood up, walked over to the window, opened it, and said, "What do we intend to do? We intend to let in a little fresh air."

> "I have never given up on the Russian people. Theirs is a deep spirituality that should never be overlooked. I don't think anything will change it."
> —Pope John XXIII.

It was made clear to me that Pope John had no intention of dictating change; his purpose was to set the stage for it. The Ecumenical Council, already one of the great events in the history of religion, was called for the purpose of having peoples of all Christendom consider what kind of changes were required and how best to meet the problems involved.

Monsignor Cardinale told me my appointment with the Pope was scheduled to follow his general audience in the afternoon. He said he thought I might be interested in observing the response of the audience to the Pope's warmth and charismatic appeal.

It was exactly as Monsignor Cardinale had predicted. More than a hundred people were waiting in the audience. When the Pope arrived, he quickly demonstrated a remarkable ability for making each person feel he was the recipient of individual Papal attention. The Pope sat in his high-backed, velvet-lined chair, his head resting lightly against the frame, and he spoke easily and informally about the meaning to him of Christmas. He related incidents drawn from his long pastoral life and he said that peace in our time had to be more than aspiration. It had to be a reality. He blessed his audience, stepped down, and was assisted through a side door to his office.

Monsignor Cardinale and I followed the Pope into his oak-paneled study. No sooner had I entered the room than the Pope turned to me. "We have much to talk about," he said. "Just remember, I'm an ordinary man; I have two eyes, a nose—a very large nose—a mouth, two ears, and so

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"I have lived a long life, and I have much to look back upon. These memories give me great joy now and fill my life. There is really no room for pain." —POPE JOHN XXIII.

forth. Even so, people sometimes remain rigid and uncommunicative when they talk to me. You must feel completely relaxed. We will talk as man to man." He smiled.

I handed him the letter conveying President Kennedy's concern and good wishes for his health. After he read the letter, I gave him the Christmas greeting from Nikita Khrushchev.

"The President is a wonderful man," Pope John said. "I have met some members of his family. They're all very fine people. The President is a splendid representative of the American people. When you return to the United States, I have something I want you to give him from me for Christmas.

"It is nice of the President to be concerned about my health. It is nice of Mr. Khrushchev, too, to send me a Christmas greeting. I get many messages these days from people who pray that my illness is without great pain. Pain is no foe of mine. I have memories. Wonderful memories. I have lived a long life, and I have much to look back upon. These memories give me great joy now and fill my life. There is really no room for the pain.

"There is so much to think back upon. When I was young, I was an Apostolic Delegate in Bulgaria. I came to know and admire the Slavic peoples. I tried to study the Slavic languages, including the Russian. I never became really proficient, but I did learn to read the language to some extent. I am sorry I never pursued these studies. Do you speak the Russian language?"

"No," I said.

"A pity. You really ought to learn it. You are much younger than I. I am studying the Russian language. It wouldn't take you very long. A very important language. The Russian people, a very wonderful people. We must not give up on them because we do not like their political system. They have a deep spiritual heritage. This they have not lost. We can talk to them. Right now we have to talk to them. We must always try to speak to the good in people. Nothing can be lost by trying. Everything can be lost if men do not find some way to work together to save the peace. I am not afraid to talk to anyone about peace on earth. If Mr. Khrushchev were sitting right where you are sitting now, I don't think I would feel uneasy or awkward in talking to him."

I told Pope John that Chairman Khrushchev had expressed almost similar sentiments about him, pointing out the similarity of their peasant backgrounds, their upbringings in small villages, and their love of laughter.

"That is quite right." The Pope smiled. "When you live close to the land, you have a real kinship for those who have done the same. As I say, I have never given up on the Russian people. Theirs is a deep spirituality that should never be overlooked. I don't think anything will change it."

Pope John listened intently as I gave the highlights of my report, beginning with an account of Mr. Khrushchev's response to the request for the release of Archbishop Slipyi.

"I have prayed for many years for the release of Archbishop Slipyi," he said. "Can you imagine what it must be like to be cut off for so many years from the kind of service you have prepared yourself to live, and from life itself? What is your impression? Do you think the Archbishop will be released?"

I said I had no way of knowing. In any case, we would probably know before long. I then reported on the rest of the conversation with Mr. Khrushchev. When I completed the report, Pope John smiled and said, "Much depends now on keeping open and strengthening all possible lines of communication. During the terrible crisis over Cuba in October the possibility of a nuclear holocaust became very real. As you know, I asked the statesmen to exercise the greatest restraint and to do all that had to be done to reduce the terrible tension. My appeal was given prominent attention inside the Soviet Union. I was glad that this was so. This is a good sign."

His voice betrayed his fatigue and general sense of depletion, but he spoke with eagerness.

"I want to give you something," he said. He reached into a drawer and took out his personal medallion. "I hope you don't mind the absence of formal ceremony," he added. "It would please me to have you accept this little award for what you have done for Archbishop Slipyi."

I suggested that we wait until we learned whether the mission had been successful. If Archbishop Slipyi were released, I said half-facetiously, perhaps Mr. Khrushchev should receive the medallion.

Pope John smiled.

"It's not appropriate for the Holy Father to bestow awards on heads of state," he said, "but I am going to give you two medallions. The first is for you. The second is for you, too, but with it I confer upon you the authority to award it with my blessing to anyone"—here he vocally underlined the word *anyone*—"you feel has deserved it."

I stood up to leave.

"World peace is mankind's greatest need," he said. "I am old but I will do what I can in the time I have."

Pope John walked with us to the door of his study and expressed renewed thanks for what had been done for Archbishop Slipyi.

On the way out to the car, Monsignor Cardinale emphasized that the Holy See was not attempting to arrogate to itself an unwelcome or unnatural role in its effort to reduce tensions between East and West. But there were so many elements of danger and so few elements of control that the Pope's efforts were essential. Even if these efforts were misconstrued, the Monsignor said, this was no warrant for inaction or absence of initiatives. The worst that could be said about Pope John was that he was taking Christianity literally.

After the Monsignor left me at the hotel, I went for a long walk. I had much to think about. I could reflect that ours was an age that looked to physical motion for its spectacular achievements. The main articles of wonder in the modern world were men encased in metallic capsules spinning through outer space, or atoms pried open in order to release vast stores of energy, or streams of electrons following images of events happening thousands of miles away. But none of these miracles of motion would have the impress on history, I was convinced, of an eighty-one-year-old man, dying of cancer, using the Papacy to make the Church fully alive in the cause of human unity and peace.

Just before I left for the airport the next morning, Monsignor Cardinale arrived at the hotel with a large object.

"I hope this won't complicate your baggage problems," he said. "It's a little Christmas present from the Pope for the President and Mrs. Kennedy. Here, let me show it to you. It's very easy to unwrap."

There emerged from the brown wrapping and tissue paper a silver icon about two feet long. Monsignor Cardinale said it was made in the ninth century A.D.

Later that afternoon, flying across the Atlantic, I could ponder the vagaries of life that had brought me to this particular point in space and time. I wondered what I would have thought many years earlier if, when I began my

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job at the *Saturday Review*, I had been told that in due course I would be in a propellerless plane high above the ocean and that I would be bearing a medieval icon from the Pope to the President.

Two days after my return to New York, I was informed by Ambassador Dobrynin in Washington that Archbishop Slipyi was being released upon the direct request of Chairman Khrushchev. The Ambassador thought I might like to relay the news to Pope John.

I left the Soviet Embassy, went into the nearest telephone booth, which happened to be in the lobby of the Washington headquarters of the United Automobile Workers, and put through a transatlantic call to Monsignor Cardinale, who was overjoyed to hear the news and who said he would rush off at once to notify the Holy Father.

Back in New York, I dictated a note to Nikita Khrushchev, thanking him for taking positive and prompt action in releasing Archbishop Slipyi. I told him about the two medallions, and then said that by virtue of the authority vested in me by Pope John I was conferring one of them upon him.

Several months later, I returned to Moscow carrying a message from President Kennedy that sought to unblock an impasse at that time in the test ban negotiations. (The account of this visit appeared in *SR* for November 7, 1964.)

Mr. Khrushchev was in good spirits. He began by thanking me for Pope John's medallion.

"I keep it on my desk at all times," he said. "When Party functionaries come to see me, I play with it rather ostentatiously. If they don't ask me what it is right away, I continue to let it get in the way of the conversation, even allowing it to slip through my fingers and to fall on the floor, so that they have to watch out for their toes. Inevitably, I am asked to explain this large engraved disc. 'Oh,' I say, 'it's only a medal from the Pope . . . .'"

"All war can prove is how stupid we are...."

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In August 1963, Premier Khrushchev wrote a letter to N.C. in reply to a series of questions bearing on American-Soviet relations. The following paragraphs are excerpted from that letter.*

. . . I OFTEN SEE references to the fact that I once said about the United States: "We will bury you." This quotation is used by people to prove that we in the Soviet Union intend to murder the United States and all its citizens. The way this quotation is used is an example of the difficulty of taking an expression from one language and giving it literal meaning in another. When I was in the United States, I watched an American television program. It was a dramatic sketch. Two good friends were talking. One of them said something slightly impolite and the other told him to drop dead. I could hardly believe my ears and I told my interpreter he must have made a serious mistake. Then he told me not to take it literally. It's just a casual expression. Many people in the United States go around telling even their best friends to drop dead; it's just a figure of speech. No one thinks anything of it.

In the Soviet Union we have an expression that is sometimes used when two men happen to disagree. One of them, feeling certain he will ultimately be proved to be right, will say to the other that he will attend the other's funeral.

When I said that Communism will bury capitalism, I meant that ultimately capitalism will cease to exist in its pure form and that we socialists will be around when it happens. But I don't believe we can do it by force. As I said, I don't believe war is the proper means for proving the superiority of either of our systems. All war can prove is how stupid we are and that we prefer suicide to everything life has to offer. . . .

You ask if we will accept disarmament only on the terms I have stated before the United Nations.

The answer is that we will rule out no serious proposal in advance having to do with putting an end to the arms race. Despite what some of my critics have said, I do not believe I possess all the answers to all the important questions in the world. Any government that has ideas as to how the arms race can be stopped should lose no time in making those views known. We for our part, as I said earlier in my letter, will give such proposals the most serious and deliberate consideration of which we are capable. The one hope I wish to express, however, is that we get moving at once. Each day that passes complicates and intensifies the problem. If we do not act soon, the spread of nuclear power to a number of other nations may substantially alter the world positions of both the United States and the Soviet Union. Even more serious is the fact that it would increase the number of fuses that could accidentally go off and start a world war. Any man who is in a position to help keep this from happening but who holds back does harm to the whole human race.

You ask if the Soviet Union would be willing to modify its ideology having to do with world revolution, in order to advance the cause of world peace. In particular, you ask if we would be willing to "call off" our Communist parties throughout the world.

The answer is that events have already modified the ideology. The Soviet Union does not believe in world revolution as the means of advancing the cause of world socialism. The world has changed substantially since Karl Marx wrote *Das Kapital*. Marx had no way of anticipating the problems of a world in which great nations could destroy one another within a few minutes.

About our "calling off" the Communist Party in your country or elsewhere. If you will forgive me for saying so, you make it sound as though I had a pack of dogs at my disposal that I could call off just by whistling them to heel. I just want to assure you that I have no special whistle that can send Communists scurrying in this direction or that. In fact, if I were able to "call off" a political party, then you would indeed have reason to be alarmed, for this would then also give me the power to call them back again. What happens to the Communist Party of the United States is not the business of the Soviet government. It is your business; that is, the business of the American people. How you handle your internal political organization is your business, not mine. . . .

You ask if I agree with Karl Marx that war is inevitable in the nature of capitalism.

As I said a moment ago, Karl Marx is not infallible. I believe the idea of the inevitability of war under capitalism was completely valid at the time Marx made his observations. I do not believe that idea holds true today. I have held to the view that war is not inherent in the nature of a capitalist society. If it is, then God help us all, for then we are all doomed.

Sincerely,
NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV

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Adventure in Shrinkage

It is possible to disagree with the U.S. proposal for seating both Chinas at the United Nations and yet recognize that this proposal is neither irresponsible nor indefensible. Over the years, many competent students of world affairs have argued for a two-China policy as a possible way out of a political and historical tangle.

But the tactics used by some U.S. spokesmen to gain support for this position are neither responsible nor defensible. Directly and indirectly, the United States has put the U.N. on notice that, if the American resolution fails, the U.S. will sharply reduce its payments to the United Nations. An attempt was made to mask the crudity of this threat by indicating that the U.S. government itself would not be happy with such an eventuality but that it had to deal with political realities inside the country. Later, Ambassador George Bush sought to soften the statement further, but the unmistakable thrust of the original comment persisted.

It has remained, then, for U.S. officials to vilify the American people far beyond anything said against them by any hostile nation or ideology. We have been pictured as spoilsports who will not play the game unless we can have everything our own way, who are unwilling to have our proposals considered on their merits, and who will not hesitate to use our money as a threat. If this is the view the administration has of the American people, then it is disqualified to represent them in the world community. It is probably true that some Americans are puny, petulant, and vindictive and will react to a defeat of the two-China proposal by turning against the United Nations itself. But what is mainly significant about this group is that it has never been able to get very far beyond the bumper-sticker stage. Every test of public opinion has demonstrated that more than three-fourths of the American people understand what the United Nations is all about and that, indeed, far from wishing to see it enfeebled, they believe it ought to be given additional authority and support.

These are the political realities, as the administration can determine for itself any time it wishes to submit the issue of support for the United Nations to the electorate as a whole. But it is also true that the government has powers of provocation and can set the stage any time it desires for a noisy and even turbulent display against the United Nations. In the very act of broadcasting its predictions of a negative public reaction, the government can go a long way toward ensuring that such a reaction will come about. Certainly any opportunity for weakening the United Nations will not be lost upon the anti-U.N. forces in the U.S., who doubtless regard the government's threat as a bonanza since it confers upon them a status they have never had until now.

It is difficult, therefore, to imagine that the President of the United States, who only recently deplored a new spirit of isolationism, should see no connection between the tactics being used by the U.S. at the U.N. and the growth of isolationist sentiment in the nation—fueled by the administration itself. It is equally difficult to imagine that the government should not have been able to assess the terrible effect of its pressure tactics on the world. From London to Libreville, there have been shock waves of resentment over the obviously intimidating tactics of the U.S. in the U.N. Not so long ago, the world was stunned by the shoe-pounding performance of Premier Khrushchev in the U.N. General Assembly during the debate over the troika proposal made by the Soviet Union. The United Nations did not recede or retreat before the noisy pressures of the U.S.S.R. then, and there is ample evidence it will not do so before the U.S. now.

The problem is not that the United States government does not value its prestige in the world community. The Pentagon Papers revealed all too clearly that one of our reasons for being in Vietnam was that we wanted to keep our prestige high in Southeast Asia. But some kinds of prestige are apparently worth more than others. It seems we will go anywhere, spend limitless sums, and do virtually anything in order to convince people we are capable of making and keeping military commitments. But we fail to recognize that moral factors can be even more powerful and important than the military ones. The biggest single fact emerging from the Pentagon Papers is that so many people in high places in government were incapable of making moral judgments. In the end, our failure in Vietnam has not been military but moral. We never stopped to ask whether what we were doing was right.

It is quite possible that the United States has it within its power to let the U.N. die. If this should happen, how will this contribute to American security? We can multiply our military budget five times or fifty and still not be able to offset the loss to us and the world's peoples of an organization that, with all its weaknesses, still represents the best hope for peace.

If it is true that a government's greatest source of strength is the confidence of its people, then this nation has just undergone a grave shrinkage. Is it reasonable to expect people to have full confidence in a government that presents them to the world as churlish and mean-spirited? Political realism begins not just with an assessment of immediate situations but with a thoroughgoing understanding of the basic character of a people and their fundamental historical role. Such an assessment, realistically made, would point to stronger, not weaker, commitments by the United States to the U.N. The American people have demonstrated their understanding of this need. It remains for their government to raise itself to their level. —N.C.

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Letters to the Editor

Selective (Postal) Service

N.C.'s editorial "The Death of *Look*" [*SR*, Oct. 2] provokes me to history. As N.C. says, TV channels were supposedly allocated in the public interest. So were mailing rates. Since the first Postmaster (Benjamin Franklin, 1753), we have recognized that the public interest demands the dissemination of information and opinion. Correspondence Committees helped to unite the Colonies at the time of the Revolution. This long-standing assumption (some people consider it essential for a democratic society) underlies our subsidy of various classes of mail: books, manuscripts, educational materials, etc. Through long years, nobody particularly objected when the Post Office operated at a deficit; it was serving the public interest, and it deserved a subsidy. So much for history.

We now have four classes of mail, ranging in cost from air mail at 11 cents per ounce (first class) to book rate at 14 cents per pound (fourth class). Newspapers and periodicals are second class, and have traditionally been subsidized. Now that the profit motive is replacing the public interest in our Post Office, this is the class that is hurting most. Let me return to the assumption of public interest.

The Internal Revenue Service operates on that assumption. As treasurer of the Texas Institute of Letters, I do business with the IRS under a special classification reserved for organizations that operate in the public interest: educational, literary, religious, etc. I do personal business under a different classification (I do not raise here the question of whether a professor is entitled to a different classification from an oil billionaire in terms of the public interest). My point is: Should not the federal government make in Class II postal rates a distinction similar to one it makes in tax rates? I suggest that we might establish postal rates as subsidy for educational or tax-exempt periodicals (*The American Scholar*, *PMLA*, etc.), cost-equivalent rates for ordinary commercial periodicals (*Atlantic*, *SR*, etc.), and punitive rates for intellectual pollution. Perhaps the amount of advertising should be a determinant; I see no reason why we should subsidize advertising. Our Internal Revenue Service operates on a selective rate schedule. Why not our Postal Service?

MARTIN SHOCKLEY,
Denton, Tex.

Death Row Record

IN HIS ARTICLE "Above and Beyond Capital Punishment" [*SR*, Sept. 25], George Stevens speaks of "the convict in New Jersey who has spent fourteen years in death row, longer than any other man in American history."

In 1857 George Knight of Poland, Maine, was convicted of murdering his wife and was sentenced to death. He was committed to the state prison at Thomaston, Maine, to await execution. Knight spent forty-three years in that prison, dying a natural death there in 1900.

Maine abolished capital punishment in 1879, but by that time Knight had already been in the prison for twenty-two years, with the warden's annual report repeatedly showing, "George Knight—sentence Death." The reason for failure to carry out the sentence was that increasing opposition to the death penalty caused each successive governor to refuse to sign the order for execution.

ERNEST C. MARRINER,
Waterville, Me.

Semitic Semantics

RE: Leigh W. Allen's inhumane and frivolous comment on the tragic plight of Soviet Jewry, in his letter criticizing Soviet physicist Valery Chalidze for his courageous appeal for sanity and justice within the Soviet system [LETTERS TO THE EDITOR, Oct. 9]. Most of Mr. Allen's letter is devoted to an attack on the term "repatriation" as applied to today's Jewish exodus from Russia to Israel; he insists that it is a misnomer because the Soviet Jews were not born in Israel. This is an unworthy quibble and is clearly irrelevant to the central issue, which involves the tyrannical potentialities of many modern nations in suppressing cultures and humiliating peoples. The writer also draws an erroneous parallel between Jewish emigration from the Soviet Union and the return of Arab refugees to Israel; unfortunately, and perhaps unwittingly, he leaves the impression that he would oppose the former and favor the latter because it more truly fits the definition of a "repatriation"!

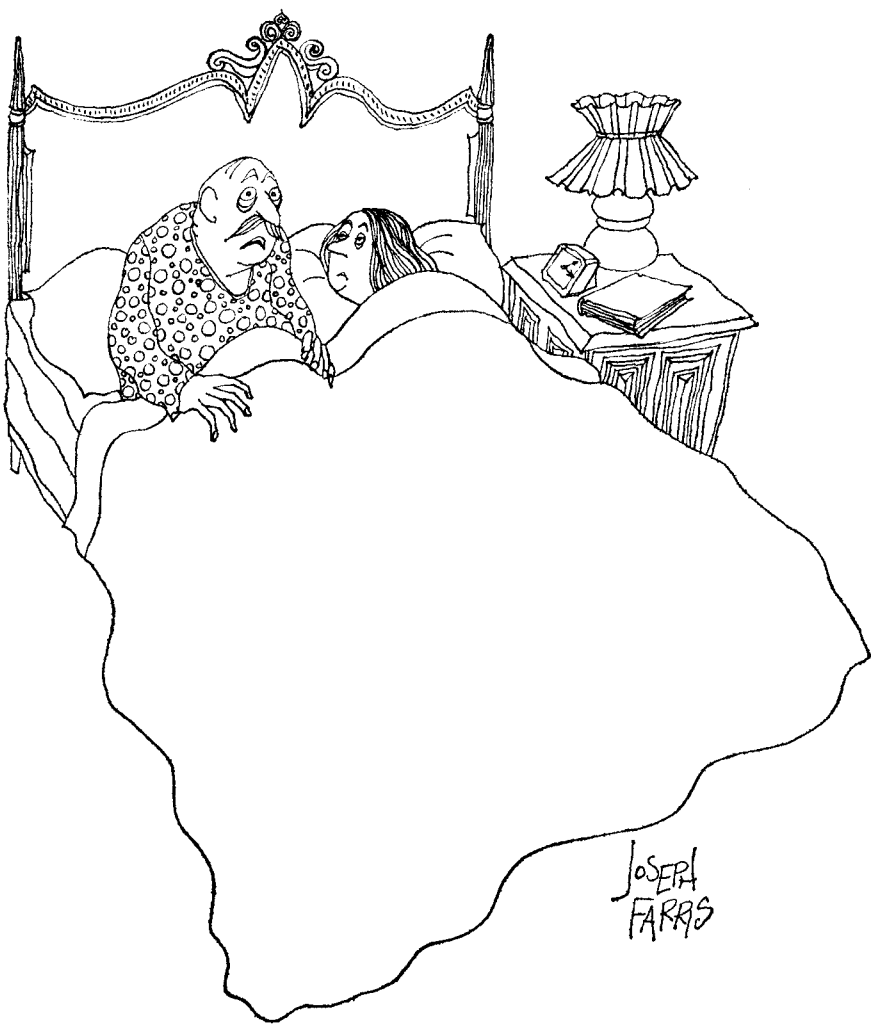
Better to listen to the important message of physicist Chalidze, speaking from behind the Iron Curtain: "I call for an end to all persecution of Jews seeking repatriation, and I urge that there be no more violations of the obvious right of a man to leave any country."

HERBERT S. CARON,
Parma, O.

Capital Sin of Omission

HERBERT R. MAYES writes [LONDON LETTER, Oct. 9] that New York "is almost the only largest city that isn't its country's capital." He forgets Sydney, São Paulo, Glasgow, Tel Aviv, West Berlin, Christchurch, Casablanca, Manila, Bombay, Zurich, Johannesburg, and Shanghai. It is the last mentioned, and not Peking as he says, that is Communist China's largest city, and he is further in error in declaring that Istanbul, Turkey's largest, is the capital.

NORMAN LOWE,
Chicago, Ill.



"I just dreamed Barry Goldwater switched to the Democratic Party!"

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The Theater

Henry Hewes

Superstunt

IN THE BEGINNING is the word, and the word is "superstar." Presumably, it originated in Hollywood and is part of the whole overblown phony process in which the distinctions between talent and the willingness to become an enormously popular symbol have been wiped out. Laurence Olivier and John Gielgud are generally considered to be two of the world's greatest actors, but no one alludes to them as superstars. The Hollywood creation of superstars is, in fact, a base, illusory process that panders to the need of people to worship something that is, on the surface at least, infinitely larger and more dazzling than themselves. The most insidious aspect of this process is that it tends to subvert whatever talent the star originally possessed.

The new rock opera *Jesus Christ Superstar* begins promisingly as if it were going to look back in anger at all the negative results of merchandising Jesus as a supernatural hero whose crucifixion justifies our acceptance of pain and poverty as the necessary path to an eternal paradise. After an impressive opening sequence in which the entire front facade tilts backward to become the sands of ancient Palestine and is infested with the squirming bodies of Jerusalem's rabble, a passionately concerned Judas steps forward to sing, "If you strip away the myth from the man, you will see where we all soon will be. Jesus! You've started to believe the things they say of you. You really do believe this talk of God is true. And all the good you've done will soon get swept away. You've begun to matter more than the things you say."

As if to prove his point, Jesus has appeared in the manner of a ridiculous Hollywood spectacular. Robed in a sequined white cape, he has risen hydraulically out of a huge urn, a symbolic religiomaniacal erection. So far, so good. Director Tom O'Horgan, scene designer Robin Wagner, and costume designer Randy Barcelo have caught the contrast between impoverished people and the gaudy illusion that satisfies them.

Unfortunately, neither the lyrics of Tim Rice nor the music of Andrew Lloyd Webber sustain the original concept very consistently, and the story frequently lapses into a stunt-filled prosaic version of the last seven days of the life of Jesus as seen by modern agnostics, who don't seem to want to take a discernible position on the crucial question of Christ's divinity. Such equivocality is undramatic, and particularly so because Jesus himself at one point croons about the glory of conquering death by dying, and at another challenges God by singing, "Show me just a little of your omnipresent brain, show me there's a reason for your wanting me to die. You're far too keen on where and how and not so hot on why."

Given this lack of dramatic consistency, O'Horgan does the best he can by embellishing the action with a lot of production hokum and stage mechanics. After an amiable lyrical interlude in which Mary Magdalene, who in this free version has fallen in love with Jesus, sings soothingly to him and angers Judas by squandering expensive ointment on his feet instead of giving money to the poor, the worried priests, looking like snails, are lowered from above on a weirdly shaped platform to tell us they need a "permanent solution" to the problem of Jesusmania, because if the people crown him King, the Romans might react by destroying all of Israel. Whatever logic may be in their argument is, however, overshadowed by their apparent self-protective zeal.

Now the anguished Judas meets with the priests and betrays Jesus, not for the money but because he suspects that Jesus can no longer control the revolution he has started and therefore wants to be caught and killed. To help Jesus to this end, Judas painfully sacrifices his future reputation. He tells them Jesus will be in the Garden of Gethsemane with no crowd around him on Thursday night. This makes anticlimactic the ensuing Last Supper scene in which Judas leaves in order to bring the priests the information we have already seen him give.

Jesus is captured and brought before Pilate, who hands him over to Herod, saying, "You're Herod's race! You're Herod's case!" This leads to the most entertaining number in the show. Herod appears out of a bizarre frog-shaped tent, wearing elevated shoes, rouge, and lipstick. He proceeds to slip into a campy song-and-dance routine to an old-fashioned jazz accompaniment in which he superciliously taunts Jesus by singing, "Prove to me that you're no fool. Walk across my swimming pool. If you do that for me, then I'll let you go free."

Also impressive is Judas's suicide, for which he blames not himself but Jesus. He sings accusingly, "I've been used, and you knew all the time. God! I'll never ever know why you chose me for your crime . . . you have murdered me." After Judas has hanged himself, his suspended corpse is raised fifty feet until it disappears high above us. It is a simple but marvelously effective stage image.

Now we see Jesus beaten, and the cruelty is poetically represented by the display of a huge piece of cloth on which we can see the outline of Jesus through the bloodstains. The crucifixion itself shifts back to the show's original unfulfilled concept, the grotesque tragedy of mythmaking. First Judas appears on a suspended trapeze with three rock-singing angels to point out to Jesus that he would have been a bigger star if he'd waited until the present age of PR and mass communications to do his thing. Then we see Jesus impaled on a gold triangle that is spectacularly pushed forward to rebuke the audience for the vulgar myth they enjoy and evidently prefer to a real man of wisdom and compassion who should have been allowed to continue his good work until a ripe old age.

Ben Vereen gives an intensely vital performance as Judas that contrasts nicely with Jeff Fenholt's introverted Jesus. As Mary Magdalene, Yvonne Elliman beautifully sings her torch song about the difficulty of having fallen in love with the frighteningly cool Jesus. And Barry Dennen as Pilate and Paul Ainsley as Herod are both effective.

But this is a show in which drama and performance are subordinated to spectacle. Since we find ourselves only sporadically concerned with the feelings of Jesus and Judas, a great part of the time we are simply waiting for the next stage effect the director and the designers have up their sleeves. These effects, which sometimes seem to have been inspired by a trip to the Museum of Natural History, are worth seeing, and the tunes are reasonably catchy. Still, *Jesus Christ Superstar* emerges as an inconclusive and ambiguous effort to penetrate a large theme. It may, as the preacher avers in Molly Haskell's article (see p. 65), ask some of the right questions, but it don't ask them very effectively.

Thanks to an extremely attractive ensemble of young West Coast performers who call themselves the Company Theatre, the basement of New York's Guggenheim Museum is being transformed nightly into an ingenuous pleasure palace. The event is called *The James Joyce Memorial Liquid Theatre,* and it offers each customer a gentle opportunity to enjoy some of those feelings that most of us resist out of fear or politeness. It is the best-natured and cheapest psychotherapy in town.

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Parting the Cosmic Waters

by WILLIAM SHELTON

RUSSIANS IN SPACE

by Evgeny Riabchikov
translated from the Russian
by Guy Daniels

Doubleday, 300 pp., $10

SECRET SENTRIES IN SPACE

by Philip J. Klass

Random House, 221 pp., $7.95

On the eve of the historic Apollo 11 flight to the moon, Bertrand Russell wrote: "It is for us to grow to the stature of the cosmos, not to degrade the cosmos to the level of our feudal squabbles."

In *Russians in Space,* Evgeny Riabchikov describes an interesting suspension of our "feudal squabbles." In June 1970 the Apollo 11 commander visited Zvezdnyy, or Star Town—the cosmonaut community and training center located in the countryside outside Moscow:

> Neil Armstrong told us that on the moon's surface he had placed medals in honor of those cosmonauts who had perished—including Yuri Gagarin and Vladimir Komarov. At Armstrong's request, Valentina Gagarina and Valentina Komarova—the widows of the Soviet cosmonauts who had lost their lives—came up on the stage. Armstrong embraced them and, with tears in his eyes, gave them duplicates of the medals he had left on the moon.

It was, wrote Mr. Riabchikov, "a moment one can hardly describe unemotionally."

In view of the growing rapport between U.S. and USSR space pilots and scientists, including currrent preparations for common spacecraft docking, it is fortunate that the first publication in English of the history of the Soviet space program written by a Russian supports Russell's thesis. Riabchikov has recorded the powerful surge of Soviet cosmonautics with an apolitical detachment that is almost completely devoid of the international one-upsmanship that has marred so many of the commentaries of both East and West.

The publication of *Russians in Space* is itself a cooperative venture, the first of a series of joint publications by Doubleday and Novosti Press Agency, which is the newest, fastest growing, and most space-enamored of the Soviet citadels of publishing located in and around Moscow's Pushkin Square (see "Contacts for Sale," *SR,* May 13, 1967).

One of the Soviet Union's best known historians of cosmonautics (through his dozens of books, documentary films, and appearances on television) Riabchikov, sixty-two, tends toward overzealous hero worship, and occasional primer language in his scientific explanations. These faults, however, are more than redeemed by, among other things, the detailed analysis he gives us of early Soviet experimental astronautics dating from the 1930s, the presentation of leading Soviet space figures, and his fortunate role as an observant witness to the pioneering launches from the great cosmodrome at Baikonur. Riabchikov reveals no technological bombshells, but the wealth of human and procedural detail in his book contains many elements never before available to the West—including the fact that at one point Soviet authorities seriously contemplated the use of submariners, in-

WILLIAM SHELTON, who has toured major science centers in the Soviet Union, has written six books on the history of U.S. and Soviet space programs, including *Soviet Space Exploration: The First Decade* and *Winning the Moon.*

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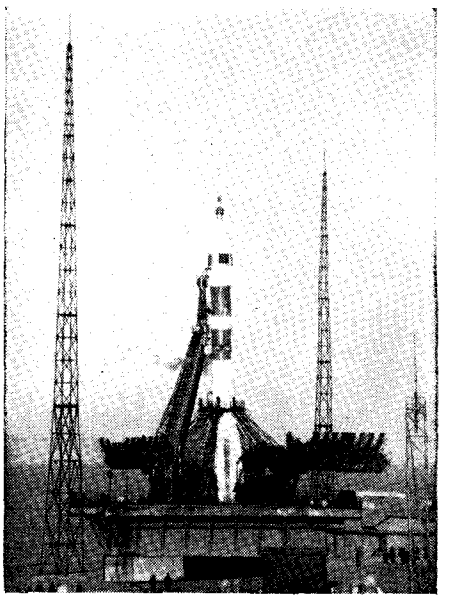

–from "Russians in Space"

Konstantin Tsiolkovsky (left) and Sergei Korolev. At right, one of the rockets they helped to develop prepares for blast off—"Man has a significant and transcendental destiny away from his home planet."

stead of jet pilots, for their space attempts.

Perhaps the chief fault that many American readers will find with Riabchikov is actually one of the strengths of his work. His almost rapturous romanticism and unabashed prostration before the starry throne of space will strike many readers as strange, perhaps partly because what we regard as our "maturely skeptical" viewpoint is currently out of phase with even our own romantic heritage. Yet Riabchikov's honesty and lack of fashionable skepticism toward what he clearly regards as one of modern man's most heroic aspirations is not invalid within the Eastern context. It is only in the West that the popularity of space exploration, like television personalities, waxes and wanes almost according to Nielsen ratings. The idealization of space is part of the verity and uniqueness of the Soviet point of view. Riabchikov has delineated the precise Soviet response to the lure of the cosmos that Western man finds so difficult to comprehend or accept: The fervent conviction of a society the West regards as godless that man has a significant and transcendental destiny away from his home planet.

"Man is destined to live beyond the earth. There he will find his future," is the way Riabchikov states his theme.

This almost spiritual faith in man's post-terrestrial destiny was first conceived and passionately articulated by the Soviet father of rocketry, Konstantin Tsiolkovsky (1857-1935). It is implicit in the attitudes of nearly every Soviet scientist or cosmonaut Riabchikov has interviewed, and has often been echoed by such Soviet writers as Igor Zabelin, who stated in the mid Sixties that "some inner motivations are leading mankind to unknown shores . . . it is gathering its strength."

What could have sounded more strange to Western ears than the following impassioned and romantic exhortation beamed by radio from Tsiolkovsky's home in Kaluga in 1933, a year in which the song "Happy Days Are Here Again" was popular in America? The distinguished scientist, nearly deaf and already infirm, was addressing the huge May Day masses assembled in Red Square:

> "Now comrades, I am fully convinced a dream of mine—spaceflight—for which I have sought and found a theoretical foundation will come true. . . . I am sure many of you will be witnesses to the first transatmospheric flight. Heroes, men of courage, will inaugurate new airlines: Earth-Moon orbit! Earth-Mars orbit! Moscow-Moon! Kaluga-Mars!"

In the Soviet Union nearly every school child knows the words I once saw etched on an obelisk near Tsiolkovsky's grave in Kaluga: "Man will not stay on the earth forever, but in the pursuit of life and space will first emerge timidly from the bonds of atmosphere and then advance until he has conquered the whole of circumsolar space."

Equally known is his maxim "The earth is the cradle of humanity, but mankind will not stay in the cradle forever."

In support of Tsiolkovsky's firm belief in "the plurality of civilizations in the universe," Riabchikov quotes the scientist's conversation with one of his students:

> "Many people think I fuss and worry about rockets for the sake of the rocket itself. But that is a great mistake. . . . There's no doubt that it's very important to have rocket ships since they will help mankind to settle elsewhere in the universe. But what I'm working for is this resettling. . . . The whole idea is to move away from the earth to settlements in space. We must meet the "cosmic philosophy" halfway, so to speak. . . . [Our] man-made environment will be weakened, and may disappear. . . ."

At the time of Tsiolkovsky's death, when the bloody political purges were still underway in Russia, it was not difficult for his disciples to accept him as a new kind of prophet: a seer uncontaminated by politics, indifferent to the Biblical heaven, yet who, like Moses, held forth a promised land, one that Lenin or Marx never thought of. The classic appeal was migration. The dimensions were cosmic. All that was needed was a totally new system of transportation based on Tsiolkovsky's conviction that the barrier of the atmosphere could be made to part by the wake of a magic wand called the reactive engine.

For a time it appeared the promised land was Mars. Among the early space enthusiasts Riabchikov knew and describes is Friedrich Tsander, a Tsiolkovsky disciple so infatuated with space that he named his son Mercury and his daughter Astra. In the early Thirties, Tsander was a member of one of the four groups—called GIRD—then working on elementary rocket engines in western Russia. Tsander's group, self-styled as "the engineers who work for nothing," occupied a stone cellar at 19 Sadovo-Spasskaya Street in Moscow. Writes Riabchikov, "The ascetic-looking Tsander infected the other GIRD workers with his love for Mars—which he talked of as a living being. Whenever he came into the basement, Tsander would shout: 'Forward to Mars!' And often, looking up from his calculations, he would say pensively: 'Oh Mars! Oh Jupiter! I'll see you yet!' "

The overworked Tsander died in 1933

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at the time his OR-2 rocket engine was being tested not far from the sanatorium he was in. Sergei Pavlovich Korolev, the engineer, pilot, and designer who rallied the stunned rocketeers of GIRD after Tsander's death, was destined to put rivets into Tsiolkovsky's dreams and, in the process, become the single most revered and significant figure in modern Soviet astronautics. In a nation with a penchant for deicide toward such God-figures as Stalin and Khrushchev, the name of Korolev, like that of Tsiolkovsky, is already fulfilling the powerful Russian craving for enduring national icons. His now legendary image as a father figure was enormously enhanced by Khrushchev's early insistence that he be known to the Soviet people only by his title "Chief Spacecraft Designer." Under this anonymous cloak he acquired the commanding aura of a shadowy eminence. His face or photograph was not seen by the public until 1966 when he died of cancer and was accorded a hero's burial. Before then, however, articles appeared under his title, and his voice and prophecies were frequently heard on Radio Moscow.

Tributes to Korolev's humanity, dedication, strong will, integrity, engineering imagination and daring in the design of space ships and carrier rockets, as well as his insistence on using scientists, physicians, and designers as cosmonauts, and, above all, his inspirational effect on the entire Soviet space program, complement Riabchikov's personal impression of this epochal figure.

In 1957, after Sputnik, the enormous prestige of the "Chief Spacecraft Designer" began to revitalize the post-terrestrial theme with such statements as "the time will come when a spacecraft carrying human beings will leave the earth and set out on a voyage to distant planets—to remote worlds . . . the way to the stars is open."

It was not really a rehearsal for the exodus, but Korolev decreed that the second unmanned Vostok spacecraft, which Riabchikov calls "a regular Noah's ark," carry a veritable zoo: forty mice, two dogs, two rats, and fifteen flasks containing Drosophilae and various forms of plant life—all in preparation for Yuri Gagarin's baptism in space.

After the first two manned Soviet flights, Riabchikov called on the stocky, brown-eyed Korolev in his Design Office, known as the "sanctum sanctorum."

"Yuri Gagarin's flight changed everything [Korolev said]. . . . Today we've begun to think seriously about other civilizations and the possibility of encountering them. . . . This is not a

(Continued on page 64)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Old Wives' Tales

IN HIS REVIEW OF Samuel Eliot Morison's *The European Discovery of America* [*SR*, Sept. 4], John Lear refers to Alexander von Wuthenau's *The Art of Terracotta Pottery in Pre-Columbian Central and South America*, in which von Wuthenau states that Fray Gregorio Garcia's "relatively little-known book, *Origen de los Indios del Nuevo Mundo*, must definitely be considered a document of primary historical importance written by an intellectually disciplined eyewitness . . ."

I have a copy of Fray Gregorio's book—the second printing, Madrid, 1729—but it does not appear to be a scholarly, disciplined, historical document but rather a compilation of legend, tradition, and "old wives' " tales.

GEORGE P. SIMONDS,
Berkeley, Calif.

Incongruous Gap

DR. GORDON EKHOLM WARNS that the possibility of forgery regarding the three inscribed stones is underplayed by Cyrus Gordon in *Before Columbus* [*SR*, Sept. 25]. Still, even if they are genuine, the essential question (which Ekholm apparently did not think of) is: Do such meager, scattered records show anything more than occasional contact? Is it valid to use them as pegs for a great tapestry of migration and diffusion? Gordon protests the absurdity of the Tennessee stone's being buried with a chief who loved Mediterranean archeology, but this flippancy cannot erase the possibility that the small stone was found and the chief had it buried with him, perhaps as a curiosity, perhaps in the belief that such a strange object had amuletic power.

The stone itself intrinsically tells us that a landing was made; perhaps the stranded little group struggled on in the wilderness, but in any case their subsequent career is unattested. In the January 1970 *Argosy* Gordon tries to argue around the criterion of material culture, but does it make sense that the migrating Jews immediately adopted customs and usages of burial-mound builders who had been flourishing for centuries before Christ, with no archeological remnant of Mediterranean crafts in habitation or burial context? (We omit the highly mobile coins.) Even if the mound-builders were ultimately Semites, which is dubious to say the least, such immediate quick-change by the refugees leaves an incongruous gap.

Gordon says that American languages included many diverse groups brought over by the traditionally accepted migrants as well as his theorized ones. Has he accordingly investigated the likelihood that his examples represent the ultimate outcome of activity among young language groups in Asia, brought across by some groups of migrants in the traditional scheme, or that he is dealing with a regional outcome of very old parent stems from Asia?

EDMUND S. MELTZER,
Chicago, Ill.

Out of This World

ALFRED KAZIN'S ESSAY on black writers [*SR*, Oct. 2] would seem to be a marvelous example of "establishment" criticism. It helps to explain why a great many black writers (LeRoi Jones, Larry Neal, *et al.*) share an antipathy towards white critics. From Mr. Kazin's point of view (although he never defines his a priori assumptions about what constitutes good writing), "Literature" is exemplified by Mr. Awoonor's novel which is "unrelated to activism and exhortation." In addition, the novel "is saturated in an irony so deep that it no longer seems to belong to this world." Evidently the literary quality of being *out* of this world has a positive esthetic value. Whether it is a tenable procedure to compare, in the way Mr. Kazin does, an African writer with Afro-American writers is also moot. The skin pigmentation may be the same, the cultural experiences are not.

At one point, Mr. Kazin castigates Jones's idiosyncratic style which fuses poetry with prose, politics with religion, and symbolism with invective—a rather complex procedure on the part of the writer. On the other hand, the stories in *What We Must See: Young Black Storytellers* are "raw in imagination, too simple." The happy medium, it would seem, is the quality of being out of this world.

Mr. Kazin's essay communicates a rather supercilious tone in connection with the literature he is "reviewing." Statements such as "better known around City Hall in Newark as LeRoi Jones" or "*The New York Times* credits [Jones] with greater political clout in Newark than Mayor Gibson" do nothing to lend credibility to the opinions expressed in the essay. Mr. Kazin states that Jones "has to be read." One can only conjecture why this particular reviewer bothered to do so.

L. S. PEARSON,
Buffalo, N.Y.

Prescriptive Works

AS ANTIDOTES TO John Aldridge's bankruptcy in his estimate of little literary magazines [*SR*, Sept. 18], the following works should be called to the attention of *SR* readers: "The Imagination of the Amateur," by Felix Stefanile (*Trace* magazine; May 1966); "The Future of the Little Magazine," by Lionel Trilling (from *The Liberal Imagination*); *The Little Magazine*, by Frederick Hoffman, *et al.*, and *The Little Magazine and Contemporary Literature*, edited by Reed Whittemore.

X. J. MCQUILLEN,
Lafayette, Ind.

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IF THEY COME IN THE MORNING: Voices of Resistance

by Angela Y. Davis, Ruchell Magee, the Soledad Brothers, and other political prisoners

The Third Press, 281 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Emile Capouya

■ The central argument of this book is that the greatest number of the persons confined in the jails, lock-ups, reformatories, houses of detention, and penitentiaries in our country are, properly speaking, political prisoners, the victims of political oppression. The principal author, Miss Angela Davis, pushed the argument to its furthest point in an essay that appeared, after the book was in the press, in *The New York Times* of October 8, under the title, "Lessons: From Attica to Soledad." Referring to the uprising in Attica prison, and its bloody aftermath, Miss Davis's article offers these observations:

> The damage has been done. Scores of men are dead; and unknown numbers are wounded. By now, it would seem, more people should realize that such explosive acts of repression are not minor aberrations in a society not terribly disturbing in other respects. We have witnessed Birmingham, Orangeburg, Jackson State, Kent State, Mylai, San Quentin, Aug. 21, 1970—the list is unending. None emerged *ex nihilo*; rather all crystallized and attested to profound and extensive social infirmity.
>
> Perhaps, though, the events of Attica finally awakened greater numbers of people from their socially inflicted slumber. If this be true, they must recognize that their duty is twofold: to subject governments and prison bureaucracies to unqualified criticism and to acknowledge the rational and human kernel of the struggles unfolding behind prison walls through forthright supportive action.

Despite the confusing syntax of the last clause, Miss Davis's point is perfectly clear. She would like to persuade us that there is a genuine connection between the conduct of American troops at Mylai, of the Guardsmen at Kent State, of the State Police at Attica, and the occurrence of prison revolts—that these are, indeed, a response to officially sanctioned brutality, the end-product of systematic social injustice. Since Miss Davis is herself a prisoner, charged with murder, kidnapping, and criminal conspiracy, since this book is designed to arouse sympathy for her and for her cause, the argument can fairly be regarded as a case of special pleading.

But is it therefore to be rejected? For it is one thing to recognize that Miss Davis might never have arrived at so radical a formulation of her thesis had she herself not been in peril of the law; it is quite another to dismiss that thesis as unfounded. It is one thing to recognize that Miss Davis stands to gain by arousing public sympathy for her plight as the victim of a generalized social inequity; but that does not dispose of a larger question: whether we might not all be the gainers—prisoners, police, soldiers, students, citizens—whether the nation as a whole might not be the better for taking her contention seriously.

Put briefly and crudely, the case stands like this. The population of our prisons is drawn—with exceptions so few as to be statistically negligible, and negligible in terms of any attempt at formulating social policy intelligently—from a single class, the poor. A disproportionate number of the poor are black or brown, and they contribute disproportionately to the prison rolls. In regions of the country where black and brown people are few, the prison populations are poor-white. The recurring feature is poverty. That being the case, we have, philosophically and politically, two choices. We may conclude that our human stock is so tainted that a sizable number of us will always be shiftless and immoral, hence poor and potentially criminal. That is in practice the conclusion on which much of our social policy is founded—though the notion was expressly and specifically rejected by the Founding Fathers of this republic. Or we may conclude that the plant, man, grows best under certain conditions, that those conditions can be ascertained, that deliberate social policy can promote them, that it is the historic mission of America to attend to that enterprise before any other.

This latter principle, so much more congruent with our idea of who we are—the spiritual descendants of the American Revolution and the Rights of Man—runs nevertheless into one great practical difficulty. It is so far from being the doctrine of our present leaders and the inspiration for our most important public actions that only a handful of professed radicals appear to be on speaking terms with it. Discussing that principle in a fitting manner—that is, openly and passionately—has earned for one radical, Miss Angela Davis, a most doubtful criminal prosecution. And as the charges against her are in the highest degree suspect, giving off the gamey odor of political persecution, so the hugger-mugger of her imprisonment in New York and subsequent extradition (fully detailed in this book) looks nothing at all like "equal protection under the laws." I think that is perhaps the most immediate reason for attending carefully to Miss Davis's thesis. What is at stake is American freedom. That is what gives point to the concluding sentence of James Baldwin's eloquent "Open Letter to Angela Davis," which first appeared in *The New York Review of Books* and is reprinted here by way of introduction: "If they take you in the morning, they will be coming for us that night."

Emile Capouya, a frequent essayist for SR, is literary editor of The Nation.

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AMERICA AT 1750:
A Social Portrait

by Richard Hofstadter

Knopf, 306 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Boyd C. Shafer

■ Richard Hofstadter's thinking was often germinal, for he raised issues that few of us had previously recognized. From the time of his first and prize-winning book, *Social Darwinism in American Thought* (1945), and from the beginning of his teaching career at Columbia (1946), he influenced historical thought. When he died prematurely last year at the age of fifty-four he had become, as C. Vann Woodward noted, "a figure of pivotal significance in the history of American history."

Why? Because of the quality of his mind. Whether writing about political tradition and reform, education and anti-intellectualism, or violence and the paranoid style in American history, he displayed not only a sharp intelligence but bold imagination. Unhappily, he died before completing a planned three-volume (500,000 words) history of American political culture from 1750, a work that he called "Hofstadter's monumental folly," but which we survivors can easily imagine would have been one of the few truly major commentaries on American life.

Always independent, he got his "intellectual impetus . . . reacting against ideas" he strongly "felt"; for example, against the ideas of progressive historians (such as Charles A. Beard) who were his teachers. The eight chapters of the contemplated big work that he left show that he was reacting with freshness, depth, and subtlety, in a fashion that might not have led to new truth (he would not have claimed this) but to new insights into American political culture, and finally to confirmation (if it were still needed) of his "pivotal" position.

Hofstadter had finished the chapters on religion and the "Great Awakening" of 1750 and they are superb as now printed in *America at 1750*. The chapters dealing with white and black servitude, and the middling classes are fine summaries of what is known, spiced with provocative ideas. Probably he would have much revised his opening chapter on population and immigration. All the sections, obviously, were written to lay the foundations for the big edifice to come.

Though seldom an archival historian, Hofstadter did utilize here both printed documents and the best secondary works, whether old or new. Usually he formulated his own sharp hypotheses, which he then examined with cold facts and statistics, as well as with cutting logic and apposite quotations.

Pointing to the too-little-known early "human costs" of the "American experiment," Hofstadter shows how full of suffering and anguish the lives of white indentured servants and black slaves were. Nor will he let us forget the horrible experiences, and usually short lives, of the sailors who manned the ships carrying the human cargoes, of the immigrants who peopled the New World, and of the Indians whom they displaced. On the slave trade he drily quotes the mordant observation of Marxist historian Eric Williams: "The right of a free trade in slaves was recognized as a fundamental and natural right of Englishmen." But he does not overlook the cruelty of the African and Arab slave traders who sold their human goods to the English (and other westerners). After citing the best guesses on the number of slaves in the colonies, and describing their treatment, he remarks that the white man's "approach to the African built a historical monument of ruthlessness plastered over with condescension."

His best chapters are those concerned with the nature and influence of the mid-eighteenth-century religious "Awakening." "Perhaps," Hofstadter begins, "the most striking fact about the organized religious life of the colonials in the eighteenth century is the large number of people who were left out of it." Later he quotes Jonathan Edwards: "Our people do not so much need to have their heads stored as to have their hearts touched." On religious liberty, Hofstadter wisely observes that it came not so much because anyone desired it but because in America religions had to battle in "a competitive forum" in which the "profit motive quietly undermined the desire to impose a creed." He then quotes Perry Miller on the colonies' many Protestant sects: "No power on earth could whip them into a system of uniformity."

One cannot know where Hofstadter's fertile hypotheses would have taken him. Would he have continued to rebel, even against his own hard-won conclusions? Here and there one gets a glimpse of the architectural plan: Americans "came to think of their own soil as the providentially chosen home for the future both of Christian morals and the liberties of Englishmen."

Questions are often raised about posthumous publications. Should they be published if incomplete and unrevised? In this case the answer is an unequivocal "yes," for this book, even if only prologue, renews our thinking.

Boyd C. Shafer, professor of history at Macalester College, is acting President of the International Committee of Historical Sciences. His latest book, "Faces of Nationalism," will be published early next year.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1476

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1476 will be found in the next issue.

FJ FX JDA RQBFG THYAG

TDH EGHT BNHSJ QHKA: JDA

NABSJFOSQ THYAG BZA JHH

NSXM NAFGC OBXPFGBJFGC.

—EBJDAZFGA DARNSZG

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1475

The common argument that crime is caused by poverty is a kind of slander on the poor.

—H. L. MENCKEN

MEN, IDEAS & POLITICS

by Peter F. Drucker

Harper & Row, 278 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Milton R. Konvitz

■ Though the range of the book is wide—with essays on Kierkegaard and Calhoun as well as on Japanese management and new forms of American corporate combines—Peter Drucker asserts that it is united by an "underlying theme or unifying thesis." All thirteen essays, he says, are in what he calls "political (or social) ecology." By this he means that "society, polity, and economy are a genuine environment, a genuine whole, a true 'system' . . . in which everything relates to everything else and in which men, ideas, institutions, and actions must always be seen together in order to be seen at all, let alone to be understood."

It is easy to understand what Mr. Drucker claims if one thinks of this book as symbolic of the wide-ranging mind behind it. Before he became a professor of management at New York University over twenty years ago, Drucker had been a professor of both philosophy and politics at Bennington College, and before that a newspaper correspondent. Making a living by working at one thing or another, Drucker has done many things com-

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petently; and, as he put together the papers for *Men, Ideas & Politics* in his seventieth year, he could sincerely assert his belief that things do not hang separately but together, and that they must "always be seen together in order to be seen at all." For this is what every generalist believes. In his metaphysics and his sociology, the author sees the manifold and the one together—he combines the microcosmic and the macrocosmic. Drucker could assert with Blake that it is possible

> To see a world in a grain of sand
> And a heaven in a wild flower

Or say with Tennyson,

> Little flower—but *if* I could understand
> What you are, root and all, and all in all,
> I should know what God and man is.

What Drucker saw and admired in the Japanese industrial engineer may well be said about himself: "He is the purest of specialists in his own work, and yet he is a true 'generalist' in his knowledge, in his vision, and in the way in which he holds himself responsible for the performance and results of the entire organization."

Judging by the chapters on Kierkegaard and Calhoun, it is regrettable that Peter Drucker devoted so much of his time to management problems and so little to philosophy and political theory, for these two essays are the best in the book and, by themselves, suffice to give it merit and quality.

Kierkegaard, Drucker states, placed in the center of inquiry the question: How is human existence possible? If one starts with society, there is only the citizen—the individual will find no living space. From the standpoint of man as citizen, individual freedom can barely exist. Kierkegaard's answer to this, says Drucker, is that "human existence is possible only in tension—in tension between man's simultaneous life as an individual in the spirit and as a citizen in society." For man has simultaneous life in both time and eternity. As a citizen, man lives in time; society exists in time. In eternity, in timelessness, only the individual exists —there his existence is fixed, not in the sight of society, but "in the sight of God. . . . Human existence is thus existence on two levels—existence in tension."

Drucker believes this answer to constitute the essential paradox of religious experience. "To say that human existence is possible only in tension between existence in eternity and existence in time is to say that human existence is only possible if it is impossible: what existence requires on the one level is forbidden by existence on the other. . . . In society, man can exist only as a social being—as husband, father, child, neighbor, fellow citizen. In the spirit, man can exist only personally—alone, isolated, completely walled in by his own consciousness." Human existence is thus caught between two irreconcilable absolutes, and this means that: "human existence is possible only . . . in tragedy . . . in fear and trembling; in dread and anxiety; and above all, in despair."

How did Kierkegaard escape from the crush of despair? He made his escape by finding existence possible as existence in faith—in "the belief that in God the impossible is possible, that in Him time and eternity are one, that both life and death are meaningful. . . . It is the acceptance of man's essential loneliness, to be overcome by the certainty that God is always with man. . . ."

Drucker's analysis is right as far as it goes but, because he stops short, the author finds it necesary to say that perhaps Kierkegaard greatly overemphasized life in the spirit, and thus failed to integrate the two poles or absolutes of human existence into one whole.

In *Works of Love*, written when he was thirty-four and rapidly approaching the end of his short life, Kierkegaard sees in the Love Commandment of the Bible the definition of the individual man *as neighbor*. The Bible, he says, does not speak of a man recognizing his neighbor, "but about being a neighbor oneself, about proving oneself to be neighbor." The Good Samaritan, *e.g.*, "did not prove that the assaulted man was his neighbor [by helping him] but that he was a neighbor of the one assaulted."

In other words, the "individual in the spirit" and the "citizen in society" are not necessarily at opposite poles, for in spirit, man, if he knows himself truly, is not "alone, isolated, completely walled in by his own consciousness." As Leo Baeck put it, there is no such thing as simply man or Adam in the Bible, but only fellowman; man is Adam-Eve. The love of self, to be an expression of the Love Commandment, must be love of self as the self is when it is neighbor or fellow-self. When self and society are seen in this way, all the walls come tumbling down. There is tension but not despair; for through God solitary men are in kinship with each other in their internal, spirtual relations.

But though I found Drucker's essay on Kierkegaard incomplete, it is eminently worthwhile and, like the other dozen essays in the book, clearly written, informed, and rich with insights.

Milton R. Konvitz, who teaches industrial relations, and law, at Cornell University, is the author of "Expanding Liberties," among other books.

THE WILD BOYS:
A Book of the Dead

by William S. Burroughs

Grove, 184 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Josephine Hendin

■ "I am a recording instrument . . . I do not presume to impose 'story' 'plot' 'continuity,'" but to make a "*Direct* recording of . . . psychic process," wrote William Burroughs in *Naked Lunch*. Since its publication in 1959, Burroughs has been recording the sounds of the mind. *The Soft Machine*, as well as *The Ticket That Exploded*, and *Nova Express* had the force of a "scream plain pathic" winding its way through heroin fogs, cocaine jolts, and a thousand protean, hallucinogenic nights. *Wild Boys: A Book of the Dead* is an incantation of neural agony. It establishes Burroughs as an incomparable singer of the screaming psyche.

Burroughs has been called a prophet of political doom and a satirist of the American scene. But he has never written against institutions so much as about emotion, never against ideas so much as about degradation or fear. His political outrage has the meaning of a series of expletives strung together with great intensity. What it communicates is not content but energy; that diffuse, raging revolt that gives his work the raw power of acid rock. Burroughs's genius is for a bare, erotic frenzy that careens in and out of logic, or twists in and out of fantasy. His cut up or fold in method (take a page or tape, cut it into pieces, and paste or splice together in any order except the original one) is not only designed to destroy any coherent statement, but to dissolve the line between personality, society, and politics in a jolting music. His work is precisely "a medley of street noises . . . screams of pain and pathos, copulating cats . . . prophetic mutterings of brujo in nutmeg trances, snapping necks and screaming mandrakes, sigh of orgasm." This dissonance suspends a mind that moves chaotically from image to image and slides into logic through sensation. For Burroughs has a gift for making you hear, smell, and feel psychic process as a physical force. And in most of his novels, psychic process is pure vertigo, sheer nausea at being alive. Burroughs's final subject is not a particular psyche, nor the social scene, but quaking nerves.

Burroughs's novels are in revolt against the human state; against all those feelings that bind men to each other. Each emotion is a disease; every urge has the driving, manic force of compulsion. Passion is the work of

(Continued on page 49)

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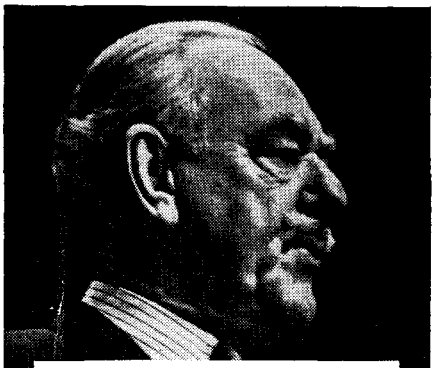

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it in the form of "reports," "records," "notes," or "observations" long before that technique was adopted by younger contemporaries such as Uwe Johnson and Max Frisch. Jean-Paul Sartre has hailed Nossack as an exemplary existentialist and called him, somewhat extravagantly, "the most important German writer of the postwar period."

The D'Arthez Case, first published in Germany in 1968, is a leisurely exploration of the character and conduct of Ernst Nasemann, the black sheep of a wealthy industrialist family (NANY, for Nasemann Nylon, Inc.), who has become a comic actor, a cabaret and TV performer under the *nom d'artiste* d'Arthez. He took his name from a minor character in Balzac's *Illusions perdues*, "one man who refused to board the bandwagon of fashion, however attractive, to engage in the wheeling and dealing of the epoch. . . . He refused to play ball, he worked, he waited and kept silent, and that's why he is still alive." Ostensibly, d'Arthez has adopted the name of a figure that has dropped out of sight in an effort to lure him out of seclusion. "It was Balzac who passed on the last news I've had of d'Arthez. . . . For us d'Arthez is still the ideal of the patient, clandestine, intellectual opposition. . . . He will not be diverted from his goal by trumped-up momentary crises—that is, topicality. And his goal is revolution."

The fact that a Nazi collaborator with a checkered past and forged papers who also bore the name of d'Arthez has been murdered in Paris triggers a farcical investigation by bungling Chief Inspector Glatschke of German National Security. Dr. Glatschke suspects the enigmatic d'Arthez of being the mastermind of an international conspiracy of negativists and nihilists, "the most terrifying secret organization in human history."

The entire story is told in the third person by an unnamed narrator, a young lawyer in Glatschke's office. "When one deals with d'Arthez," he says, "the attempt to arrange the narrative in chronological order will get nowhere." Presumably this accounts for the convoluted structure of the book, and the confusing and occasionally tiresome way in which the story is told. The narrator attempts to get at "the phenomenon who calls himself d'Arthez," a man he has never met, through government files, tapes, TV shows, press interviews, picture biographies, and personal statements. Two prime sources of information are d'Arthez's daughter, Edith Nasemann, and his best friend, Ludwig Lembke, who has assumed the Balzacian name, Louis Lambert. The latter is a part-time librarian who once wrote a few bestselling historical potboilers but "long ago crossed that limit beyond which one no longer needs literature." He is responsible for many of d'Arthez's pantomimes ("Lambert invented me. . . . I'm his masterpiece") and keeps in his Frankfurt apartment the dressmaker's dummy which frequently is the mime's stage partner. In his pantomimes, d'Arthez "merely frayed the nerve ends of his audience ever so slightly and tried to make them feel unsure of themselves by exaggerating their conventions." One pantomime is based on his mother's funeral, following which he spurned his inheritance. Another, with which d'Arthez ran afoul of the rulers of the Third Reich, was a skit that satirized a Nazi election and disparaged the *Führer*. In a pantomime entitled "Camouflage Suits," d'Arthez abandoned his customary costume (striped trousers, dark jacket, black homburg, gloves, and a cane—a moustached British diplomat as popularly imagined) to present an exchange between an executioner and his erstwhile concentration camp victim. Indeed, a crucial period in d'Arthez's life was the mysterious three month period between his escape from a Thuringian camp and being found by American occupation forces in Berlin. This hiatus beyond history and law seems to have been a period of dreamlike nothingness, a time devoid of speech, identity, homeland and religion, and it decisively shaped d'Arthez's future existence.

Wearing their archaic Balzacian names like outsiders' badges, d'Arthez and Lambert have long since voluntarily left the stage of living in society in order to pursue their own truth beyond the sphere of what is commonly regarded as valid. "Complications," the essay found after Lambert's death, describes an encounter between the two "exterritorial" friends at the headquarters of WOWIPLIN (Worldwide Planning Institute) where they have been summoned for purposes of "negation." It becomes apparent that the inconclusive, open-ended d'Arthez case is really that of a man who has physically survived the death which he has willed intellectually.

"In the success of a book everything depends on the first sentence," writes Nossack. Once the reader gets past the first sentence ("Asked if he were in the habit of making notes or keeping a journal . . ."), which bespeaks an undue reverence for the German subjunctive on the part of the translator and copy editor, he will find the translation as faithful as it is readable.

Harry Zohn is professor of German and chairman of the department of Germanic and Slavic languages at Brandeis University.

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Continued from page 49

one. The publisher's share of paperback rights has now come down to 40 per cent with some better selling authors, and the few biggest selling writers are trying to lower that percentage or, as noted, cut it out altogether. Yet the publisher is dependent for his profit on a share of subsidiary rights, including the important reprint ones.

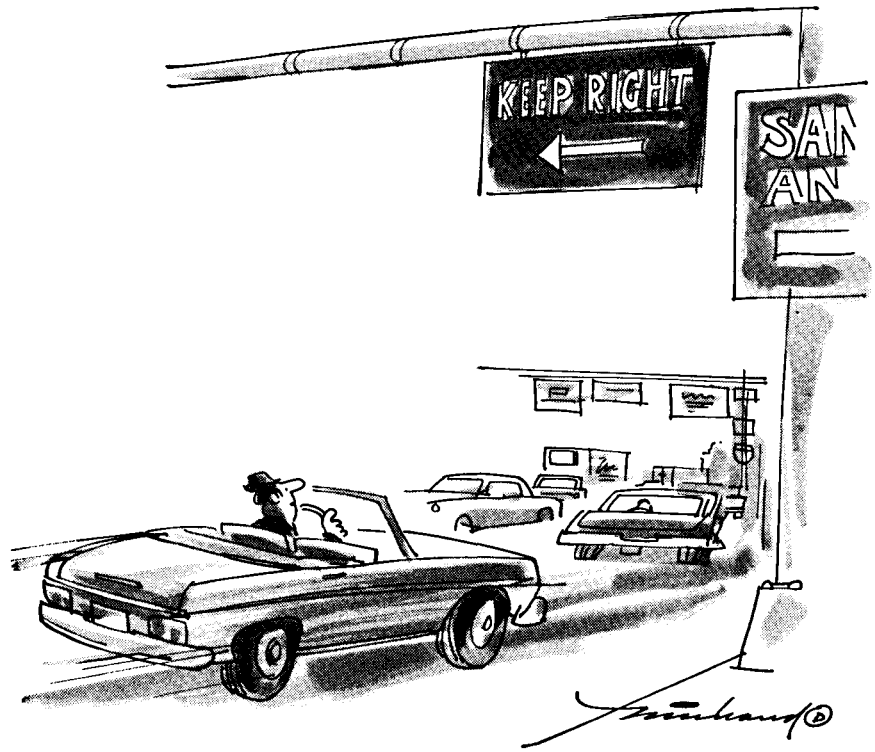
The independent author—if he swings enough bestselling weight—(*i.e.*, six-figure hardback, seven-figure paperback)—sometimes makes his own deals for foreign sales, and practically never lets the publisher handle movie, TV, or dramatic rights. There also seems to be some tinkering with the once sacrosanct 50-50 book club clause. Then, too, a couple of very big authors whose publishers are owned by one or another of the huge corporate giants are getting their advances (money paid in anticipation of the next one or more books) in the form of the corporate giant's stock which, when converted into cash, is taxable as capital gains instead of as ordinary income.

Most authors' contracts are negotiated by literary agents who receive 10 per cent of the author's income from his books. Exceptional contracts are also often handled by agents (or lawyers). These men have a shrewd sense of whom among their author-clients they can exact special contracts for, and how demanding to be.

"I'm going for every legal dollar I can," says one author. "I've built my audience by the sweat of my creative effort. Why should I make the kind of contract I made as a beginner?" "But," replies the publisher, "I raised you from a pup, paid you early advances that kept you going and that your books didn't earn, poured promotional dollars into your books long before your sales warranted it." "Sure," the author counters, "but you promote everyone on your list. How come I'm one of the few to hit the jackpot? It must be my talent, not your efforts." "What about your obligation to your craft and to readers?" asks the publisher. "Without the full profits on best sellers I can't afford to publish first novels, poetry, essays."

Some publishers don't make independent contracts. One states, "My firm won't do it. We're the entrepreneurs. We're putting up the capital, paying the author in advance for his time, as well as taking all the other financial risks of producing and selling books." Other publishers, equally distinguished, will go along when they feel they'd otherwise lose an author whose bestselling track record is so good they don't want to relinquish even the reduced income from his books—and whose name might be so famous they don't want it off their list and on another house's. One publisher, who has made more than one independent contract, foresees the day when the very biggest authors will have their own packaging companies which will sell their finished books to publishers.

Meanwhile, everyone familiar with "indy" deals has an opinion. You probably have one. Suppose you were a big-time author. Or a major publisher.



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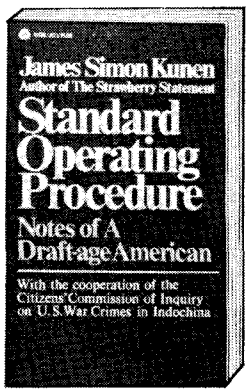
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H. L. MENCKEN: Iconoclast from Baltimore

by Douglas C. Stenerson

University of Chicago Press, 287 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Clifton Fadiman

■ Curious thing, this quiet revival of interest in our greatest journalist since Tom Paine. Offhand one would hardly think Mencken had much to say to us today. Yet since his death in 1956 there have been numerous reprints and anthologies, as well as biographical or critical studies, including Sara Mayfield's intimate *The Constant Circle* (1968) and Carl Bode's thoughtful *Mencken* (1969). One hears too that students, naturally eager to cry up the idols cried down by their fathers, are asking about him.

Mencken fought a good fight against genteelism, dullness, stupidity, hypocrisy, provincialism, puritanism. What's more, he enjoyed it. Even if we dismiss everything he had to say, we can't help feeling the Menckenian gusto. And, gusto being in short supply, envying it. How halcyon seems his great period, from about 1900 to the onset of the Depression. The villains then looked grotesque, but were at least human. Our villains, however, are not grotesque; you first have to have a face to be grotesque. There's nothing grotesque about a technobarbaric juggernaut apparently programed for destruction, including self-destruction. And so perhaps Mencken's battles, at once entertaining and reasonably fortunate in outcome, exhale the sentimental charm of a Golden Age in which the enemy was identifiable, and vulnerable.

"This book," announces Mr. Stenerson, "examines and evaluates Mencken's part in precipitating and perpetuating the great quarrel within American culture which developed between his boyhood in the 1880s and '90s and his heyday in the 1920s." And he concludes: "On balance, the two aspects of his work which seem most durable are his libertarianism—his affirmation of the right to dissent—and the gusto and artistry with which he expressed it." In between the two statements lies a sane, restrained study, only incidentally biographical, of the formation of a mind and a style, and of their impact on an America that needed and was ready to welcome both.

However well-read, Mencken was no intellectual. He had a program of action, often *ad hoc*, but no real system of ideas. Mr. Stenerson is sensible on this point, as on others. He knows he can't pigeonhole his lively man, and doesn't try to. Part of Mencken, as is made both clear and interesting, went back to his German heritage, which was free-thinking, *gemütlich*, and both scholarly and bourgeois. Part of him proceeded from a naïve, idyllic picture, nourished by his Baltimorean roots, of the colonial South, with its cult of the (slave-supported) gentleman. A great deal of him was social Darwinish, as one might expect in view of the intellectual big guns audible in his early years—Spencer and Sumner, for example. If he was a Tory, his Toryism was strongly tinctured with love and respect for ideas, and was centered in the notion of honor. Were he living today, he would be equally vitriolic towards Agnew and Abbie Hoffman, for he would recognize that neither belongs to his beloved "civilized minority." (But he might very well enjoy Mr. William Buckley.) At times libertarian, at times reactionary: there lies the paradox, and Mr. Stenerson does a good job of resolving it. He explains equally

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

IN DISGUISE

The ten phrases are the titles—paraphrased, translated, or otherwise distorted by Bernard J. Francis of Baltimore—of works by the authors whose abbreviated names are listed alphabetically at the right. For any that stump you, turn to page 64.

1. *The Abortion* ( )
2. *Adiós, Colón* ( )
3. *The Hypochondriac* ( )
4. *L'Oeuf Se Tôt Rit* ( )
5. *Not of This Place* ( )
6. *Midday: Overcast* ( )
7. *The Repairman* ( )
8. *She Wins by Bending* ( )
9. *Spiritual Freeze* ( )
10. *24 Slavic Hours* ( )

a. Albert C.
b. Aleksandr S.
c. André M.
d. Bernard M.
e. Eldridge C.
f. Erich S.
g. (Jean-Baptiste) M.
h. Oliver G.
i. Philip R.
j. William S.

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well the tension that gave Mencken's whole life and work its élan: the repulsion-attraction his country aroused in him.

Mencken's innocent misreading of Nietzsche inclined him to admire in theory the strong man, the captain of industry, the powerful survivor in the competitive jungle. But in fact, unlike his hero Mark Twain who really did brown-nose the feral victors of the Gilded Age, Mencken preferred to associate with artists, newspapermen, amateur musicians, professional men, and garrulous beer-drinkers. He talked a good social Darwinism but acted all his life in accordance with a code of honor, candor, and generosity.

Mencken could write with such vigorous scorn about the booboisie because he did, to some extent, share a few of their prejudices and blank spots. Had he felt thoroughly alienated from the object of attack, like Ezra Pound, he might have talked as much nonsense as Pound did. But he felt at home in the United States, partly because a good fraction of his temperament was cheerfully philistine.

He was a thoughtless rather than malevolent racist; he was deaf to poetry on any level higher than that of Lizette Woodworth Reese; he condemned European effete elegancy; a theoretical élitist, he would have been, like his spiritual kinsman Sinclair Lewis, delightedly at ease in a noisy Pullman car; he had a cow-country, Chicago *Tribune* dislike of England and its class system; his notions of woman's proper place were very German and also very Bible belt; his feeling for family life is hard to distinguish from that of the ladies' magazines. On the other hand, the better hand, he fought for freedom, tolerance, intelligence, the new, the courageous.

In *The Irreverent Mr. Mencken* (1950) Edgar Kemler did his best to interpret Mencken as a failed Rabelais or Swift. Mr. Stenerson does not commit this sentimental error. He knows that the highest gifts—imagination and ordered intellectual power—were denied Mencken. His evaluation makes perfect sense. He sees Mencken as formed largely by nineteenth-century ideas; as a man who, forging a remarkable style, made a kind of art out of his prejudices; as master of a small but useful vocation, that of the iconoclast. But what a rare kind of iconoclast: witty, capable of self-ridicule, not always consistent, and one whose very indignation and ferocity had about them something lovable.

Long known as a book critic, Clifton Fadiman, who is on the Board of Editors of the Encyclopaedia Britannica, is working on a critical history of children's literature.

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THE LITERARY DECADE

by Allen Churchill

Prentice-Hall, 346 pp., $9.95

Reviewed by Alden Whitman

■ The decade Allen Churchill has in mind is the sumptuous 1920s, which, quite conveniently, begins with *Main Street* and *This Side of Paradise* and concludes, equally conveniently, with Sinclair Lewis winning the Nobel Prize and being slapped across the face by Theodore Dreiser, who had lobbied in vain for the honor.

In between, American letters entered the modern age with such other major practitioners of the Word as Hemingway, Faulkner, Mencken, Cabell, and Thomas Wolfe, not to mention such relatively minor writers as Anita Loos, Dorothy Parker, Carl Van Vechten, and Ben Hecht. Singly and collectively, they not only buried Victorianism and gentility, but also talked in relevant and muscular voices about an urban and urbane America. Indeed, if the Twenties can be summed up in a phrase, the period connotes the urbanization of our literature.

While it is true that Lewis wrote about small towns, he did so through the eyes of a big city dweller. Even Faulkner's eerie Mississippi was filtered through the prism of Memphis. And Mencken, who set the tone of much writing through his criticism, spoke for urbanity, sophistication, and the social values of those who accepted vice as the fetching handmaiden of virtue.

Some of this, but not much, comes through in Mr. Churchill's recapitulation of that literary era. His approach to the decade is to recount it in terms of personalities. The result is a series of rather gossipy profiles, which have obviously been researched from other biographers. Added to these are plots of the major novels of the time. It is as if someone had given Mr. Churchill a basketful of clippings and asked him to do a rewrite job—with instructions to get in plenty of booze and lots of sex, and be sure to tell about those Horace Liveright and Carl Van Vechten parties.

If Churchill were a more skilled writer, he might have pulled it off. Alas, he is the master of the hackneyed phrase. Excitement is "heady," days are "halcyon," fare is "heavy," Sinclair Lewis is Grace Hegger's "copper-headed swain," incidents are "sparked," problems land in somebody's "lap."

More questionable than the quality of the writing, however, are the omissions. Eugene O'Neill is barely mentioned; Floyd Dell is skimped; Edmund Wilson is a background figure; Mike Gold is omitted, and Robert Sherwood gets a scant citation.

I wish I could be less than negative about this book, and I'll try. If you can stand all those clichés, you'll be rewarded with a quick trot to some of the leading literary personalities of the Twenties. It won't do you any lasting harm, and it may encourage you to read more probing accounts of that time of great beginnings.

Alden Whitman, who was alive and well in the Twenties, writes profiles for The New York Times.

"If we don't know how big the whole universe is, then I don't see how we could be sure how big anything in it is either, like the whole thing might not be any bigger than maybe an orange would be if it weren't in the universe, I mean, so I don't think we ought to get too uptight about any of it because it might be really sort of small and unimportant after all, and until we find out that everything isn't just some kind of specks and things, why maybe who needs it?"

Criminal Record

Fiction

Copper Beeches. *By Arthur H. Lewis. Trident.* $6.95. The Sons of the Copper Beeches is the Philadelphia branch of the Baker Street Irregulars, a worldwide organization devoted to the "Sacred Writings" of Dr. John Watson, from whom the unscrupulous Sir Arthur Conan Doyle stole the accounts of Sherlock Holmes's feats of detection. At a meeting of the Copper Beeches one member, denouncing Holmes's abilities, bets that he and his wife can disappear within a fixed area for six months and not be found by those using the Master's methods. With a $100,000 collection of Sherlockiana going to the winner, the chase is on. But what starts out as an intellectual's game turns into something with grisly undercurrents. Mr. Lewis's very proper Philadelphian narrator recalls both Dr. Watson's writings and the best of J. P. Marquand. On all counts, a roaring success.

Maigret and the Killer. *By Georges Simenon. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.* $5.50. A young man is knifed to death on the street. If he was bumped off for taping a criminal plot in a bar, why didn't the killer take the tape recorder? Here is another small triumph for Maigret and Simenon. The extra something is supplied by a murderer for whom you'll feel concern.

The Dream. *By Lucy Freeman. Arbor House.* $6.50. As the author is best known for her lay writings in psychiatry, it's not surprising that her first whodunit features a phychoanalyst. The mystery has its merits, but when an analyst turns detective, what is there for him to do—as Miss Freeman sees it—but listen to each suspect and then try to interpret the sessions in terms of the victim's dream of his own death? The result is a static but somewhat different novel of crime, which introduces a detective with decided possibilities for a new series. However, it is hoped that in subsequent volumes Miss Freeman gives us more crime than couch.

Sleep Two, Three, Four! *By John Neufeld. Harper & Row.* $3.95. The time is the near future, and six teen-age enemies of the state are on the run in an America that has allowed itself to be lulled into total submission by the false belief that a police state is the solution to violence and unrest. Mr. Neufeld has written a good thriller, one that contains a warning for us all.

(Continued on page 64)

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Space technology has provided us with exciting new views of Earth, such as this cloud-covered ocean photographed from NASA's Apollo 11.

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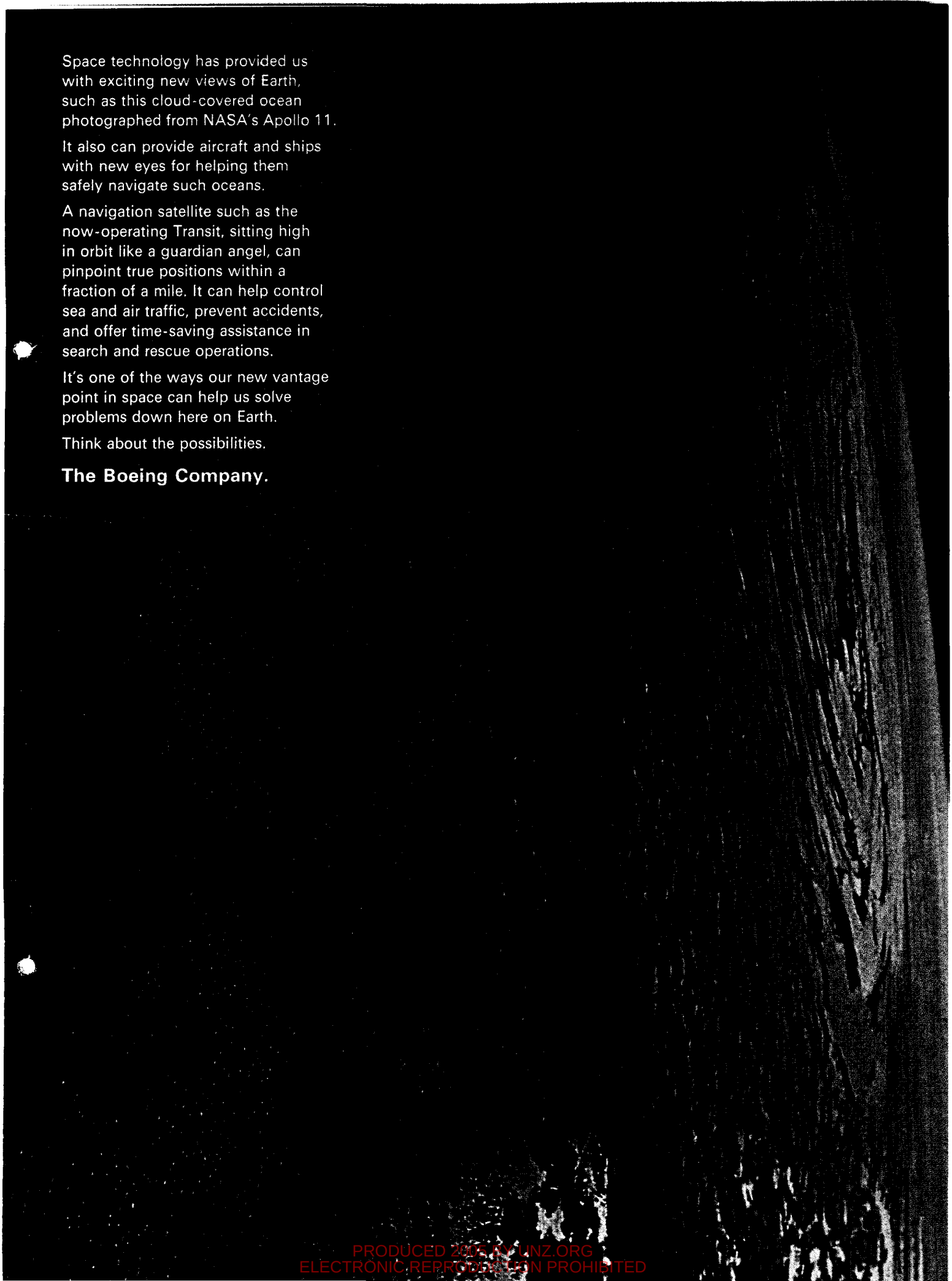

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Limbo; Or, Who the Devil Is Ruth Gordon?

I JUST READ another review of the recent book by Ruth Gordon. The reviewer didn't think much of it; in fact, he spent several columns not thinking much of it. I am in no position to question his judgment of the book. I am disturbed only by the fact that nowhere did he manage to tell me who Ruth Gordon is.

I admit that my ignorance and concern are products of a serious, though quite inadvertent, personal inadequacy. I am thirty, a member of that unfortunate subgeneration that no less an authority than Margaret Mead describes as existing in a sort of limbo. People born between 1935 and 1945 are generationally neither fish nor fowl, neither Them nor Us (regardless of which side you are on). They were neither tempered in the psychological furnaces of between-the-wars nor infused with the existential freedom of the nuclear age. They are neither the older generation (that's a relief) nor the younger generation (that, too, may be just as well).

I find it spiritually, not to mention aurally, impossible to keep up with Now. Sounds, words, clothes, life-style —a thorough mastery of these elements, which, I am told, go to make up the modern life idiom, lies forever beyond my halfhearted and intermittent grasp. Mastery requires either breathtaking flexibility or the fortune of being to the manner born. I was born too early to have the manner naturally, and as for acquiring it, I lack both the stamina and the agility.

If I cannot have Now, I must settle for Then. It at least should stand still. But mastery again eludes me. I have quite as much trouble with the trivia of the past as with those of the present.

So I read again what Dorothy Parker said to person or persons unknown to me. I puzzle over the titillating memoirs of a former friend of Zelda Fitzgerald. I attempt to cope with the personality of George Jean Nathan or the fortunes of the *American Mercury*. If from time to time I weakly suspect that little of it matters, I must instantly fight off such heresy. Of course it matters. What she said to him or he to her, and which editor they fought about it with, form the substance of endless high-priced books that in turn spawn innumerable reviews in the most respected periodicals. My bafflement and even occasionally my indifference are merely symptoms of my own failings. If I cannot, by my own admission, manage Now, I must be willing to work harder at Then.

But I still wonder who the hell Ruth Gordon is. Should I know? Should I care?

—LOIS E. BUELER.

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Why I'm Not a Bird Watcher

HOW WOULD YOU LIKE to have someone with binoculars and notebook forever spying on you? How would you like such a person to cry out excitedly, "Look! A bald-headed, crimson-breasted homunculus." The crimson-breasted might be only because you were wearing a crimson tie, perhaps to let everyone know you had gone to Harvard. How would you like a whole crowd of people-watchers, alerted by this cry, to train their binoculars upon you? What happened to Peeping Tom should happen to them, though Tom got more of an eyeful, without binoculars, before being punished for his inquisitiveness.

Unpleasant though it would be to be watched this closely by people, I am still more uneasy at the thought of bird people-watchers. I can imagine a vulture suddenly swooping down upon me as I am working in my garden—not to do any premature nibbling but to get a closer look at this rare specimen, one of the last of a vanishing species. I can also imagine a hummingbird hovering within inches of me, staring through its tiny binoculars, and humming, and maybe hawing, at such a strange sight.

I would find it embarrassing. I would consider it an invasion of privacy. I would report it to the authorities, by which I mean either the police or authorities on bird life, such as members of the Audubon Society. If no action were taken, I would be forced to protect myself, perhaps with a BB gun.

Bird watchers of the world, be careful. Just as we have perfected nuclear weapons, so also birds may be working in secret, may be near a breakthrough, may soon have bird-size nuclear bombs.

What birds can now drop, with uncanny accuracy, is nothing to what they may someday drop on those who persist in prying into their personal lives. My suggestion to bird watchers is to quit while there is still time. If you have to be doing something, take up astronomy. The stars are less likely to object to your watching, provided you keep your distance.

—RICHARD ARMOUR.

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Booked for Travel

Horace Sutton

The Venetian Recollection

VENICE had many memories for him that reached back to the days before the city had finally crumbled at its foundations and slipped at last into the sea. Well, for one thing he remembered exactly how it was that first time he had seen the city in the Forties. He had come in the summer, when it was hot, crowded, and wonderful. The facade of St. Mark's, with all its onion domes and splendid mosaics, had seemed to him then like the doorway to the East. When night came a cruiser that lay in the Bacino di San Marco turned on its string of lights, and in the piazza a candle placed in every window glowed now with amber, making the square seem, as Napoleon had called it, the most beautiful ballroom in Europe. Was there any place in 1948 that was more exciting?

Now he was old, and like a departing virtuoso he felt compelled to make one last tour, to ride along the canals where the palaces had once stood, granite footnotes to another age, their cornerstones aggravated by waves, eaten by the smoke from the industrial plants at Mestre, shouldered twice daily by the tides that had increased when the deep-water ports were built to let the tankers in.

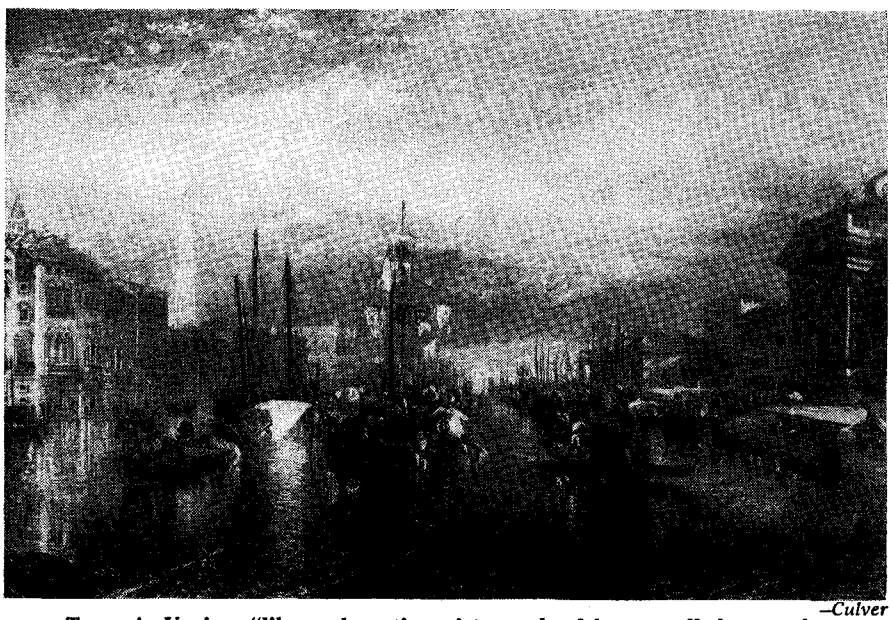
The hotels had collapsed with the center of the city, and he stayed aboard the old *Cristoforo Colombo*, the Italian liner that had been retired from active sea service long ago and brought back to Venice to be a floating hotel. It was not like being in a real hotel, for a stateroom, no matter how grand, is not a hotel room. He remembered the Royal Danieli with its sixteenth-century wing and the room they had had that first time he took her to Venice. It was lopsided with age and breathed with the heavy scent of the Byzantines, but those were not disadvantages; she had been enchanted by them. He remembered Zucchi, the long departed manager, short and robin-breasted, shuttling back and forth from the Danieli to his other responsibility, the enormous Excelsior Lido on the sands of the Lido, an outpost operated by the same management. The Excelsior was a flutter, then, of nannies and children and sleek *contesse* and pomaded Italians in speedboats and stylish little clusters drinking *negronis* in front of the cabanas while the peddlers came carrying trays of fruit and the little models of Adriatic sailboats. Two decades later, this colony of chic nomads would be called the Beautiful People and the Jet Set and nest in other *Anlaufstellen* in St. Tropez, Sotogrande, and Sardinia.

He thought of the night that Zucchi had asked him to dinner in the gardens at the Lido and of Zucchi's daughter and his wife dressed so intentionally in black. Further back in his memory was the picture of Raffaele Masprone, not quite so severe; gray and elegant, monocle in his eye, serving spumante to his friends on the terrace of the Gritti Palace, which was his managerial domain, telling stories of Hemingway and Sinclair Lewis and how they first met in this satin-lined candy-box hotel overlooking the canal. The guests then were Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., combed and tailored, a darling of the British set, and Princess Margaret, who leaned out a Gritti window to take pictures of her maid leaning out of another window a few yards away.

He remembered the day back in the late Forties when he first met Giuseppe Cipriani, the bartender who had made an international watering hole of a niche in the wall that he called Harry's Bar. He still wore the white coat then and mixed the cocktails himself and was glad to tell of the days when he had been the bartender at the Europa Hotel. His faithful customer, Harry Pickering, a man of certain means, was being kept from his rightful inheritance and had come to Giuseppe, of all people, for a loan. A year had gone by, and there had been no sign of Harry or of the money. But one day Harry did come back, bringing the borrowed sum in full, and then some. He wanted Giuseppe to have his own place, and so in 1931 they opened a new bar a few steps off the canal and called it Harry's Bar. Its tone was just right—good drinks, exceptional hot hors d'oeuvres, and just too small to seat everyone who wanted to come in. One day before the war broke out, as Harry used to tell it, there were four kings sitting at different tables at one time.

He didn't see Cipriani again until the early Seventies. Twenty years had gone by, and by then there was no trace of bartender in Cipriani. He was well along in years, but he wore tailored suits and was busy with his own hotel, the Cipriani, named at last for himself and not for Harry Pickering. It was a brilliant idea and a daring one to plant a hotel on the Giudecca, a ten-minute dash by speedboat to the landing near St. Mark's. Pickering was long since dead, but Cipriani had attracted a roost of angels. The hotel had been financed in 1958 by three ladies of the Guinness family, and its glory was the big swimming pool where one could come after a wilting day among the alleys of Venice and revive one's soul.

He remembered the time he had brought the kids when they were still young and how the boy had let the deviled egg roll off his plate to plop on the marble tile floor like a dud bomb dropping into the mud. There was an instant snapping of fingers and pointing and a string of commands handed down the ladder of hierarchy until the waiter's helper of lowest caste was at last summoned to remove it. "It is nothing, believe me, it is nothing," said the maître d'hotel, suddenly materializing out of the mahogany, making such



—*Culver*

Turner's Venice—"like a departing virtuoso he felt compelled to make one last tour, to ride along the canals where the palaces once stood."

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a scene of it until one could only think of the patent unctuous air of the hotel manager in *Death in Venice*, the film of the Thomas Mann book that had appeared the same summer. No matter, they had gone on to order quail and polenta and eaten them under the evening sky, but they had taken their meals after that at the *trattorie*, of which Venice then had a splendid array. They liked best the Trattoria alla Madonna, down an obscure alley near the Rialto Bridge. There was gaiety in the paintings, in the bubbling crowd that was mostly Venetian, in the waiter who was as accommodating as an uncle you liked and who had made everything taste better, especially the spider crab and the raspberries that came later, sugared and served with ice cream.

One night they had gone to Alla Colomba, which everyone said not to confuse with Colombo, and they hoped they landed at the right one. It was very good, whichever one it was, and the kids had ordered spaghetti al pesto, rich and green with crushed basil, to see if it was as good as the recipe that Claiborne had published in the *Times* and which they made so often at home. They went once to Malamocco on the Riva degli Schiavoni, and the food had not been memorable, but the aged couple who had come to play the violin and to sing had touched him deeply. Were they seventy, near eighty? They were crumbling like Venice and forced (like Venice?) to do one more turn for the tourists, to try to coax one last song out of that tired soprano voice box, out of that old violin and the gnarled hands that worked it.

By the Seventies Venice had become a summer madness, a frenzy of tourists milling in hordes around the Piazzetta, swirling under the marble columns brought from Constantinople, buying corn to be fed to the pigeons, a ritual to be recorded on film that would be pasted in albums that would gather dust in bookcases from Nebraska to the Baltic Sea. The shills were everywhere, coaxing the passers-by to the glass factory of Murano and the lace factories of Burano. The gondoliers would park their boats along a quiet lagoon and then set off on foot to forage for fares. "Gondola, gondola," came the insistent cry, but the prices were steep, and he wondered then how all those tourists had found enough money to pay the fares. He recalled how proud he had been of the bargain he had made with a gondolier to row the family from the Rialto to the Danieli. It was almost seven dollars even after he had worked the price down, but then the gondolier had walked them halfway there before they got to his boat and then had pulled up not in front of the Danieli's waterside entrance but near the Bridge of Sighs, two blocks away from the hotel.

He recalled von Aschenbach in *Death in Venice* being rowed against his wishes from the steamboat clear to the Lido, when he had expressly demanded that the gondolier take him to the dock so he could board the *vaporetto*. Thomas Mann had written unequivocally about gondolas in that book:

> Who would not have to suppress a fleeting shudder, a vague timidity and uneasiness, if it were a matter of boarding a Venetian gondola for the first time or after several years? The strange craft, an entirely unaltered survival from the times of balladry, with that peculiar blackness which is found elsewhere only in coffins—it suggests even more strongly death itself, the bier and the mournful funeral and the last silent journey.

One summer Sunday early in the Seventies he had left behind all the pigeons and the knapsack tourists and the shops and taken his family to Torcello. The day was bursting with brilliance, and the boatman swung the cruiser along the Grand Canal, then threaded it through the city, past the windows hung with flower pots, emerging at last in open water past the island cemetery of San Michele where the chilling legend reads, "What you are, we were. What we are, you will be." He wondered why Stravinsky had been moved to choose this water-girt grave.

The boat rolled around the edge of Murano, and you could see Salviati's glass factory. He went back to where she was sitting and asked her if she remembered that time when they first came years before and how they argued so strenuously whether they should buy one of Salviati's traditional Murano chandeliers. She had won, and although he had fumed for an hour after that, he had come to agree that she had been right. And years later in Rome they had bought a modern chandelier shaped like two long, glass trumpets in contrasting hues of yellow and white, and were delighted to learn later that it had been made in Murano, That was the greatness of Murano where they still made the gold-flecked goblets that looked like Bohemian glass, but also turned out brilliant pieces of contemporary design that one rarely saw abroad.

The boatman took Burano to starboard, and then there in front of them was the next canal that splits the center of Torcello. The engines were cut to a purr, and a quiet peace seemed to come down on them in this suburban island that had been an early Venice when the citizens living at Malamocco on the Lido had fled the Frankish invaders. Only later, sometime in the ninth century, had they settled on the Rivo Alto, which became known as the Rialto. Perhaps Torcello would have become all stone and shops and crowds, to live like Venice for a time in glory and then, in declining centuries, to exist as a relic, a sideshow for tourists, a crumbling art gallery that would finally succumb to the sea.

But that day Torcello was bright and rural. There were fields and flowers and there were no shops, only little stalls set up under umbrellas where women sold pieces of Murano glass and the lace of Burano. Along the side of the canals the Torcellans—for there were some who lived here—sat in their underwear tops and shorts in the shade of the red-and-blue umbrellas labeled "Cinzano," with the Algida ice cream signs for a wall decoration. There were a few small boats out for a Sunday's sail, and the water police launch puttered into view, two sailors handling the wheel and the lines, and the officer standing in the rear, all starch and jaw, dispensing waves of authority as if he were a breathing transmitting station.

They had gone to visit the cathedral to see the Byzantine mosaics, seven centuries old and still flashing with the brilliance of an electric sculpture in an avant-garde gallery. Long grass grew now in the old piazza, and trippers lolled in the shade alongside the bits of stone, parts of capitals, urns, and stone chairs from a forgotten tribunal, all of them scattered shards of a dead civilization. The antiquity cast a certain grace over the Locanda Cipriani

(Continued on page 88)

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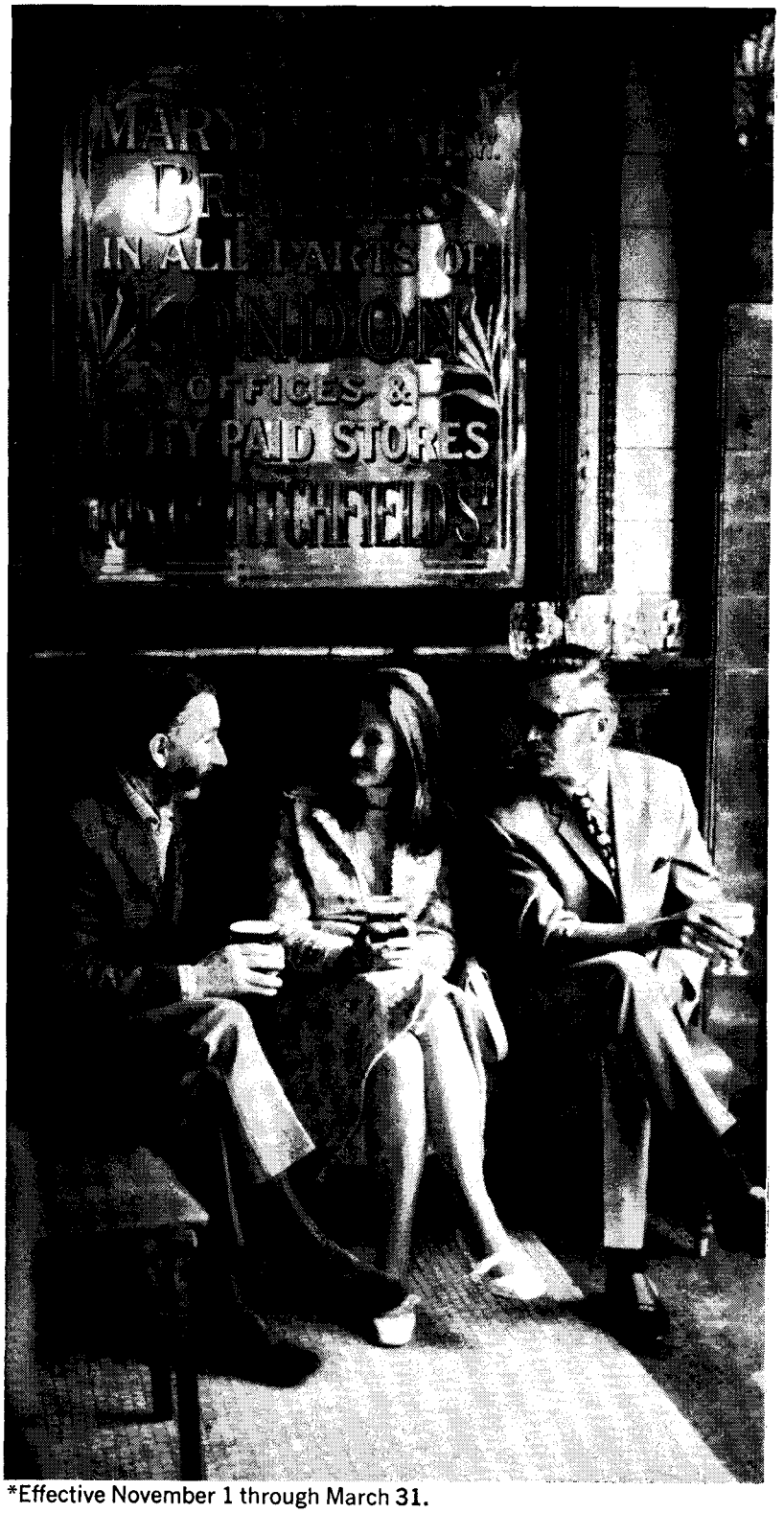

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The Fine Arts

Katharine Kuh

The Center of Reality

MONDRIAN was at his best when pursuing his own way and at his worst when following the lead of others. He was a late bloomer, absorbing slowly the world around him, the impact of contemporary artists, and finally the dictates of his unfaltering convictions. Once he had renounced naturalism and become a realist, albeit an ambiguous one, he began to make history, and it seems to me he has been making it ever since, despite his death more than a quarter-century ago. At first glance, the viewer may not agree with Mondrian's estimate of his own paintings, which he considered unequivocally tied to "reality," for his mature work is always totally non-objective. It represents, according to him, the never-ending search for "a concrete and living reality, although detached from the transitory reality of form."

He called this new kind of art Neo-Plasticism and went on to describe it as "superrealism in contrast to realism and surrealism." By compressing, reducing, purifying, and re-creating not the natural world per se, but what he considered its intrinsic truths, he tried to uncover "in and by straight line and pure color" the basic rhythms of life. He felt the skeletal means he used were ample, that anything more would be superfluous window dressing. "The flat surface and the straight line provide the means for saying everything," he wrote, "but it is the artist who does the saying." He even eliminated all semblance of painterliness, renouncing the rich brushwork he accepted in his youth. For him, non-objectivity, the avoidance of anything specific or local, provided the freedom to concentrate on cosmic verities.

He was after the underlying tempo, the fundamental impulses operating beneath the surface. Even in Holland, where step by step he transformed branching trees into abstract elemental forces, he was already concerned with the ceaseless interaction of stress and pause; and so, too, when he created his celebrated "plus and minus" compositions. In both cases it was repeated intervals conceived in progressive order that interested him. The throbbing jazz compositions painted in New York shortly before Mondrian's death in 1944 are, of course, more readily identified with changing tempo.

Presently on view at the Guggenheim Museum is the first comprehensive retrospective of Mondrian's work New York has seen for more than twenty-five years. Long an ardent admirer of the artist, I visited his exhibition with some trepidation; I did not want past idols smashed, nor were they. It is true the early paintings shocked me a bit. Awkward, derivative, and often sentimental, they rarely predicted the superb philosophic distillations that were to come later. Only pedantic hindsight can trace a plausible continuity, though numerous scholars are now diligently annotating every possible connection.

There are, to be sure, exceptions. Mondrian's occasional meticulous studies of chrysanthemums and other flowers, some painted as early as the turn of the century, have the same resolved clarity that infuses his late abstract work. Of these precise floral images he noted, "I enjoyed painting flowers, not bouquets, but a single flower at a time, in order that I might better express its plastic structure." Sometimes the flowers are more than structural; they are symbolic, for while he was still young the artist was deeply moved by Theosophy, an occult nineteenth-century movement dedicated to clairvoyant meditation. More specifically, the Theosophists hoped to resolve the dichotomy between science and religion. And it is no coincidence that Mondrian at nineteen seriously considered entering the ministry. When he eventually settled on painting, it became a religion for him. Even his most rarefied geometric canvases are closer to spiritual revelation than to arithmetical considerations.

I am always surprised that Mondrian's seventeenth-century Dutch forerunner Saenredam is never mentioned as a possible influence. The two men shared more than a common nationality. In their youth both produced scrupulously fastidious paintings of single flowers; both concentrated later on an ineffably refined integration of geometric elements; yet, undoubtedly their ultimate aims differed drastically. Much of Mondrian's early work, however, looked back to recent influences, to the Barbizon School, to Art Nouveau, to such Dutch contemporary painters as Jan Toroop and Jan Sluyters, to Impressionism and Neo-Impressionism, and finally to Cubism, a movement that exerted an especially strong hold on the artist during his first stay in Paris from 1911 to 1914. It is interesting to remember that he was already forty when he arrived in France.

Cubism, acting as a catalyst, gradually led Mondrian to certitudes he was never to bypass, not that his philosophy changed as much as his methods. After a short period of working with more or less orthodox Cubist fragmentations, he embarked on a course that was to revolutionize future vision as sharply as Cézanne's (also a late starter) had some thirty-five years earlier. Not because Mondrian is the father of minimal and hard-edge painting, of Neo-Plasticism and structuralism, do we see his Guggenheim exhibition as a landmark, nor because he set the pace for much of modern architecture and design. Indeed, he was often more concerned with promoting environmental equilibrium than with producing perfectly adjusted easel paintings, for he felt the latter were expendable if the former could be achieved. I think he might have approved the installation of his show at the Guggenheim—sparse, lucid, each work given its due.

The exhibition there is a landmark, however, because now it becomes clear that Mondrian decisively changed our way of seeing by eliminating Cézanne's emphasis on naturalistic form and, for that matter, by eliminating the emphasis on all accepted Western plastic traditions. Yet, there is no question that he shared Cézanne's overriding dedication to the universal archetype as opposed to the particular. But instead of trying to approximate three-dimensional form on a flat surface, he allowed line and color to speak for themselves. Unlike Kandinsky, who at one time was also influenced by Theosophy and later turned to completely non-objective elements, Mondrian never employed these means to express his personal emotions; for him, line and color existed as properties of real life. The painting itself was the answer, not as a paraphrase of something else but as its own raison d'être.

Among the most memorable works in the show are the curious "plus and minus" compositions produced shortly after 1914 when Mondrian returned to Holland, where he remained during World War I. Not yet having completely broken with descriptive motifs, he addressed himself to the sea, envisioning it in rhythmic horizontals broken by pier-like crosses that may have included religious or metaphysical overtones. The "pier and ocean" theme has the same hypnotic syncopation that later was to animate the Boogie Woogie series. More than twenty-five years separates the two, years that represent Mondrian's most productive period; yet, little public recognition came his way. Only artists, and very few of them, beat a path to his studio. His work was difficult to understand

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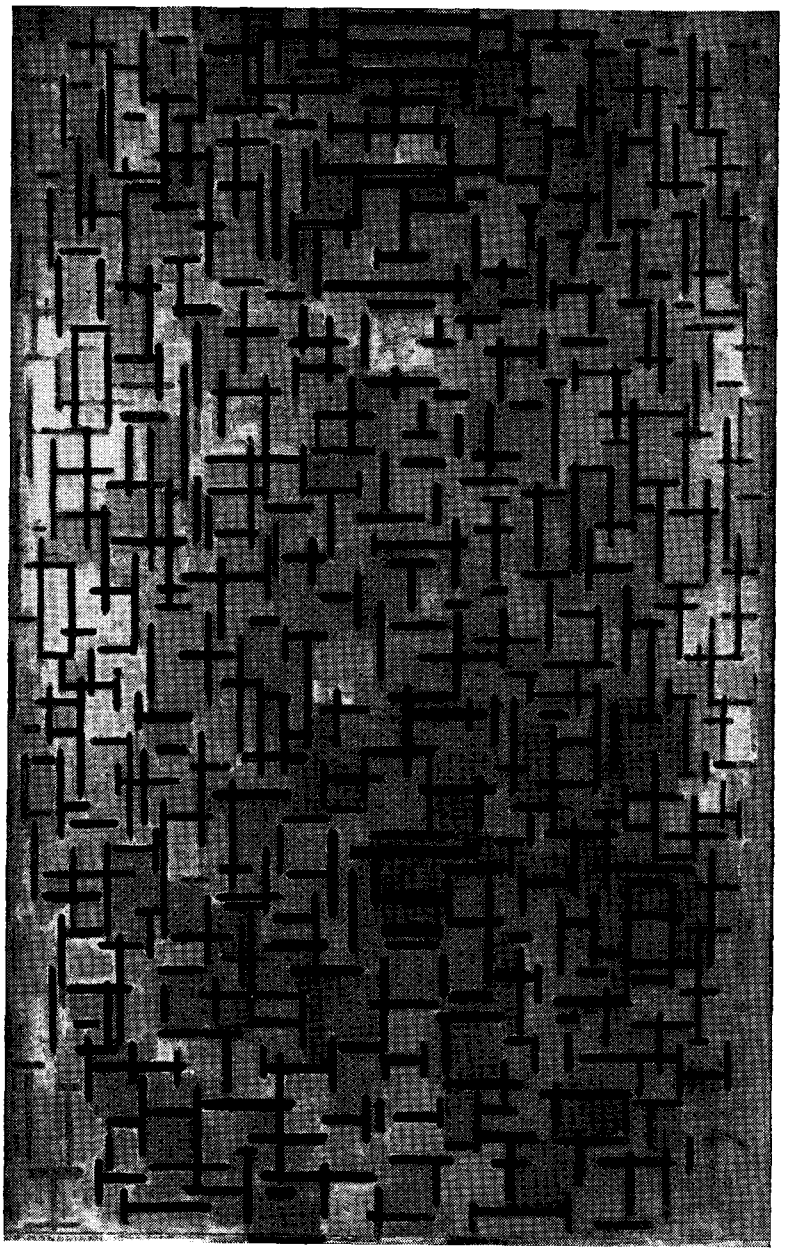
and still is, despite his present widespread influence. Innumerable followers have promoted his discoveries but at times have so misjudged his aims as to offend his memory.

Because Mondrian makes us aware of interior pressures, he seems to have created a new kind of space, one that is never dependent on transparencies or voids. He himself observed that in his early pictures "space was still a background." Later it became an organic force that was implied more than depicted. As Meyer Schapiro has noted, there is in Mondrian always "an intimation of extension beyond what we see." His space, often determined by grids to be looked through, appears deceptively simple. Dependent on the most subtle variations of reduced color and line, it actually moves in interrupted sequences. In the "plus and minus" paintings the underlying rhythms of the ocean are basic. "Seeing the sea, sky, and stars," he wrote, "I represented this through a multiplicity of crosses. I was impressed by the greatness of nature and tried to express expansion, rest, unity. . . . But I felt that I still worked like an Impressionist and expressed a particular feeling, not reality *as it is*." The "plus and minus" series, integrating as it does two fundamental oppositions, parallels the Oriental concept of yin and yang.

Mondrian was convinced it was impossible to attain the true colors of nature on canvas. He gave up what he regarded as a hopeless quest, instead turning during his so-called classic or middle period to a juxtaposition of primary and neutral colors: red, yellow, and blue with black, white, and gray. This reduction to elemental means may at first seem oversimple, but it was quite the contrary. The most minute and painstaking adjustments were involved. One need only study Mondrian's unfinished painting, *Victory Boogie Woogie*, which was still on his easel when he died, to realize what incredibly patient research went into the construction of each work. In those last years, he designed with painted tape, depending on trial and error while constantly moving the tapes until he arrived at precisely what he wanted. Several taped sections still remain on *Victory Boogie Woogie*, providing mute evidence of how the artist worked. It was almost as if nothing, not the slightest detail, could have been altered once final decisions had jelled.

The American painter Charmion von Wiegand, who was a close friend of Mondrian's, claims he proceeded intuitively but that, nonetheless, he reworked his late canvases until they often bore little resemblance to their beginnings. In an interview recorded in the Guggenheim's catalogue, Miss von Wiegand says, "For Mondrian, life and art were really one thing." He was, I suppose, essentially a reformer, a man who wanted to put order into a chaotic world. He firmly believed that art, freed from the burdens of daily life, could eventually lead to Utopian solutions. His optimism was unbounded. Paring his work down to the bone, he allowed no subterfuges to obscure the issues. With undeviating consistency he adhered to his convictions, even breaking with his friend and colleague Theo van Doesberg when the latter introduced diagonals into his compositions. Mondrian looked on this indulgence as a denial of everything they had built together during the years they organized and backed the De Stijl movement. He made no concessions to himself or to others. For him diagonals and curves were unnecessary excess baggage; they had no place in the reality he sought, all of which may seem dogmatic and doctrinaire, but the truth is that Mondrian had come too far to make even small compromises. No single element could be conceded without violating those overall harmonies he valued.



—*The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum*
"Composition," 1916.

Ironically, his exhibition at the Guggenheim, though well-chosen and sensitively installed, might well have affronted Mondrian, for his clean rectangular paintings are everywhere cut by Frank Lloyd Wright's insistent curves. It is Mondrian's extraordinary tenacity and purity that win, for though his canvases are never large or exhibitionistic, they remain undiminished by any incidental accidents. I found myself wondering as I left the show whether this Dutchman was not perhaps the greatest artist of our age.

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Cosmic Waters

Continued from page 43

dream or a utopia but a reality of our time."

In an article published then, Korolev enjoined his countrymen to "move on to the mastery and conquest of cosmic space . . . as a completely feasible task within the grasp of mankind—as a future development of Soviet science and engineering."

This, of course, is the Tsiolkovsky manifesto. It has recently been bolstered with the success of what Tsiolkovsky called "ethereal islands," the twenty-five-ton Salyut manned space station. The sixty-six-foot long Salyut contains tables, chairs, a library, a hydroponic space garden, hot food preparation devices, and the Orion astrophysical observatory. Riabchikov's explanation of the death of the last three cosmonauts to return from Salyut substantiates earlier Soviet statements that sudden depressurization of their Soyuz re-entry vehicle—not the Salyut space station—caused the tragedy. Riabchikov concludes:

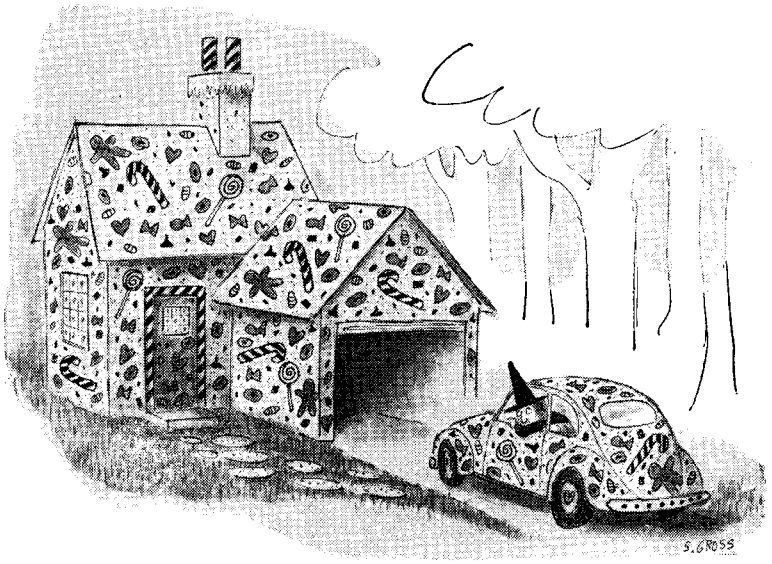
> Sorrow strengthens the strong. . . . The penetration of space is already understood to be not just an isolated experiment but a decision about the destiny and future of humanity. At last we have overcome the geocentrism that has dominated the mind of men for thousands of years. . . . The ascent to the cosmos is an irreversible process, the fruit of our entire history.

Russians in Space is not all cosmic manifesto, of course. Riabchikov chiefly chronicles the personalities and achievements of each manned flight in turn, devoting only a few brief pages to the impressive Soviet accomplishments in scientific earth satellites, and ingenious robotic investigation of the moon and planets. Of military spacecraft, he speaks not at all.

The clearest view yet available of the role of military space reconnaissance is contained in *Secret Sentries in Space*, a highly unromantic documentation by the senior avionics editor of *Aviation Week & Space Technology*, Philip J. Klass.

Eoth Klass and his magazine have a reputation for daring to flaunt the semi-secrets of competitive defense technology. This editorial independence, augmented by private sources within the defense establishment, enhances Klass' assessment of the approximately 50 per cent of the world's satellites that are under the control of the military. Soviet spy-in-the-sky satellites have looked down on every county in the U.S. innumerable times. The cameras in our orbiting counterparts (including the new twelve-ton Samos) can delineate objects in Russia as small as a compact Volga car. As omnipresent as these satellites are, Klass does not view them as doomsday machines. In fact, he refers to their influence on the Cuban missile crisis, current SALT negotiations, and other East-West confrontations as "mankind's most significant benefit from th Space Age" and " . . . a powerful force for international stability and peace." Klass recognizes the Strangelovian danger of a miscalculation—a space age version of the U-2 incident, for instance—but he feels the technological mercenaries are acceptable and serviceable to both sides as remote policemen.

Hopefully, the first joint U.S.-USSR manned spaceflight—which could now occur as early as 1974—will discourage the robotic policemen from following the example of the English police who, although unarmed, were serviceable for decades, until the exigencies of their beats recently forced them to request sidearms.



Criminal Record

Continued from page 56

What is most amazing is that this mature novel is part of the current "Young Adult" scene in publishing.

Gypsy in Amber. *By Martin Smith. Putnam.* $4.95. A gypsy is killed in a car crash, and a dismembered female corpse is also found in the wreckage. The police assume that the body was stashed in the gypsy's cargo rather than that of the other truck, belonging to a socialite antique dealer, involved in the accident. In an effort to rescue the dead gypsy's soul from wandering in limbo, his brother investigates the murder. The crime story disappoints, as it leads to a killer the reader never has a chance of discovering in advance. But the author's researches into gypsy life and antiques compensate.

The Theban Mysteries. *By Amanda Cross. Knopf.* $5.95. In previous literary treats Amanda crossed James Joyce and W. H. Auden with crime. This time out she has interwoven *Antigone* with the problem of a dead woman found in the Theban, a posh New York girl's school where detective-scholar Kate Fansler is conducting a seminar in the Greek classic. If the crime story is minor, the novel *in toto* is major fun for the more cerebral armchair sleuths.

Message from Málaga. *By Helen MacInnes. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.* $6.95. I can almost see white hats and black hats on Miss MacInnes's good guys and bad guys, but who am I against the faithful who will automatically catapult her newest work onto the bestseller lists? Once again she has sent an innocent abroad, and enmeshed him in international intrigue. Her locale this time is Spain, specifically Málaga and Granada, and as usual she has so drenched her story with its setting that you can hear castanets and smell bougainvillaea (if that smells) while the CIA and the KGB mix it up. If this report sounds not properly respectful, let me add that Miss MacInnes, as always, gives her readers their full money's worth.

—**Haskel Frankel**

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1j (Shakespeare), *Love's Labour's Lost;* 2i (Roth), *Goodbye, Columbus;* 3g (Molière), *The Imaginary Invalid;* 4f (Segal), *Love Story;* 5a (Camus), *The Stranger;* 6c (Malraux), *Darkness at Noon;* 7d (Malamud), *The Fixer;* 8h (Goldsmith), *She Stoops to Conquer;* 9e (Cleaver), *Soul on Ice;* 10b Solzhenitsyn), *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich.*

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MultiMedia

—*Photos by Zodiac*

Not for Jesus Christ Superstar the sackcloth and ashes of the humble teacher. As Jeff Fenholt, playing Christ, ascends on a lift, his billowing silver robe unfolds to cover his tracks. Judas (Ben Vereen) queries him from below.

J. C. SUPERSTAR ENTERPRISES, INC.

by MOLLY HASKELL

Among several of the practical, career-minded questions a baffled Judas puts to a beleaguered and distinctly profane Jesus in the current opus called *Jesus Christ Superstar* is the one of timing. If, argues Judas, Christ came calling today, mass communication would give him access to a whole nation, something that Israel in 4 B.C. could not provide. Unlike its hero, the musical phenomenon seems to have landed in the right place at the right time.

The message of *JCSS*, which began the first phase of its multi-media life as an LP in England a year ago, has penetrated almost every nation on earth. In America alone it has sold 2.5 million copies for Decca, now an MCA record subsidiary. There are currently two concert companies playing to stadium-filling crowds in cities throughout the United States, with another, smaller company to start touring college towns this winter. The Broadway show has just opened and will be duplicated in England this summer. Producer Robert Stigwood has licensed theatrical rights to France, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Australia, South Africa, all of South America, Spain, Mexico, and Israel. A film version will begin shooting this spring. Indeed, only one nation—England—remains unexposed to the message of *Jesus Christ Superstar*, and the reason, ironically, is that its outlet of mass communication, the BBC, refuses to play it. Which only goes to show that a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country.

What is the message? With whom and why is it so popular? And how did it begin? The idea originated with two

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young Englishmen, Andrew Lloyd Webber, twenty-three, who wrote the music, and Tim Rice, twenty-seven, who wrote the lyrics.

"Basically, the idea of our whole opera was to have Christ seen through the eyes of Judas," one of *JCSS*'s creators has stated, "with Christ as a man, not a god. Our intention was to take no religious stand on the subject, but rather to ask questions. We purposely avoided any reference to Christ's divinity, choosing to end our story with his death rather than resurrection.

"At first the idea seemed too controversial, but religion and theology have undergone changes because of the open, questioning attitude of today's young people. In view of this, neither of us felt that our approach was even remotely radical. After all, people have been writing musical versions of the Passion for centuries. Bach, Handel, and the others pretty much created 'hits' with it in their times as has Penderecki in the twentieth century."

In order to interest a potential investor in financing the album, Webber and Rice first recorded two of the songs —Mary Magdalene's "I Don't Know How to Love Him" and Judas's "Jesus Christ Superstar"—as singles. The 45 was a hit in England and Europe and a flop in the United States—the exact reverse of the album's subsequent career. But its popularity in Europe convinced MCA that it should invest in the album.

At the time of the record release, theatrical and film rights to the property were held by Robert Stigwood, the thirty-seven-year-old, Australian-born rock impresario who is Webber's and Rice's manager. Stigwood was at one time the managing director of Brian Epstein's NEM Enterprises (the Beatles, Cilla Black, etc.). After Epstein's death he left to form his own organization with the Bee Gees and the Cream. He now heads up a huge conglomerate of entertainment-related companies; his clients include the Bee Gees, Ginger Baker, Jack Bruce, Eric Clapton, John Mayall, Georgie Fame, Alan Price, Tin Tin, as well as Frankie Howerd, Lionel Jeffries, and Rita Tushingham. He also produced the London stage version of *Hair* and co-produced *Oh! Calcutta!* The kind of manager, in other words, that Jesus never had, as *Jesus Christ Superstar* is the first to imply.

When record sales began to soar, MCA sent Ned Tanen, vice president in charge of Universal's "experimental" film arm, to London to talk with Stigwood. Tanen is responsible for such recent pictures as *Diary of a Mad Housewife, Taking Off, The Hired Hand,* and *The Last Movie.* Out of his meeting with Stigwood a partnership was formed, and plans for the Broadway production were well under way when the idea of a touring concert company was more or less forced upon them.

According to Tanen, a number of unauthorized, "pirate" versions had sprung up around the country. "We just didn't jump on them hard enough, fast enough," Tanen said. "We could get some of them legally, but the only way to counter the harm done was to mount our own version.

"The initial outlay was enormous. We had all our own sound and lighting equipment which had to be set up every night in the stadiums. And a company of seventy-five to seventy-eight people —twenty-five singers, thirty musicians, and crew. But it was a fantastic success."

Stigwood cast and rehearsed the first concert company, and it opened in Pittsburgh on July 12th. This company grossed $1.2-million in the first four weeks, playing one-night stands six nights a week. At a cost per week, computed by Tanen, of $45,000, that breaks down to a profit of $255,000 a week for Concert No. 1. The second and slightly smaller concert version (fifty to fifty-five people), cast at the same time as the Broadway show, opened in Springfield, Massachusetts, in September. It will play three- and four-night stands to audiences ranging from 5,000 down to 1,500. The third company, which will play to small-town and college audiences of about 2,000, will begin touring in early November. A week's gross to J. C. Superstar Enterprises, Inc., from two concerts alone is roughly half a million dollars. Tanen figures it will be the biggest concert grosser of all time.

Tanen admits he was nervous at the Pittsburgh opening. "There was a newspaper strike and only the radio to give the news. It sold out. Fifteen thousand people were there, and not just the long-haired, disheveled youth crowd. There was the FM contingent, as you'd expect, but also the Mary Poppins family audience. They loved it. Half of them were mouthing the words. I was astonished. They knew the whole libretto by heart! And there was a standing ovation, an occurrence that has been repeated practically everywhere it's played.

"The opposition has only been scattered. A few pickets from fanatical groups, with signs like 'The True Christ is Indoors'—whatever that means. But there was the least resistance in places where we expected the most. The South, for instance. We've had no trouble from the Baptists or the Four-Square Pentecostals or people like that. In fact, it's in the Deep South that we've drawn the biggest crowds."

I asked Tanen about the reaction of religious leaders.

"Well, they weren't enchanted in the beginning, but as the record caught on and became more successful," he said, with no trace of irony, "they grew more lenient. They said they were glad the kids were into something besides their own heads.

"Billy Graham came out on TV the other night and said Jesus Christ really *was* a superstar. And now we're getting extensive air play on the radio, which we didn't get before. It's a big hit everywhere, especially Japan. Except England, of course, where the BBC refuses to play the record."

Amid rumors and complications, I had been having some trouble getting to see Robert Stigwood. Aside from his responsibilities as producer of the Broadway show, he travels around the country making spot checks on the touring companies. The youthful performers (most are in their late teens or early twenties) have a tendency to add bits of business to what is essentially a non-dramatic show, and Stigwood has to keep them under control.

After one appointment had been canceled, with the explanation that Stigwood was going on a trip and "his head is in the wrong place," I was relieved to find a courteous, soft-spoken man who as far as I could see is not a head freak at all. He looked conservative in a dark turtleneck. His straw-like hair and lean, serpentine physique are more suggestive of a Shakespearean character actor than a multi-media tycoon. Temporarily residing and working in a townhouse partially converted into offices, Stigwood answers questions with diplomatic reticence. Less than candid but short of devious, his answers sometimes conflicted with the testimony of others. According to Stigwood, there has been little resistance in the United States to *Jesus Christ Superstar*—few pickets, no problems. Nor has there ever been any trouble with Tom O'Horgan, the young, fashionably avant-garde director of *Tom Paine, Hair,* and *Lenny,* who has been in and out of the production. "We were considering one director who was in an accident and hurt his back," Stigwood said. "We took O'Horgan, but we probably would have ended up with him anyway."

Of all the Superstar enterprises, the Broadway show is by far the most expensive in relation to expected profits. "We virtually built a recording studio in the Mark Hellinger Theater," said Stigwood. "We covered the orchestra pit and used the partitioning techniques you use when making a record. There's a mixing desk in the rear of the theater with an engineer controlling the sound. Speaker placement is different from any other show. No matter where you sit there will be an even distribution of sound."

"We had to rebuild the entire backstage," adds Peter Brown, Stigwood's

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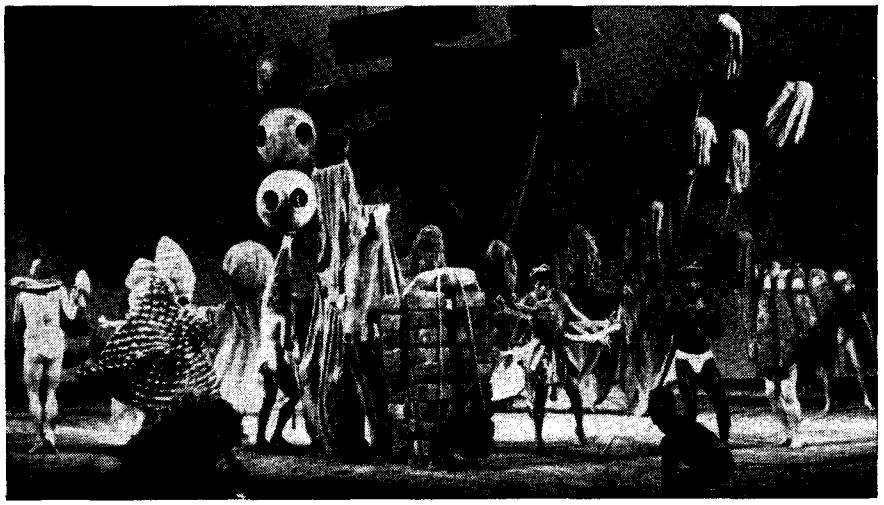

Left: In the Temple the moneylenders and merchants sing: "Roll on up—for my price is down. Come on in—for the best in town . . ." before Christ chases them away. Below: Jesus is carried in with pomp and ceremony as the crowd sings "Hosanna Heysanna Sanna Sanna Ho."

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assistant. "We cut through eight-inch steel girders to make room for hydraulic lifts."

The lifts are for a variety of vehicles —the jawbone of a whale, for example, a giant pelvis, and a spangled trapeze, *machinae* from which non-deities descend—which carry actors back and forth from the flies.

The sound presumably duplicates the multi-track electronic and stereophonic effects of the album, which was recorded on sixteen-track tape and in sixty separate sections. This means that although the orchestra is playing live in the theater, it will have the acoustical properties of "canned" music. Like taped vs. live television, or a film composed in the editing room, the art of multi-track recording resides in technological virtuosity rather than in the live performance. Although the leads in the Broadway show need qualities of endurance beyond those demanded of their counterparts on record, they have the benefit of a hand-carried mike to project their voices at a volume commensurate with the music.

Neither Tanen nor Stigwood nor, for that matter, anyone I asked could give me a definitive explanation of the work's appeal, or tell me exactly what *JCSS* was trying to say. The standard response seems to be, "It's asking the right questions," an evasion comparable to answering a question with a question. A friend of mine who lives in

(Continued on page 82)

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MUSIC

A DAY WITH DE LARROCHA

by ROBERT JACOBSON

High above the port of nighttime Barcelona, amid colored umbrellas and glowing lanterns, the dark-haired lady throws back her head and aims the spout of the green sherry bottle from high above her broad mouth. Alicia de Larrocha is a *campeón* at what the Catalans call *porron*, as confident with the bottle as she is at the piano, which she has been playing since the age of three. After a savory meal of gazpacho, paella, and crema Catalana on the summit of Montjuich, Alicia and her husband, Juan Torra, set out on a midnight tour of their native city, where they've spent nearly all their lives. Almost at every turn, the pianist is reminded of some moment in her life and career, which had been spent in and around Barcelona until a half-dozen years ago when a persistent American agent literally forced her into international prominence.

Halfway down Montjuich, the Fuente Monumental is still exploding with water and colored lights, mesmerizing the pianist with its changing patterns and tones. "It's just like the piano sonorities of Albéniz," she notes with wide-eyed enthusiasm. Pointing off into the distance, she adds, "I played my first public concert over there at the Missions Palace." The fountain and handsome buildings were built for the 1929 World's Fair, when the five-year-old Alicia de Larrocha bowed in her native city.

Driving past the old university, she relates that her fellow Catalan Victoria de los Angeles was born here (Victoria Gomez Cima), the daughter of a caretaker at the school. Among the plans being formalized during my visit was a historic joint recital uniting two of Spain's greatest daughters at Hunter College in New York on November 13. Yes, they've known one another since their teens but have never appeared together in public! During her student days at the Liceo Conservatory and University, Mme. de los Angeles won a prize in a radio competition while Alicia was then studying and teaching at the Frank Marshall Academy. After the war, the young singer had a chance to make a test recording for His Master's Voice and needed someone to play the piano for her. Urged by a mutual friend, the pianist accompanied the singer in two arias from *La Bohème* and *Madama Butterfly*. That recording and winning the Geneva Competition catapulted the soprano into the world spotlight, while Alicia de Larrocha's career took a different direction. Now, more than a quarter of a century later, they are being united in a program of early Spanish songs, Falla, and Granados.

The figure of the Catalonian Enrique Granados recurs like a *leitmotif* in this Barcelona tour. At the corner of Córcega and Enrique Granados streets, the petite pianist almost casually announces that here was her own birthplace. In the quietly deserted Barrio Gotico with its Romanesque Palacio Real Mayor (where Ferdinand and Isabella received Columbus) and Town Hall, she points out a heavy iron-grilled window: "It's just like Granados, you know, in his 'El coloquio en la reja,' with the girl inside and the boy declaring his love outside through the grill."

We drive through the Ramblas, Barcelona's perennially bustling thoroughfare, to the Manila Hotel, a favorite stopping place for musicians. Its owner, an art and music lover, heads the Friends of Enrique Granados and has created a museum on the lower level. On the lobby level a small bar in nineteenth-century, red-plush Parisian style pays tribute to the famed Catalan singers—Gay, Capsir, Hidalgo, Viñez, Barrientos, Supervia, Badia, Caballé, Aragall, and, of course, de los Angeles. Down a staircase is the Camarote Granados, a reproduction of a stateroom on the SS *Sussex*, the ship torpedoed by the Germans in the English Channel in 1916, killing the composer, who was returning from the premiere of his *Goyescas* at the Metropolitan Opera. The walls are covered with signed photos of all the leading Spanish musicians, a portrait, letters, and handwritten scores of Granados, manuscripts of other Spanish composers, and printed title pages of works by Turina, Falla, Rodrigo, Albéniz, and Granados himself.

While the Camarote celebrates the glorious past, at No. 10 Callé del Savatierra the past and the present uniquely join hands. Here at the Frank Marshall Academy an extraordinary piano tradition lives on through the efforts of Alicia de Larrocha and Juan Torra, directors of the privately run and self-sustaining academy—which was founded by the composer in 1909 and carried on after his death by his English pupil and de Larrocha's longtime teacher ("He was like my father") Frank Marshall. The great Spanish musical past is everywhere in the faded red-velvet, brocade-wallpaper charm of the studios and offices. There is the harpsichord where Falla wrote his Concerto, the book of *Los Caprichos* by Goya which inspired *Goyescas*, original manuscripts of Granados's works and valuable finger exercises, Lorca's "Epitafio a Isaac Albéniz" which he improvised at the grave of Albéniz in 1935 in the presence of Falla and Marshall, and the letter from Felipe Pedrell, the father of Spanish nationalism in music, telling the alien Marshall that it is his obligation to continue the work of Granados. And there is the dining room much as Marshall left it at his death in 1959—where Falla, Arthur Rubinstein, Sauer, and Cortot were feted among wood and silver.

Picking up one of Marshall's carved canes still standing in one corner, Mme. de Larrocha notes, "He was a

—Manuel Duart, Barcelona, Spain

Alicia de Larrocha (left) and Victoria de los Angeles (right) photographed in the courtyard of the Casa del Arcediano, Barcelona—"a historic joint recital uniting two of Spain's greatest daughters."

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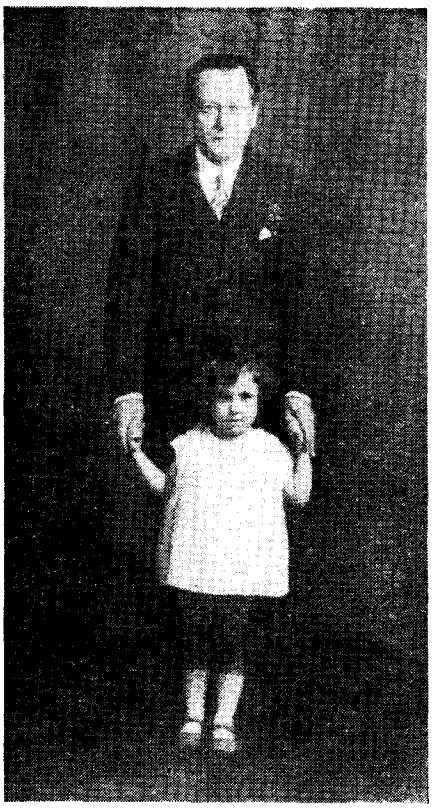
real English gentleman, elegant, but Spanish in temperament. I still can see him," and she struts down the hallway in fine Chaplinesque style. As she energetically darts into every nook and cranny of the fascinating but well-worn rooms, she laughs girlishly. "Tradition is one thing—dirty is another."

Alicia de Larrocha has known this atmosphere encompassing the piano, classrooms, noted performers, and composers all her life. The first Marshall Academy at Rambla de Cataluña was not far from her house, and she went there at age three. "It was my home. I spent all my time there at the piano and playing games. I was never forced to play, so it was never work. My toy was my piano." Her aunt, who to this day at age seventy-eight still teaches at the academy, had pupils at home. One day after they had left, two-and-a-half-year-old Alicia climbed up on the piano bench and began to play what she had heard the others do. Her aunt took her to Marshall, but he cautioned that it was too early to begin teaching her. Still, the piano became her plaything, as she insisted on putting crayons and pencils inside it and playing with the keys. "Once my aunt locked it and I was so unhappy I cried. I put my head on the floor and banged it. I was in a real temper, and I did it so hard that blood began to flow out—and at this moment my aunt said, 'Well, we'll start.' So we went to Marshall, and I screamed at him, 'I want to play the piano!' and he told me to come the next day." At age five she made her recital debut, and at nine she was playing Mozart with the orchestra in Madrid, with Arbos conducting. At an early age, she took her place among Marshall's assistants, eventually combining teaching with a limited career.

Granados, Mme. de Larrocha asserts, taught his own style of piano at this school. "In fact, he was the first in Europe to create a school especially for the study of the pedal. He also concentrated heavily on the sonority of the piano—something fantastically new for his era. No one before him had paid attention to sonorities with such intelligence. Granados loved the music and style of Scarlatti, and he brought the technique of the harpsichord to the romantic, virtuoso piano repertory of the day. He also felt a great affinity for Schumann and was considered a leading interpreter of his music. In the second part of Granados's life, Schumann cast a spell over his music." Mme. de Larrocha stresses that Marshall did not let her study Spanish music until she was seventeen. "First it was Bach and Mozart and the wide range of the European piano repertoire. This is a necessary base for a pianist. You cannot begin playing Spanish music without it." Today at



Alicia, aged five, with her teacher, Frank Marshall.

the academy (with 100 pupils and seven instructors), the teaching is based on the Marshall plan, slightly renovated every few years.

In comparing the three masters of Spanish music—Granados, Albéniz, and Falla—Mme. de Larrocha calls the first the real romantic poet. "Everything he did was spontaneous, yet restrained—a reflection of his temperament," she said. "His music is patrician and elegant, reflecting the Spain of the aristocracy. He is like a picture that is part typically Spain and part the decoration of nineteenth-century romanticism." Albéniz she calls more colorful, full of spirit and power, brilliant in his palette. Falla was more under the spell of the gypsies, "and his music speaks of the tremendous strength of the Spanish gypsy, of *cante hondo*, the deep tragic sound, the ageless sorrow of Spain. For a pianist, this music needs a special technique that has to do with sound and rhythm and color. One of the clues lies in the fact that both Albéniz and Falla took the guitar as their instrumental model. And this style has something to do with the same qualities that our great flamenco dancers have—it is the sense of excitement held tightly under control. There is no hysteria or flamboyance. It is crucial to keep the emotional excitement in the context of complete control. With this comes the quality of seduction, a certain arrogance or haughtiness or Spanish pride. . . .

"I never thought about a career," Mme. de Larrocha says, shrugging her shoulders. "Music has been the one thing of my life, nothing else. I never thought of it as a profession. My teacher said to experience music in public, and so I did it—but not to show myself off. It was the best way to begin, and then I found myself with concert tours and was surprised, because I never did anything to get concerts." This began after the Civil War and then again after World War II, when she ventured out to the Canary Islands, Spanish Morocco, and Europe. She recalls the hardships of the Civil War: "We had no food in the last six months; it was a tragedy. My father went to the mountains to get greens to eat because we had no wood, no bread, no oil. On the other hand, many people who were ill when they had too much became healthy now that they couldn't eat."

In the early 1950s Alfred Wallenstein heard her in Europe and asked her to come to California for concerts with the Los Angeles Philharmonic (1954), after which she played a successful Town Hall debut under the sponsorship of some Barcelona friends (1955). For ten more years she continued to play in Europe, while teaching at home and making some recordings for American Decca. Then publicity agent Herbert Breslin began to write her in an effort to coax her back, eventually promising four New York Philharmonic concerts and a Hunter College recital. "I didn't think this was possible, we couldn't believe it. Records, you know, are dangerous, and that's all he knew of me." So she came back to America in 1965 and quickly obliterated the stigma of being just another "lady" pianist by becoming *the* woman pianist of the day (following the death of Dame Myra Hess in 1965) for the majority of the critics and public, loved and admired by her fellow musicians. This season in the United States, during a four-and-a-half-month period, she is playing with half a dozen major American orchestras, as well as with the Madrid and London symphonies on tour, and doing a dozen or more recitals. "I am too much in America," she says half-jokingly. "I want to make music, not the machine."

Ironically, while Alicia de Larrocha has played all over the world, she hadn't appeared in her hometown for the past seven years. "It is natural, because always the attraction is the foreigner," she says matter-of-factly, without rancor. When she returned for two concerts last April she was met by full houses and ecstatic receptions—one critic dubbed her *"una personalidad excepcional."* Playing the Chopin Second Concerto, she received an ovation even before the performance, a rare occurrence in Spain. "It is goose flesh

(Continued on page 82)

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THE GERSHWINS' TWO ASTAIRES

Who is the songster or songstress responsible for your favorite disc version of the Gershwins' " 'S Wonderful"? Ella? Lee? Frank? Bing? They and dozens of their colleagues have etched the engaging words and disarming tune into millions of memories over the decades since it was heard in 1927 from the stage of the Alvin Theater in *Funny Face*. How it might have sounded from the voice that first intoned the couplet ending with "glamorous" and "amorous" is one of those tantalizing speculations that would seem to elude resolution. The voice belonged to Fred Astaire's sister Adele, who long ago retired to pleasanter pastures, first as Lady Cavendish, then as Mrs. Kingman Douglas. Even if there were such a record, it would be a collector's item with a princely price tag.

That there *is* such a record now available and that it can be had at merely a Goody, or Kingly (Karol), price tag points to only one possible purveyor. The same Monmouth-Evergreen entrepreneurs, who have regaled musical comedy enthusiasts with re-creations of shows that record companies of the time neglected; delved deep into the literature of Rodgers, Porter, Lerner and Loewe, etc., to retrieve the best of their non-hits; and otherwise qualified as public benefactors as well as profit-wise merchants, have done it again. This time they have dealt in four sides rather than two, with MES (no stereo of course) 7036 ($5.98) devoted to a side of *Lady Be Good* as it sounded at London's Empire Leicester Square in 1926, and MES 7037 ($5.98) offering eight segments from *Funny Face* and its London cast of 1928 (both retrieved from the EMI archives, and as clean of aural impurities as science can contrive).

Included are joint efforts of the Astaires on the memorable "The Babbit and the Bromide" as well as the show's title tune, in which the still-viable tones of Fred Astaire are heard in their pristine purity. He is also heard tripping and tapping his way through "My One and Only," but it is Adele Astaire's elegantly informal delivery of the verse and chorus of " 'S Wonderful" that puts her voice back in the gallery of showbiz immortals where it belongs. To be sure, both in this tune and in the insinuating "He Loves and She Loves," one must screen out the intrusions of Bernard Clifton, an all too typical juvenile of the time. But, as the songs have survived him, so shall we.

In the *Lady Be Good* excerpts, the Astaires are joined, in their airily expert "Fascinating Rhythm," by the composer at the piano, likewise in "I'd Rather Charleston." But the most exhilarating of all the piano performances by Gershwin is the one in which Fred Astaire pounds his way through "Half of It Dearie Blues" in pedal point to the composer's improvisational interpolations (the *Rhapsody* most particularly). For those to whom the genesis of this kind of more-than-rag but not-quite-jazz piano playing is mysterious, it may be mentioned that it flourished along with the vogue for player-piano rolls that reached its zenith in the mid-Twenties. (A collateral source was the favor then enjoyed by such duo pianists as Ohman and Arden, who replaced the pit orchestra in several Broadway revues and musicals.) The "breaks" and doubled-tempo allusions in which Gershwin indulges in "Half of It Dearie Blues" become so intricate that, in mid-tap, Astaire is prompted to a verbal "How's that, George?" to which the composer's voice may be heard answering, "That's great, Freddie, once again."

More of the same kind of Gershwin's flowing, florid way of playing his own tunes occupies most of the second side of *Funny Face*. Those favored, complete with verse (as was the style of the time), include "Looking for a Boy," "Sweet and Low Down," "That Certain Feeling," "When Do We Dance?" "My One and Only," and a medley of "Funny Face" and " 'S Wonderful." If, as Oscar Levant has famously said, "An evening with Gershwin was a Gershwin evening," what would one now not give for the kind of pleasure that came to those who gathered around a party piano for such performances as these? (I'd give the Stones, the Who, the What, and the When, with Frank Zappa thrown in to sweeten the deal.) On the second side of *Lady Be Good*, Astaire may be heard in such non-Gershwin evergreens as "Night and Day," "Flying Down to Rio," "Puttin' on the Ritz," and his own "Not My Girl." In the total of thirty-two items are comprehended all the Astaire-Gershwin materials recorded in England, going back to 1923, when the couple made their debut in *Stop Flirting*.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

—*Culver*

Adele Astaire, second from left, with Betty Compton, far left, Gertrude McDonald, and brother Fred—as they all appeared in "Funny Face" (1927).

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A PARISIAN VIEW OF VARÈSE

Not so long ago the music world was pretty neatly divided between the serial alliance of the Schoenberg imperium and the neo-classic entente of the Stravinsky domain. When the Russian composer himself broke these alignments by embracing the twelve-tone method in the 1950s, the esthetic positions had been too long entrenched to achieve a quick accommodation with each other. So despite the apparent enclaves in both camps—Schoenberg, in turn, was not immune to a bit of neo-classic dalliance—the fundamental polarities held fast. In the light of the current coming-togethers in the other realms, political and social, perhaps it will be realized that such esthetic polarization suppressed much other viable artistic expression. This "Third World" in music is perhaps best epitomized by the work of Edgard Varèse, whose approach to sound has enlisted the support of the Belgradian-born Konstantin Simonovich (Angel stereo, S-36786, $5.98).

Even before electronic means of realizing his aims were available, Varèse was obsessed by the visceral impact of sound itself. He considered the entire spectrum of sound—vocal, instrumental, percussion, street "noises," even sirens—proper raw material for composition. Employing his acoustical studies, he molded masses of sounds according to varying degrees of aural tension. Considering Varèse's spatial preoccupation, it is curious that we've had to wait this long for the first fully stereophonic reproduction of his music. Varèse is a natural for stereo; and for sheer opulence of sound the new Angel release is unmatched by any earlier recording.

The earliest LP of Varèse's music, sponsored by Elaine Music Shop (EMS 401), dates to 1950. Recorded under the composer's supervision and the baton of Frederick Waldman, it contains spirited performances of *Octandre, Ionization, Density 21.5,* and *Intégrales,* the four "chamber" works through which Varèse was to become most widely known. Throughout the 1950s, in fact, they were the only available recorded representation of this musical maverick. Engineering techniques of the time have now been far surpassed, and the record is no longer available. In 1960 these pieces were recorded again and, with the additions of *Hyperprism* and *Poème électronique,* issued as the first of a two-album set of Varèse's music under the direction of Robert Craft (later released in stereo, Columbia MS-6146). For the second volume Craft expanded his means to include *Arcana* and *Déserts* (Columbia, MS-6362). But another decade had to elapse before the chamber works were once more recorded, this time in versions directed by Friedrich Cerha (Candide, 31028). Now, in the latest supplement to Varèsiana, Simonovich leads the Paris Instrumental Ensemble for Contemporary Music through *Hyperprism, Intégrales, Density 21.5,* and *Déserts* (Angel, S-36786).

Hyperprism, the multifaceted little jewel of Varèse's output, calls for nine wind instruments and sixteen percussion. Completed in 1922, it strips off the Impressionist rhetoric of his previous scores and lays bare the composer's first sure gesture toward that sound world he was to make so distinctively his own. Of the three versions available, the Simonovich rendition does not compare favorably with Cerha's performance. In a work that lasts all of about four minutes, details loom larger than they would in the perspective of a longer time span. The ensemble on Angel can only boast its stereophony: greater dynamic depth and contrast in percussion. But the *Reihe* performers on Candide, guided by a more unified conception of the piece, shine through in better instrumental balance, closer ensemble work, cleaner intonation, and overall musical *élan.* For some reason Simonovich, whose tempi generally tend to drag, mistakes the 6/8 metric change after the opening for 3/4 and thus distorts durational proportions by adding an extra beat per measure.

(Along these lines, however, when Craft has the harp actually *play* the seven notes printed only to indicate its tuning—toward the end of the first song in *Offrandes*—he takes the proverbial cake.)

The more celebrated *Intégrales* dates from 1925 and is a considerably larger opus, deploying eleven wind and seventeen percussion instruments. If Craft's performances can be characterized as angular and nervous, Cerha's tend toward the lyrical while those of Simonovich are expansive and dramatic. Where Craft's tempi are consistently the fastest, Simonovich's are most often the slowest, especially in the *Intégrales.* His moving from hyper-slow to hyper-fast and back again breaks the work up into chunks and promotes piecemeal rather than large-scale listening. The snail's pace of the opening repeated static harmonies, for example, almost bogs down entirely. Precisely because of the work's slow rate of harmonic change I don't mind the clipped pace of the Craft version in this instance. Its roughness of sound, too, is appropriate, although there is something to be said for the stately, resilient power of the Simonovich. The Cerha, minus real bass resonance, merely substitutes shrillness for strength.

The title of *Density 21.5* refers to the computed specific gravity of platinum, as the copious liner notes reveal—although I'll never understand why they include a large sketch of Luigi Dallapiccola. The piece, for flute solo, was written for the introduction of Georges Barrère's platinum flute in 1936. Much of its performance difficulty lies in articulating extreme dynamic juxtapositions without causing distortion of pitch. This is just where Michel Debost on Angel fails. His intonation is forced, his sound unfocused, his phrasing awkward; but he is the only flutist to respect the clicking-of-keys passage without blowing into the instrument. I still prefer the unidentified flutist on Columbia who remains faithful to the music with an intense yet controlled sound.

If it were for Simonovich's performance of *Déserts* alone, the Angel release would be worth owning. It is nothing short of the aural equivalent of spectacular. Premiered in 1954, *Déserts* broke a silence that had muted Varèse since 1936. It is his masterpiece of sonority and design. Lasting half an hour, it combines a wind and percussion orchestra with interpolations of electronically organized sounds. Here Simonovich's deliberate approach enriches and clarifies: Phrases are sensitively arched, sections are organically cadenced, and the total architecture becomes crystalline. Instrumental sounds haunt the mind with their etched pureness and clean beauty; their tone colors subtly interpenetrate each other, complementing the more blatant penetration through the instrumental textures of the percussion. The full interplay of sonorous energies is overwhelming. It leaves Craft's constricted reading of this score light-years behind. —LARRY STEMPEL.

Larry Stempel is a young conductor-critic whose forthcoming doctoral thesis is on the music of Edgard Varèse.

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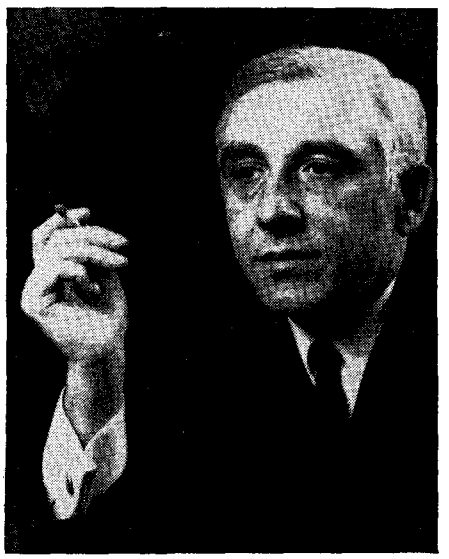
Recordings in Review

Avant-Garde or Not, New Music from Spain

BENGUEREL: *Concerto. Jean-Pierre Rampal and Salvador Gratacòs, flutes; with string ensemble conducted by Klaus Bernbacher.* SOLER, J.: *Sonatina. Gratacòs, flute; with string ensemble conducted by Enric Garcia-Asensio.* MESTRES-QUADRENY: *Música per A Anna. Anna Ricci, mezzo-soprano; with the Quartet Parrenin.* HOMS: *Octet de Vent. Chamber Orchestra conducted by Konstantin Simonovich.* Candide stereo, CE 31047, $3.98.

PROMOTIONALLY SPEAKING, the new music being produced in Spain has received less export assistance in the last twenty-five years than that of almost any other European country one can think of. West Germany, Switzerland, even Holland, have done more to advance the interest of their native producers than Spain has. Save for a Rodrigo—to a lesser extent, a Mompou or Montsalvatge—whose works have made their way largely under their own inherent impulse, little of what is going on in a country traditionally rich in music has crossed its borders in more than two decades.

This is undoubtedly a consequence of two contingent circumstances: the aversion of the outside intellectual community to Franco's Spain, with a degree of silent embargo toward anything happening there in the creative line; and the lack of commitment (until very recently) of that government toward encouraging the kind of creative freedom that brings about progress. Thus the enterprise of Candide in processing this disc may give promise of things to come, especially as it is described as "Volume I."



—*Angel Records*

Konstantin Simonovich—"a specialist in the music of his own time."

Possibly for attention-attracting purposes, the content is billed as *Avant-Garde Music from Spain.* Possibly the works of Benguerel (like the others, a native of Barcelona and now forty), Soler (four years younger), Mestres-Quadreny (two years older), and Homs (the oldest of all at sixty-five) would qualify for such status in Spain. But they are all, to some extent, involved with the Viennese tradition deriving from Schoenberg, which is hardly anybody's idea of avant-garde now.

What is more critical than terminology is the lack of definable character in much of the writing. If it is too much to expect any allusions even broadly Spanish in works responsive to such an international discipline, it is not unreasonable to hope for something characteristic of the individuals involved. I hear tendencies toward it in Mestres-Quadreny's *Música per A Anna,* in which the arresting voice of mezzo Anna Ricci is blended with the instruments of a string quartet to an end different from Schoenberg's innovative Opus 10. But the Concerto of Benguerel, the Sonatina of Soler, and the Octet of Homs, however skillfully wrought, sound all too much like other recent writing for wind instruments.

There is no indication of where or in what circumstances the performances originated, though the French involvement is obvious. Such names as Rampal and Parrenin are their own guarantees of quality, Simonovich (see page 71) is clearly a specialist in music of his own time.

A Pulitzer Winner By Karel Husa

HUSA: *Quartets Nos. 2 and 3. Fine Arts Quartet.* Everest stereo, 3290, $5.98.

IN THE RECENT period of Pulitzer awards to works by Wuorinén, Crumb, and Leslie Bassett, recordings have been an almost automatic consequence. Whether this had anything to do with an article on the subject (by Louis Harlow published in *SR* for April 27, 1968) is beside the point. The important fact is that the judgment of the jury is subject to the scrutiny of a large public and that the work has a wider distribution than applied at any time in the past.

In the case of the Third Quartet of Karel Husa (this 1969 prize winner is Prague-born, Paris-based between 1946 and 1954, and a member of the faculty at Cornell University for seventeen years), the jury can take proper pride in having elected a work of unquestionable competence, professionalism, and clear-cut credentials. By contrast with his Second Quartet, which crossbreeds strains of Hindemith and Schoenberg ("strains" being used in the biological rather than melodic sense), the Third Quartet challenges that most difficult of musical feats: artistic individuality. To my way of hearing, it has not quite achieved that objective. But as in the eating of peanuts, writing one quartet begets writing another. What Husa does in his Fourth Quartet will tell more about what he has done in this Third than the work itself. I would wish that he could, next time, free himself of the involvement with Alban Berg that pervades No. 3, while retaining the fluency, aptitude, and appropriateness of his string writing.

The Fine Arts ensemble (whose present membership brings together Leonard Sorkin and Abram Loft, violins; Bernard Zaslav, viola; and George Sopkin, cello) plays the work like men possessed. This is, in fact, true: The quartet is the physical possession of the Fine Arts entity that commissioned it (under the sponsorship of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Freeman) in 1968 and that has since performed it widely here and abroad. Beautiful reproduction of the basic matter.

"A Shropshire Lad" From Brooklyn

LEICHTLING: *"Reveille"; "When the lad for longing sighs"; "On moonlit heath"; "When I was one-and-twenty"; "Loveliest of trees"; "Be still, my soul"; "Into my heart"; "Others, I am not the first"; "With rue my heart is laden"; "Bring, in this timeless grave"; and "Epilogue" (A Shropshire Lad). John Hyer, tenor; and The Juilliard School Orchestra conducted by the composer.* Turnabout stereo, TV-S 34420, $2.98.

ALAN LEICHTLING is a twenty-four-year-old native of Brooklyn, New York, whose musical path has taken him from the New York High School of Music and Art to The Juilliard School. His first composition teacher was Morris Lawner, followed by Vincent Persichetti and Roger Sessions. This setting dates from 1969 and joins a succession of musical responses to Alfred Edward Housman's famous cycle that originated with George Butterworth.

It was first performed at a concert of works by Juilliard composers in mid-February 1970. I first heard it a

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week or so thereafter, at the invitation of Leichtling, whose Juilliard curriculum included a course in the criticism of music under my supervision. The present tape is considerably better than the transcription of the live concert, which was all that Leichtling then had to offer. That merely makes more clearly conspicuous the virtues of imagination, poetic insight, and musical resource that commended the eleven settings to me originally, and give reason to expect even more interesting things from Leichtling in the future.

The "poetic insight" is more than a matter of finding a suitable melodic line for Housman's words. It is, rather, a talent for affiliating words with notes in a way that enriches the original element without destroying intelligibility. It runs, also, to the divination of a basic similarity between "When I was one-and-twenty" and "When I was in love with you," which prompts Leichtling to combine them, rondo-like, within the same musical structure and to the same rhythmic and melodic values.

Leichtling's idiom is restrained, not to say unfashionably non-complicated. But it does not relate well to the imagery of the text. Now and then, some of the harmonic solutions are bland rather than ingenious, and the intrusions of spoken words at climax points leave the impression that Leichtling was evading the musical issue. Hyer is a capable tenor who serves Leichtling well, especially in delivering the words clearly. The use of non-professionals performing in tight acoustical quarters puts a stamp of inadequacy on the tonal results that are hardly in keeping with Turnabout-Vox standards.

Peter Schreier (as David)—"sung with the grace and distinction of a lieder singer."

Karajan's Lyric "Meistersinger"

IN CHOOSING Dresden as the locale for a new recording of Wagner's *Die Meistersinger* (Angel stereo, SEL 3776, $29.98), EMI and Herbert von Karajan have respected not only present convenience and tradition, but past performances of considerable repute. The first recording of a complete *act* of *Die Meistersinger* (in the late 1930s, when a full-length version on 78-rpm discs was unthinkable) emanated from Dresden. It brought together the Saxon State Orchestra and Chorus with a competent set of principals under the direction of a conductor then little known to America named Karl Böhm. In the early days of LP the same orchestra and chorus, with a somewhat less competent cast, gave qualified majesty to a complete version conducted by Rudolf Kempe.

In seeking out the same tradition of instrumental and vocal ensemble performance, Karajan has assured himself of as high a standard of performing this particular work as exists anywhere. It is the tradition of Fritz Reiner, of Fritz Busch, and of Richard Strauss, let it not be forgotten, all of whom flourished in the shadow of a formidable pacesetter of the early decades of this century named Ernst von Schuch. Possessing not as warm a sound as the Vienna Philharmonic—and, for some, the better in *Die Meistersinger*, therefore—the Saxon State Opera Orchestra is bottomlessly deep in all departments, including fourth horn, fifth stand of violas, or whatever.

And in gathering together a hand-matched chain of vocalists—some with the kind of reputations for Wagner that belong to Theo Adam, the Hans Sachs; or Geraint Evans, the Beckmesser; or Peter Schreier, the David; and some with no such reputations such as Helen Donath, the Eva; or Rene Kollo, the Walther—Karajan has alerted the listener to expect something in the way of the specially purposeful. There is no overt evidence of this in the overture, which is a broadly Karajanish conception, beautifully played, or in the opening exchanges of Eva, Walther, and Magdalene (whose interpreter, Ruth Hesse, has something of a microphone-allergic quaver).

But once Schreier gets to work with the instructions to Walther, briefing him on what it means to be a Meistersinger (and including all those delicious moments of Wagnerian wit customarily cut in the opera house), sung with the grace and distinction of a *lieder* singer, and once the Meistersingers gather for their Sunday session, with Karl Ridderbusch performing Pogner's Address, with a lightly flexible sound that reaches top as well as bottom notes, Karajan's purpose begins to emerge. What is more appropriate to the performance of a work called "The Mastersingers" than a cast that really *sings*, rather than declaims, huffs and puffs, or merely rasps the music (characteristics any attendant of three productions of *Die Meistersinger* has probably suffered in two of them)?

Even more to the point, Karajan does not merely hold everybody in the cast to the same concept of discipline in *voicing* words and music. He sets the standard himself with the lyric ecstasy he draws from the orchestra in moments other than those where it is obvious—the prelude to Act III or the epilogue to Act II. The orchestra is, throughout, an integral part of the total discourse, which is, of course, as it should be. Rarely does it speak with the refinement and insinuation that Karajan imparts to these collective voices. Dozens of passages that one has been indoctrinated to hear with a certain kind of impact and emphasis have been recast, repositioned, so to speak, and revitalized in an outcome that conveys not merely the unfamilar but the inevitable. "Routine" conductors of *Meistersinger* will have a difficult time justifying their cuts and their dried methods in the aftermath of Karajan's revivifying, complete effort.

As an instance, mention might be made of an episode in Act I (page 73 of the Schirmer piano score) in which the chorus of apprentices echoes a tender melodic phrase previously sung by David. Most conductors interpret the marking *"a tempo"* to justify a hasty, characterless treatment of the passage—mass jollity, so to speak. Karajan, however, has so set up the *prior* statement of the material that a reversion to *that* tempo recaptures the mood perfectly.

Some finicky listeners will complain of not hearing a Schorr-Sachs voice from Adam, or a Lehmann-Eva sound from Donath, or a Ludwig Weber-Pogner richness from Ridderbusch. But what they *will* hear is a greater totality of *Die Meistersinger* than has come to my ears on any prior occasion, "live" or recorded. To produce the quantity of sound sought by Karajan for the riot at the end of Act II, or in the salute to Sachs in Act III, the Leipzig Radio Choir has been added to the opera's own sizable group. Such masses of sound, as well as the tiniest *pianissimo*, have been superbly reproduced.

—I.K.

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Miscellaneous LPs

Data	Report
Elgar: *Cockaigne Overture; Pomp and Circumstance* (No. 1); *Fantasia on British Sea Songs* (arr. Henry Wood); and **Parry:** *Jerusalem* (arr. Elgar). Colin Davis conducting the BBC Symphony Orchestra. Philips stereo, 6502001, $5.98.	What is distinctive about this recording is not the quality of the performances directed by Davis, but the participation of the audience in the "Last Night of the Proms" procedures. These include mass singing of the "Land of Hope and Glory" segment of the *Pomp and Circumstance* (a rather empty gesture since the "Land of Hope and Glory" is no longer the British Empire, but the detached elements of a Commonwealth), the "sound effects" (handclapping and footstamping) during the "Hornpipe" in the *Fantasia on British Sea Songs*, and the additional "participation" in the arrangement of *Jerusalem*. It's all there, including the voice of the BBC announcer estimating those "listening and watching" as 100 million. In other words, the "Last Night of the Proms" "live" for those who want it that way.
Gottschalk: "Midnight in Seville"; "The Last Hope"; "The Battle Cry of Freedom." Alan Mandel, piano. "Danza"; "O, Ma Charmante, Epargnez-moi"; "Suis-moi"; and "El Cocoyé." John Kirkpatrick, piano. "The Banjo"; "Berceuse"; "Souvenir de Porto Rico." Robert Pritchard, piano. "Fantasy on the Brazilian National Anthem." Guiomar Novaes, piano. Turnabout stereo, TV-S 34426, $2.98	The impulse to commend this recording of "live" performances derived from a Centennial Concert at the Pan-American Union, Washington, D.C., on December 17, 1969, stems not from recent conversion to the Gottschalk cult but from respect for some of the interpretative effort involved. These sentiments apply especially to John Kirkpatrick's crisply efficient, spicily rhythmic, and temperamentally true readings of the pieces allotted to him and the grace with which Mme. Novaes has descended from the Olympian heights, where she spends much of her time, to engage in a mundane frolic with Gottschalk's variation on the national anthem of her native Brazil. The piano sounds like one on which Jelly Roll Morton might have composed "King Porter Stomp," and it is all too faithfully reproduced.
Mozart: Symphonies Nos. 35, 36, 38, 39, 40, and 41. Herbert von Karajan conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra. Angel stereo, S-36670/71/72, $5.98 each.	Unlike some who have ventured this "cycle within a cycle" (Beecham, for example), von Karajan tends to find matter more congenial to him as the numbers approach the even smaller cycle of "last three." Neither the *Haffner* (No. 35) nor the *Linz* (No. 36) strikes me as suited by the largeness and weight Karajan imposes on it, not only in sheer numbers of players but in dynamic power as well. No. 38 (*Prague*) begins to fill the sound structure as he conceives it, but is in some respects also disserved by the conductor's insistence on a sonorous scale more appropriate to Beethoven than Mozart. Perhaps the most conspicuous lack in these performances (including the last three) is charm. It is not merely suppressed but excluded, on the premise, perhaps, that Mozart was a mere music machine, with no affection for what he created.
Ogdon: Concerto No. 1. **Shostakovich:** Concerto No. 2. John Ogdon, piano; with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Lawrence Foster. Angel stereo, S-36805, $5.98.	The prizewinning pianist's aspirations to creativity are well known, though this is the first on a large scale to be recorded. It has the odd impact of conveying a familiar interpretative personality—energetic, forthright, highly musical—through a compositional character curiously anonymous. The work begins better than it ends, for the efforts at individuality in the first and second sections are deflected thereafter (in the interests of a fleeting, smash finale) to a Ravelian kind of toccata that is, all too plainly, not Ogdon's *métier*. Perhaps with all the music he has gathered, tactically, from his contacts with the works of others now out of his system, Ogdon may go on from here to something more distinctively his own. Ogdon plays the Shostakovich beautifully, though, aside from the attractive slow movement, it offers little of substance for him to work with. Foster's collaboration in both works is highly productive.
Ravel: *Valses nobles et sentimentales; Gaspard de la nuit.* Abbey Simon, piano. Turnabout stereo, TV-S 34397, $2.98.	Simon is at the career point where he could well use a widely circulated record, that point being one at which he is well known to specialists as a musician with excellent equipment and a high standard of values. However, this disc does not impress me as serving to broaden Simon's public. It is technically excellent, but his partiality for slow tempos (especially in the *Valses nobles et sentimentales*) served to lull me into inattention rather than to stimulate a desire for more. *Gaspard de la nuit* comes off better, but the highly pictorial qualities in the music are not sufficiently fulfilled to supplant other versions currently available.
Villa-Lobos: Concerto. Julian Bream, guitar, with the London Symphony Orchestra directed by André Previn. Preludes (5); Etude in C-sharp minor; and "Scottisch-Chôro" (from *Suite populaire brasilienne*). Bream, guitar. RCA stereo, LSC 3231, $5.98.	One of the earliest memories of Bream, in his Westminster days, was a recording of the five Villa-Lobos preludes, which were, as of then, all but unknown. He played them beautifully then, and plays them even more beautifully now. For those who may have missed them in their original issue, they may be commended as singular examples of Villa-Lobos's great gifts and high skills, the putting-together of musical materials that gives them rank with brief works of Chopin, Scriabin, Grieg, Rachmaninoff, etc. As for the Concerto written for Segovia (in 1951), it does not appear to have had a recording at any recent time, which confers all the more credit on Bream for organizing the effort to provide it with the place of prominence it merits. As well as being *Guitarmässig* (Villa-Lobos was himself an enthusiastic guitarist), it is full of engaging ideas, artfully elaborated. A treasure of a disc. —I.K.

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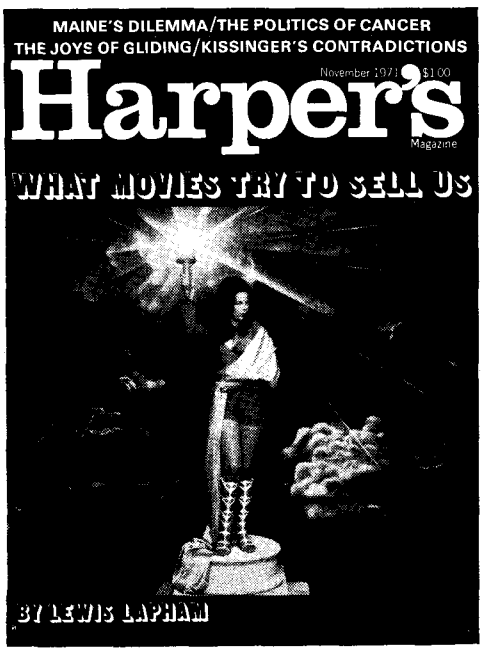
It's all in this month's Harper's



Hollywood's Dangerous Game

After viewing the current crop of "important" movies (among them *Klute*, *Doc*, *McCabe and Mrs. Miller*, and *Carnal Knowledge*), Lewis H. Lapham gets the rhetorical message. We're all more or less successful criminals—vicious, predatory, incapable of love or of distinguishing between good and evil.

Does this "truth & honesty" reflect our contemporary American society? Or does Hollywood cynically pander to the normal despair of the adolescent ticket buyers? It's a dangerous game in which the film makers could be the first and biggest losers.

For the full report on the vision the movies are trying to sell us, read the current Harper's Magazine.

Machismo in the Defense Establishment

For two decades the balance of power among nations has been unbalanced. In America's favor. And the most highly prized virtue among men in the defense establishment was toughness. A man willing to recommend violence never damaged his reputation—even when outvoted. Today, the game is too dangerous. The question is, do the managers of our national security recognize that the rules and realities have changed?

The Cancer Quarrel

Almost the entire medical and scientific community opposes The Conquest of Cancer Act. Yet, it's almost certain to win Congressional and Presidential approval —and a billion dollar annual budget to boot. Why? Mary Lasker wants it.

Oil on the Troubled Coast of Maine

The majestic rock-ribbed coast of Maine offers oil companies the only deep ocean ports in America. They're moving in to the chagrin of everyone, including the oil-rich millionaires who vacation on Maine's Penobscot Bay. Money versus power—guarantees a classic confrontation.

Politics of Parole

The Federal Parole Board answers to nobody. Its decisions are above appeal. But not above reproach. Statistics show injustice is rampant in this arm of Attorney General Mitchell's Justice Department. Particularly, if you're a political prisoner or a Vietnam war resister.

The High Cost of Free Enterprise

John Fischer gloomily predicts that Nixon won't be able to control inflation. The reason? The unrestricted demands of unions and the rigid practices of business have all but killed the free enterprise system.

I Am George Donner...

A dirt farmer/who left the snowy fields/around Springfield, Illinois/in the fullness of my life/and abandoned the land/where we had been successful/and prosperous people/and brought a party of eighty men/women and children/west by wagon. These lines begin George Keithley's brilliant, 16-page verse history of the ill-fated Donner Party's westward journey.

And More...

The joys of gliding described by ***Wolfgang Langewiesche***; ***Robert Coles'*** moving and saddening portrait of the proud hill people of Appalachia; ***Leslie H. Gelb***, director of the Pentagon's Vietnam History, better known as the Pentagon Papers, explores with ***Morton H. Halperin*** the secret travels of Henry Kissinger to China; ***Loren Eiseley*** examines scientists as prophets.

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Jazz LPs

ata	Report	
etha Franklin: *Live at Fillmore West.* etha Franklin, vocal and electric piano; y Charles, vocal and electric piano (on e track); Billy Preston, organ; King tis, tenor and soprano saxophones; h quintet, the Sweethearts of Soul, l the Memphis Horns. Atlantic stereo, -7205, $5.98; 8-track, M-87205, $6.95; sette, M-57205, $6.95.	The recent death of King Curtis lends a melancholy significance to this live album in which he and his "Kingpins" have an important supporting role. Miss Franklin sings with her customary fervor and intensity, transforming the songs so that it really doesn't matter whether the lyrics are comprehensible or not. Many singers have been said to phrase like a horn, but she goes beyond the limitations of any one instrument into blues and gospel with infectious rhythmic abandon, and with such expressive inflections and dynamics that words are rendered superfluous. Ray Charles joins her on "Spirit in the Dark," his presence being as important as his performance on this tumultuous occasion.
ant Green: *Visions.* Green, guitar; manuel Riggins, electric piano; Chuck iney, electric bass; Bill Wooten, vibra-arp; Idris Muhammed, drums; Harold rdwell, drums and percussion; Ray rmando, conga. Blue Note stereo, BST-373, $5.98.	Green is an invincible swinger whom record producers cannot defeat, try as they may with boring material and inadequate accompanists. Nothing here quite comes up to the opening track, where Muhammed lays down a crisp, inspiring foundation, but Green moves powerfully on "Cantaloupe Woman" and the final blues. In between are some pop hits and the first movement of Mozart's Symphony No. 40 in G minor, K. 550. "Right on, Wolfgang!" is the annotator's encouraging comment on the last. Stereo enables the listener to remove either the conga or the electric bass, but not both simultaneously, alas.
Quincy Jones: *Smackwater Jack.* Jones, vocal, conductor, and arranger; with big bands of varying size and instrumentation. A&M stereo, SP-3037, $5.98. **Don Ellis:** *Tears of Joy.* Ellis, trumpet, fluegelhorn, and drums; with twenty-piece band. Columbia stereo, G-30927, $5.98 (two discs); 8-track, GA-30927, $6.98. **Blood, Sweat and Tears:** *B.S. & T. 4.* Nonet with two guests. Columbia stereo, KC-30590, $5.98; 8-track, CA-30590, $6.98; cassette, CT-30590, $6.98.	Of all the musical conglomerateurs currently mixing idioms in the interests of Mammon, Quincy Jones is by far the most accomplished. He keeps open ears to current trends and, when reinterpreting them from his own thoroughly professional perspective, employs the best professional musicians in the field. "Idiomatic integrity," to use Henry Pleasants's apt phrase, is inevitably missing from records of this kind, but Jones's music is *played* consistently well, and he somehow manages to avoid the corn of Blood, Sweat and Tears and the painful pretentiousness of Don Ellis. A sense of humor helps, of course, and it is evident enough in the first album's vocals by Bill Cosby and Jones himself. There are some impressive ensemble passages, too, not to mention attractive solos by Freddie Hubbard, violinist Harry Lookofsky, and guitarists Eddie Gayle, Jim Hall, Toots Thielmans, and Joe Beck, all four of whom are featured on "Guitar Blues Odyssey," the record's last and most rewarding track.
Charles McPherson: *Charles McPherson.* McPherson, alto saxophone; Lonnie Hilliard, trumpet; Barry Harris or Nico Bunik, piano; Carl Lynch or Gene Bertoncini, guitar; Ron Carter, bass; Leroy Williams, drums. Mainstream stereo, MRL-329. **Charles Kynard:** *Charles Kynard.* Kynard, organ; Ernie Watts, tenor saxophone; Billy Fender, guitar; Carol Kaye, bass; James F. Gadson, drums; King Errison, conga. Mainstream stereo, MRL-331, $4.98.	Producer Bob Shad has made a strong and welcome return to jazz with a dozen or so releases on his Mainstream label. The dominant idiom is that of "modern" jazz—bop or post-bop, but generally pre-New Thing or B.O.C. (Before Ornette Coleman, that is). McPherson, long associated with Charles Mingus, plays in a fast, fluid, and passionate style, exhibiting an impressive command of his instrument. Harris and the trumpet player, old friends from Detroit, support him with enthusiasm, and the generously recorded Carter adds a boiling bass line. Where McPherson's set is frankly boppish, Kynard's is more conventional and contemporary. The organist is an exciting musician, but the hysterical, teen-age atmosphere created by the banal saxophonist and the over busy rhythm section makes it difficult to appreciate him.
Memphis Minnie and **Blind Willie McTell:** *Love Changin' Blues.* Memphis Minnie, vocal and guitar; with trio; McTell, vocal and guitar, with Curley Weaver, vocal and guitar. Biograph stereo, BLP-12035, $5.98. **Victoria Spivey:** *Spivey's Blues Parade.* Victoria Spivey, vocal, with thirty-two blues artists. Spivey mono, LP-1012, $5.00. **Ida Cox:** *Blues Ain't Nothin' Else But.* Ida Cox, vocal; accompanied by piano, banjo, trio, and quartet. Milestone mono, MLP-2015, $4.98.	Memphis Minnie, in Big Bill Broonzy's estimation, was not only the best woman guitar player, but "as good as any man" he ever heard. The well-recorded and previously unissued numbers by her in the Biograph album give a good impression of her uninhibited art. The reverse, by McTell, contains six sides from the same source and year (1949), only two of them having been issued before. Although never so famous as Leadbelly, McTell was, like him, a formidable twelve-string guitarist. His duet with Weaver on "Wee Midnight Hours" emerges as a surprising but affecting novelty. Miss Spivey's record is an informal and good-humored collection that simulates an old-time vaudeville show. Besides such veterans as Lonnie Johnson, Sonny Boy Williamson, Sippie Wallace, and Roosevelt Sykes, a number of newcomers are introduced. The Ida Cox set was drawn from the Paramount catalogue, and its fourteen titles show increasing assurance and conviction in her delivery during the period 1923-28. Of the accompanists, the cornetists do best, beginning with Tommy Ladnier and ending with Dave Nelson. The latter was King Oliver's nephew and sounds like it.
Various artists: *The Great Traditionalists in Europe.* Nelson Williams, trumpet; Herb Flemming, trombone and vocal; Albert Nicholas, clarinet: Benny Waters, tenor and soprano saxophones; Joe Turner or (on three tracks) Peter Kohn, piano; Jimmy Woode, bass; Wallace Bishop, drums. M.P.S. stereo, 15-228, $6.25.	The adjective in the album title exaggerates, and with two exceptions the musicians have had little to do with the traditional or New Orleans way of playing. The performances, in fact, are nearly all in the small-band style of the Swing Era. The rhythm section is the group's strongest feature, and Turner is a very appealing soloist in "I Remember Jimmy," a stride original he dedicated to James P. Johnson. Nicholas, now in his seventies, remains one of the most graceful and convincing of New Orleans clarinetists, while Flemming (at the same age) sounds better, oddly enough, than when he used to play at the Metropole in New York ten years ago.
Fats Waller: *Fats Waller: Vol. II, 1924-31.* Waller, piano. Biograph mono, BLP-1005Q. **Scott Joplin:** *Scott Joplin, 1916.* Joplin, piano. Biograph mono, BLP-1006Q, $5.98.	Biograph continues its series of careful transfers from QRS piano rolls. The records are interesting primarily for what they reveal of ancient compositions, rather than for what they reveal of the players, although performances like these had a considerable technical influence on early jazz pianists. We know that Fats Waller could play with more imagination and vivacity than he does here, but his record provides the opportunity of hearing his interpretations of tunes by Bennie Moten, Will Marion Cook, James P. Johnson, Clarence Williams, and himself, as well as others he never recorded elsewhere. The six Joplin rolls on the second record seem to have been made many years after he gave up an active career as a performer, so they may not reflect his earlier playing ability faithfully. It is certainly hard to believe that he did not play his famous "Maple Leaf Rag" with more verve than on this record. —Stanley Dance.

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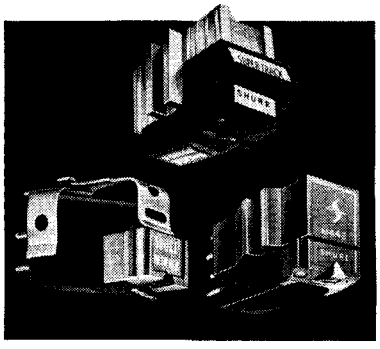

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A DUBIOUS BONANZA

by HOLLIS ALPERT

Now nine festivals old, the New York Film Festival looks to be institutionalized at Lincoln Center. But is it? For one thing, the festival has operated at a deficit from its beginning; as the deficits grew more burdensome, enthusiasm among the various panjandrums of Lincoln Center—officers, directors, trustees—appeared to wane. Critics fussed and fumed over the selections. Bands of film nuts demonstrated outside and hooted and whistled inside. A reorganization took place. Amos Vogel was out, Richard Roud stayed in. In its eighth emergence, the festival was transferred from the 2,200-seat Philharmonic Hall to the (roughly) 1,100-seat Alice Tully Hall. This year, the festival was given in the smaller Vivian Beaumont Theater, which was not designed for film. Its sight lines are such that many of the seats had to remain empty, and lucky were those who sat in the middle sections. Nevertheless, this year, for the first time, the festival was a sell-out.

Yet, the nagging question remains: Does New York, with its continuing and burgeoning glut of film fare (its "art houses," the Museum of Modern Art daily film showings, the programs at the Whitney, small theaters specializing in esoterica and revivals, in addition to the first and second runs on Broadway, the East Side, and the nabes), need a film festival at all? At *The New York Times* four critics are kept busy covering the daily openings, and more are pressed into service for the Sunday Arts and Leisure section. And, suddenly, in the space of sixteen days, here are eighteen more films requiring—so the existence of the festival would seem to claim—our careful and attentive viewing. For the working critic, the festival would seem to be less a bonanza than an imposition; for audiences, eighteen more choices among the many.

Consider, too, that of the eighteen feature films shown, at least ten were scheduled for imminent commercial release, some opening the day following their festival debut. It has been argued that a festival premiere casts a glow of prestige on a film that might otherwise have gone relatively unnoticed. The proposition is dubious. *The Last Picture Show*, for example, had all the critical raves it required to attract long lines the day it opened on the East Side. Premiering Columbia's *A Safe Place* at the festival merely caused wonder at whatever possessed the selection committee, headed by Mr. Roud, to include it in the first place.

One problem of New York's festival is that it has always lacked definition. For several years it was heavy on Godard. It has always been director-oriented; no matter how many creative participants were involved in a film, it was always a Bresson, an Olmi, a Bellocchio, a Kurosawa. This year when Richard Roud made mention in his program foreword of past films shown, he again took the director tack, but when it came to last year's *Five Easy Pieces*, and the previous year's *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*, he failed to call the former a Rafelson and the latter a Mazursky, but merely gave the titles. Auteurial snobbishness, perhaps?

If correctives are in order (and I think they are), one change might be along the lines of Cannes—invitations, country by country, instead of often arbitrary choice according to whatever critical theories the committee members happen to be holding. Awards wouldn't be a bad idea, either.

Nevertheless, I am grateful to the 9th New York Film Festival for the opportunity it gave me to see *The Sorrow and the Shame*, a commercially unwieldy four-hour-and-twenty-minute-long documentary made originally for French television with the cooperation of the national TV companies of West Germany and Switzerland. With its showing, the festival suddenly took on life and significance. Its reception (enthusiastic, with its principal maker, Marcel Ophuls, son of the great Max, bowing and smiling from the balcony at its end) might well lead to a commercial release. And, curiously, it was a hot ticket. On my way in, I was approached by several young people who asked if I had an extra ticket or would sell mine. One said he was studying the period of the French Occupation.

History it is, but much, much more, for it details painfully, illuminatingly that period in France from the time of its defeat in 1940 to its liberation in 1944. So devastating is the film's candor that it was shelved by French TV officialdom. The film was, however, allowed to open in a tiny theater in the Latin Quarter. Its success led to a transfer to a first-run theater on the Champs Elysées, where it attracted crowds, and it is still playing in Paris.

The version shown at the festival was adapted by the BBC for English-speaking audiences—a few subtitles, but mostly voice-overs, translating the French and German spoken in the film. Relentlessly, it breaks down the thirty years of legends about the French Resistance; fully 80 or 90 per cent of the populace was firmly behind Pétain and Laval. The racial laws promulgated by the Vichy government were patterned on Nazi models. Collaboration was not only rife but virtually universal. Interspersing newsreel footage with interviews of the lowly and the noted, the film keeps probing and seeking for the truth. And always behind the intricate editing of the many threads pursued is a keen intelligence, dispassionate and yet compassionate.

The Sorrow and the Shame is focused upon the town of Clermont-Ferrand, which is close to Vichy and also in the area where the Auvergne Maquis operated. Among those interviewed more than a quarter of a century after the war are Emile Coulaudun (who, as Colonel Gaspard, headed the Auvergne Maquis), René de Chambrun (Laval's son-in-law), Pierre Mendès-France, and Anthony Eden—all related in one way or another to the Occupation events. Hardly a level is left unexplored: the peasants who fought for the Maquis, a shopkeeper who took an ad in a local paper announcing that his establishment was not Jewish, a German garrison captain who is found (in the film's present) celebrating the wedding of his daughter and who explains why the Resistance fighters were murderers. They didn't identify themselves with uniforms or warn of their attacks.

From the humiliation of defeat to the flush of liberation with its overly enthusiastic reprisals, the film sheds a light on history that strikes one as impossible for any other form. Sometimes the images alone make the comment. The dauntless Colonel Gaspard now drives a Mercedes; a young guest at the German wedding can't help smiling at his host's rationalizations; Danielle Darrieux, among other noted film stars, entrains for a tour of Germany; French police salute Hitler and his entourage as they examine their captive Paris. And the brilliant biologist Claude Levy sums it up: "France collaborated. It is the only European country that collaborated." A shame, a sorrow, and M. Ophuls, with his cameras, through his assemblage, has managed not only to document, but to humanize and clarify, a large event, holding us in our seats all the while.

For that evening, at least, the 9th New York Film Festival took on meaning and relevance. The same could be said for no more than three or four of the other seventeen showings. This year's was billed as "a streamlined festival." It might not be amiss to streamline it further.

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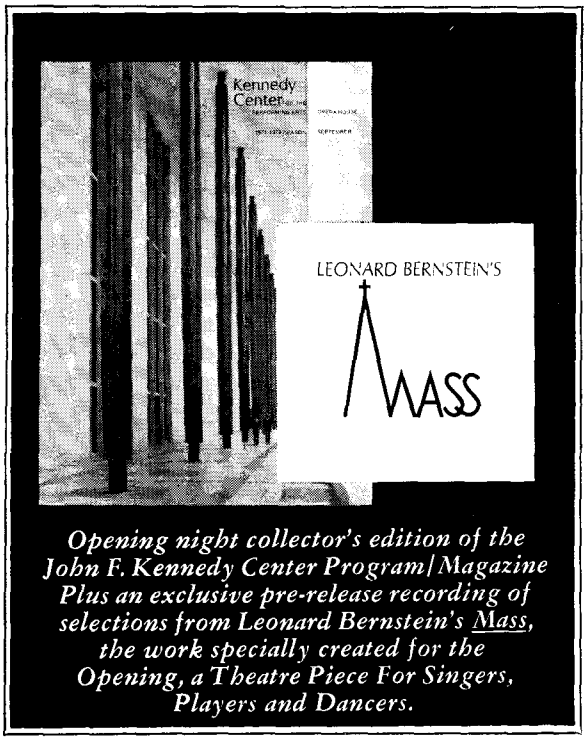
A Rare And Unusual Gift:

The sights and sounds of Opening Night at the John F. Kennedy Center



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J. C. Superstar

Continued from page 67

an affluent community in Connecticut referred me to the rector of his church, an Episcopalian minister who had discussed *Jesus Christ Superstar* approvingly. When I reached the Reverend by telephone, he denied having mentioned it in his sermon but, when pressed, admitted he found signs of hope in the phenomenon. "It is asking the right questions at a level at which young adults and teen-agers can tie into the thing," he said. "It starts a line of questioning and thought that is valuable. We planned a special evening at which we played the record and had a good response."

Anything to get the kids into the church, apparently.

According to Ned Tanen, it offers a "humanistic approach" to Jesus, who is seen as "an enigmatic, flawed character." He thinks people at the concerts "take out of it what they see in it, individually and collectively."

One aspect of its appeal is certainly the novelty of the incongruous, like seeing a Japanese production of *Gone with the Wind*. And perhaps *JCSS*'s secularity works in its favor. Like the popular revivalist hymns, it makes Jesus a friend, domesticates him to the point that he is not a divinity at all but the man next door.

Stigwood thinks the work's appeal has little to do with an attack of religious fervor, but rests with the popularity of the music and the Christ story. He thinks people go simply to be entertained. Recently, a white Judas was mobbed after the show. I asked Stigwood about the racial implications of casting a black Judas—in the Broadway show and one of the concerts—against a white Christ. He insisted that there were none, or at least that race played no part in casting, which was determined solely on vocal and acting ability. (Curiously, in both the album and the show, the whites sound more black than the blacks.)

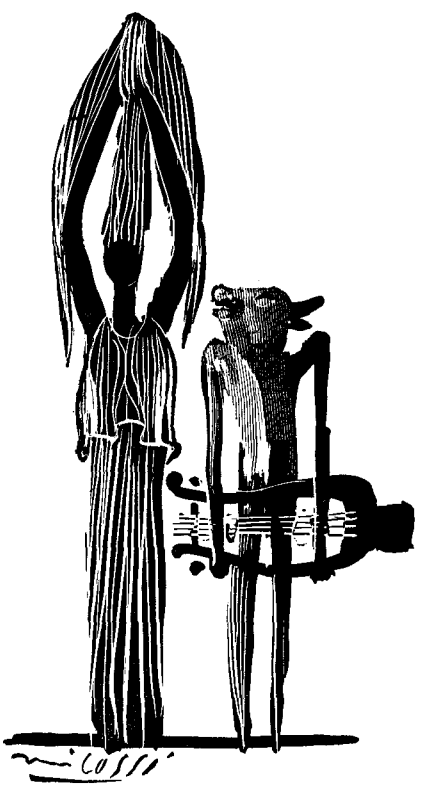
The truth seems to be that in *Jesus Christ Superstar* there is something for everyone, but that the everyone, until now, has existed largely in Middle America. Whether the phenomenon can be transferred intact to Broadway and repeat its success with a more sophisticated audience will depend on the degree to which Tom O'Horgan not only duplicates the appeal of the music but gives it a visual dimension that invests the staged version with a life of its own.

Whatever else it may be, the Broadway production of *Jesus Christ Superstar* makes no attempt to clarify the character or define the plight of Christ. He remains "enigmatic," reacting rather than acting, and his reported achievements seem problematic at best.

This singularly shadowy Jesus does not seem to have found disfavor with church groups, however, a number of which have given productions of the opera. According to Stigwood, most of these were done with church money and not for profit, in which case Stigwood & Company simply turned the other way. But when some nuns in Sydney rented a 5,000-seat auditorium in a blatantly profit-making venture, Stigwood decided it was time to step in. After a comical and somewhat complicated trial, the producers won their case.

The Broadway show ends with Christ's "triangulation" (he is nailed to a huge gold triangle rather than a cross), the culmination of a figurative pattern from which Christian symbolism has been all but excluded.

Perhaps religious leaders, anxious to bring youth back into the fold, will rationalize this as a symbol of the Trinity and the audience applause that greets it as a sign of the Resurrection. After all, as Robert Stigwood pointed out, with all of the music that Jesus has inspired, it took him 2,000 years to get a record in the top ten. So why shouldn't the church get a piece of its own action?



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A Day with de Larrocha

Continued from page 69

for me to talk about it," is her only comment.

Although her recording career has produced some extraordinary documents (via Decca, Columbia and Hispavox, Epic, and now London), she is rarely happy with the results. "It's my problem, my nightmare. Recordings are the results of one moment, and, of course, I am always changing my mind and mood. When I listen, it is a different time from when I made it. I want to repeat and redo always, because every day I am different. Sometimes what I thought bad later sounds good, and vice versa. I know what I want and what I am doing, but there are things like the acoustics of the hall and the piano tone which surprise me when I listen back!" Her choice of piano, one to suit her small body and arms, is another problem, although she prefers the Steinway 55 in New York and the Hamburg Steinway for recordings. "The ones I like for a big tone are hard in action. So sometimes for big pieces with difficult technique I sacrifice tone to get an easier action."

As for the few master classes she has held in this country, she declares, "I *hate* them! In one class it is impossible to learn how to play. The first thing is to know the student and all his possibilities—and he must know his teacher too. If not, it is *inutile*. A two-week course, that is another thing. Otherwise call it a lecture of anecdotes, questions and answers, examples on the piano. But I cannot explain what I do." Whenever in London or New York for a few days the pianist generally turns up at a recital or concert. "I go because I like to hear all points of view," she states, summing up succinctly her attitude toward the keyboard and her profession.

Alicia de Larrocha's calm and lack of artistic "theatrics" are legendary. She admits that the only thing that really makes her nervous is being home with Juan and the children (Alicia, twelve, and Juan, fourteen) "when I have to practice and do *everything*. On tour I relax with my job and enjoy life with friends . . . eating, sleeping, and playing. It is a job: I am a woman going to do my thing. And, thank God, I'm a pianist, because I can eat and stay out late before a concert—I couldn't do this if I were a singer." On the night before she was to play in New York's "Mostly Mozart Festival" last August she was with friends until late, drinking wine and devouring a dish redolent with garlic. Backstage after the concert she flashed that childlike smile and winked. "You see, Mozart *likes* garlic."

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THE BOULEZ "PARSIFAL"

In an age when Wagnerites prided themselves on identifying and naming every one of *Parsifal*'s leading motives, the opening theme of the prelude used to be tagged as the Eucharist, with the motives that spring from it labeled as Anguish and the Lance (the spear that pierced Christ's side). Today that game is over. Those who love the music of Wagner concentrate on its power to arouse rather than to describe. Yet the associations that listeners of an earlier day imposed on the score of *Parsifal*—especially that long-breathed opening statement—did have a validity, when not too hard pressed, that cannot be denied. Romantic concept? Yes, but it was Wagner's. An extrovert approach to *Parsifal*, dedicated to helpful sandblasting alone, to removing layers of tradition, cannot probe the nature of this masterpiece.

And in this area, it seems to me, Pierre Boulez's conducting of *Parsifal*, recorded "live" during the Bayreuth Festival of 1970 (DGG stereo, 2713004), fails to convince and hovers too often on the literal side. Boulez's finest quality is that of clarification. Under his leadership, the texture of *Le Sacre du printemps*—obscured by less meticulous conductors—shines with pristine brightness. Despite its ranging dynamics, the core is of crystal. With *Parsifal* there are other requirements. Exactitude is only for the take-off. Navigation farther out is by the mysteries.

Yet nothing to which Boulez turns his hand can be without distinction. The conductor comes into his own with the demoniacal second act: Klingsor, Kundry, the sorcerer's magic castle. Then, after skimming the surface of the cryptic prelude to Act III, he goes on to an unexpected and moving lyricism in the Good Friday music.

From the standpoint of sound, the new DGG set is well balanced but does not compare in vibrancy to either the *Parsifal* under Hans Knappertsbusch or the *Tristan und Isolde* of Karl Böhm, both recorded at Bayreuth in the mid-1960s. The acoustical glories of the auditorium seemed, at that time, more imbedded in the performance. This new *Parsifal* tends to constrict the orchestral spectrum, dry up the inner voices. And certain *loci classici* just do not come off. The timpani crescendo into the Good Friday Spell lacks power; and the Voice from the Dome, intoning the prophecy, is so far away as to be almost inaudible. On the other hand, the choruses of the final scene are reproduced with admirable clarity.

Among the singers, it is Gwyneth Jones who commands most attention. For my taste, she interprets the role with notable passion, insight, and skill. Possibly her intentions are more fully realized in the theater than on records—the voice, when under stress, grows slightly tremulous. Yet there can be small objection to a few lapses in pitch and in method. The goal is characterization—and here Miss Jones excels. The voice itself has not the prodigality of Christa Ludwig's in the part, nor the lushness of Régine Crespin's (when that singer is in form); but it is a fine instrument, with a dark lower compass especially formidable. Miss Jones's screams during the confrontation with Klingsor, her wild laughter, her moans after awakening in the meadow of the Grail rank with the most haunting in memory. She has been faulted on other pages for her toneless rendering of the only words sung by Kundry in act III: *"Dienen, dienen!"* I find them a model of perceptivity and understatement.

James King, in the title role, sings with good tone and—once past the encounter in the garden—dramatic presence. He deepens markedly in the final scenes. Thomas Stewart offers a solid, well-phrased, handsomely sung Amfortas, but, like Boulez, he does not suffer. Donald McIntyre here assumes the relatively minor duties of Klingsor with too straight a vocal line, too heroic a timbre. The moods of this ex-voluptuary, the magician-turned-eunuch, are not explored in depth. Karl Ridderbusch is strongest vocally among the cast in the brief part of Titurel; and Franz Crass, though lacking the ideal bass sonority for Gurnemanz, brings sympathy and good pacing—plus an occasional glottis stroke reminiscent of a song-plugger on his punch line.

In short, an uneven recording. I prefer the older Bayreuth stereo *Parsifal* for Knappertsbusch's spacious conducting, the searing Amfortas of George London, the pervasive aura of rightness. May one hope for still another recording (at Salzburg) of this masterpiece with Karajan in command, Christa Ludwig, Helge Brilioth, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (Amfortas), Barry McDaniel (Klingsor), Martti Talvela (Gurnemanz), and Ridderbusch again as Titurel? That might be *the Parsifal*. —ROBERT LAWRENCE.

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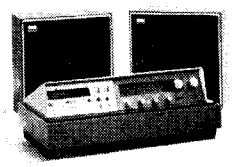
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THE QUADRAPHONIC QUANDARY

Is four-channel stereo an advance? Or just a gimmick to shore up an ailing record industry? The answer, it would appear, is both.

God knows four-channel gadgetry is inundating us. Virtually everyone at this year's Consumer Electronic Show had something quadraphonic on display; by late this year or early next, it will all be on the dealers' shelves. The dizzying array of quadraphonic hardware will include Q8 cartridge tape players, open-reel tape machines, and a variety of somewhat interchangeable "matrix" systems for stereo-compatible, four-channel discs.

But what will we play on all this shiny new equipment? After all, the quality and quantity of the recordings ("software") will determine the viability of these four-channel systems and of quadraphony in general.

Judging from my listening experiences over the past few months, the quantity will be here a long time before the quality will. And for several economic, technical, and esthetic reasons, this imbalance will be even greater than it was in stereo's early days.

Esthetically, the record companies are moving only fitfully toward a clear vision of what quadraphonic sound can and should do. The ideal for most recordings of concert music (including, I would think, pop concerts) would be an "ambient" effect, with the performance taking place on a "stage" spread out in depth beyond the front-channel speakers and an extra sense of ambience and spaciousness contributed by back-of-the-hall reflected sounds coming, at a lower level, from the rear speakers. For popular music, the almost universal practice is a more gimmicky, less realistic pattern of instruments surrounding the listener, as though the performers were seated in a circle a little distance from the listener's chair.

There is a third possibility: the recreation of a sound field that surrounds the listener intimately. In a popular recording, this would probably put the listener cheek by jowl with the performers; in live concert recordings, it would put the listener in the midst of an actual audience, whose hubbub would carpet his room; and with sound effects, one could be transported anywhere.

As yet, few engineers, if any, know how to achieve anything but the pop surround effects consistently. And until there is a proven market for four-channel sound, few of them will be given the chance really to study this technical aspect of the problem. The same situation held true in the first years of stereo, the same technical-economic chicken contending for precedence with the same technical-economic egg.

The economic factor (with an ironic boost from one recent technical advance, the multi-track master recording) will prove the chief obstacle toward the swift achievement of good quadraphonic sound. It costs a lot to produce a record nowadays—and record companies' vaults are full (as they were not, in stereo's first days) of old recordings that can easily be converted into plausible simulacra of the new. The mono master tapes existing in stereo's first days could not be readily converted to anything like stereo. But today most stereo recordings are mixed down from master tapes with anywhere from four to thirty-two tracks, and these masters can be remixed and reissued in four channels.

With all the money invested in these master tapes (and, to be just, with all the irreplaceable performances they hold), the record companies are certain to remix and reissue. But results, though true four-channel, may not be truly quadraphonic.

Promotion, alias "the hype," may prove another obstacle. Quadraphony, like stereo, may be promoted for the most obvious rather than the most meaningful reasons. Economy again. Stereo was first heralded by proud announcements that "The violins are on the left! The cellos are on the right"—to establish a likeness to an orchestra in a concert hall. In more than ten years of stereo, I doubt that I've met more than ten people who would really object if someday they woke up and found the cellos were over on the left. It was the spatial spread of sound deriving from the use of two speakers that gave richness and meaning to stereo, an aspect all too rarely mentioned. Similarly, the enveloping sound of four-channel mono is sure to be promoted over the less gimmicked, more natural sound-field recordings that quadraphony can produce. The Ping-pong games of the first stereo test records will probably reappear as mixed doubles playing front, rear, and side.

I've been listening to some of these recordings for the past several months, and I think I've been through pretty much the gamut of today's quadraphonic recording techniques. They varied all over the lot. Some gave a definite "front-stage" effect no matter where in the room I sat (RCA's Moffo/Tucker/Leinsdorf *Bohème* highlights, and Price/Tucker/Leinsdorf excerpts from *Butterfly* on Q8 tapes were excellent examples). Others managed somehow to put a stage in front of me no matter where I faced. And still others filled the room with a lush carpet of sound that I found unnatural but pleasant (e.g., RCA's Q8 *Victory at Sea*).

Pianos were troublesome. One recording (I forgot to note which) spread the piano like peanut butter over my entire floor. The Q8 reincarnation of the Van Cliburn/Kondrashin Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto floated the piano so ambiguously about the room that no layman or musician I have played it for has been able to state just where Van Cliburn is at any moment. And the Rubinstein/Ormandy Chopin Concerto No. 2 on Q8 gave the piano definite locations—several of them, at various points in the recording. (Piano location was much clearer, though, in the Q8 Rubinstein/Ormandy *Nights in the Gardens of Spain*.)

Show tunes fared very well indeed. RCA's *Hello, Dolly!*, *Fiddler on the Roof*, and *Hair*, and Ampex's *Purlie* varied their perspectives with the stage action, from stage-front to surround. A snatch of Columbia's *Company* cast album on the SQ demonstration disc sounded good, too, though it was heard at a technical disadvantage (recorded on Columbia's SQ matrix, it had to be played back through *Sansui* and *Electro-Voice* matrices, since the SQ equipment wasn't out yet). Barbra Streisand's pirouettes around the room in *Funny Girl*'s "Swan Lake" number also came off well in SQ—though not as well when played through other matrices.

The most satisfying four-channel recording I've yet heard on commercial release is Vanguard's recording of the Berlioz *Requiem*. And no wonder—Berlioz apparently wrote it with "live" quadraphony in mind. Columbia's Gabrieli *Canzona* on the SQ demonstration disc benefits from similar intentions on the composer's part, and at least equally competent recording. Vanguard also uses quadraphonic sound with exceptional intelligence to make the vaporous qualities of Mahler's Third Symphony a bit more luminous more loosely knit texture of Handel's *Jephtha* is equally well served.

On the other hand, when Vanguard turns to solo pop performers (e.g., the Joan Baez and Buffy Sainte-Marie tracks on the Vanguard Surround Stereo sample reel), the sense of things seems to fall apart and the result is less satisfactory, at least to me, than the stereo versions. Nobody's perfect, I guess.

—IVAN BERGER.

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GIELEN'S CHROMATIC, TRAUMATIC EVENING

by IRVING KOLODIN

Michael Gielen's second program as guest conductor of the New York Philharmonic gave its patrons much to think about—more, indeed, than some of them might have wanted. Noting the names of Reri Grist, soprano, and Ken Remo, tenor, on the program, a gentleman nearby grumbled: "Singing for the second time in a row! [He was referring to Pierre Boulez's direction of Liszt's *St. Elizabeth* at the prior concert in his subscription sequence.] That's too much. I hope it isn't so loud I can't sleep."

He had his wish in the evening's opening work, at least. It was Richard Strauss's last major composition, the *Metamorphosen* for twenty-three strings. In this product of the dark time in the history of the German people (1945) when Frankfurt was rubble, Dresden aflame, and his own beloved Munich losing one landmark after another to bombs, Strauss rose once again to the heights of eloquence he had often known in his sixty years as a world-famous composer. Standing one string line against another, and the pair against another pair, and so on through the twenty-three, he wove a network of sonority and allusion (to works of Beethoven, Wagner, and himself) that still has not been wholly unraveled twenty-six years later.

So far as clear, vibrant sonority is concerned, Gielen's acute ear and probing mind made as much of the content audible as any prior interpreter and, in some details, even more of it. His performance had a grand tone of mournfulness and an occasional surge of remembered glories as Strauss toured, tonally, the time of his youth, maturity, and middle age. But neither Gielen nor the molder of any other version known to me has managed to evade a sense of drift and lack of direction that sets in slightly more than halfway through the thirty-minute work. Is it possible that we do not follow Strauss's sophisticated discourse, or is there something at fault in the phraseology itself? In any case, the composer knows his idiom so well that he leads the way back, successfully, to his objective—the sunset glow of life itself and the dark allusion to the "Marche funèbre" from Beethoven's *Eroica*.

Oddly, as *Metamorphosen* represented one reaction to a great musical work of the past, so Luigi Nono's *sul ponte di Hiroshima* (after the German of Günther Anders's *Der Mann auf der Brücke* plus verses of Jesús Lopez Pacheco and Cesare Pavese) and the symphonic excerpts from Alban Berg's *Lulu* represented quite another. The work is Richard Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*, which enveloped the musical world in a chromatic, traumatic, sometimes dramatic spell for decades, and which shadows some minds still. In *Metamorphosen*, Strauss is plainly trying to pick his way through the undergrowth of sharps and flats to new high ground and not quite making it. In *sul ponte*, Nono is pursuing the Schoenbergian detour around the whole dilemma, whereas, in *Lulu*, Berg, who gave lip service to "the method" but didn't really believe in it in his heart, follows his God-given instinct to an outcome both searing and satisfying. Berg's death of a minor affliction at the age of fifty (in 1935) may have been the century's most depriving musical event.

Though *Lulu* has been played on the stage of the Brooklyn Academy of Music (by a touring company under the direction of Sarah Caldwell), it is yet to be performed by either of New York's resident opera groups. The dense, involuted, yet gripping sounds that Berg evolved in his response to the celebrated subject matter of Frank Wedekind (*Erdgeist* and *Die Büchse der Pandora*) have been heard in a New York concert hall from several orchestras in the past. Rarely, however, have they sounded with the certainty, the clarity, and the sense of direction that Gielen achieved. If Göran Gentele is, indeed, looking for a man to break the *Lulu*-barrier at the Met, Gielen could well be his choice.

Convenience rather than suitability dictated the use of soprano Reri Grist in the *Lulu* excerpts, though her voice is perilously light for the extended "Lied der Lulu." She was on surer vocal ground in the Nono score, for which her adept associate was tenor Ken Remo. As he too uses a light sound with great finesse, they made much of the vocalise-with-words kind of writing through which Nono evokes the horrors of Hiroshima. The treatment derives its central impulse from the verse describing a man who stands on a bridge in Hiroshima, plucking at a guitar and singing. "Where you expect a face to be, you will find no face but a veil," Anders writes. This section is not conveyed vocally, but through an orchestra dominated by eight percussion players with no fewer than four pairs of kettledrums and other assorted noisemakers. It is damnably intense, but questionably in the category of music. Miss Grist sang her lines expressive of lessons learned and hope aroused with exquisite artistry, as did Remo. Gielen's hand was, throughout, in firm control of the sound structure.

An evening of rare musical pleasure rewarded those who crowded Carnegie Hall to hear the first visit here in recent years of a Spanish symphony orchestra, the Radio-Television ensemble of Madrid. Under the direction of young Enrique García Asensio, a recent Mitropoulos Competition laureate, it demonstrated the true eloquence of the Spanish idiom. Especially in that part of the program that presented soprano Pilar Lorengar as soloist in excerpts from Granados's *Goyescas* and Falla's *La vida breve*, it conveyed the spirit and sweep of Iberian emotion as, collaterally, only the Vienna Philharmonic can the music of the Strausses. Any appearance elsewhere should not be missed.

The Metropolitan season moved forward with the reappearance of two works that had added much to the interest of recent seasons: Verdi's *Luisa Miller* and Beethoven's *Fidelio*. Attilio Colonnello's touristic version of the Tyrol has no such suitability as Boris Aronson's masterful re-creation of a moldering bastille near Seville, but it does provide the means for acquaintance with a score that rises from the conventional to the Verdian heights.

Both operas were performed under conductors new to most of those present: the Verdi by James Levine, who had a first Metropolitan opportunity during the June season, the Beethoven by Hans Wallat in his debut. Levine is a man of energetic impulses, musicality, and leadership temperament. He is, as of now, inclined to mistake physical energy for musical tension. In the overture, as an instance, brasses and percussion left the strings all but inaudible. Wallat showed a better sense of balance in his direction of the *Fidelio* Overture, less command of the stage when the curtain was up.

In each a central role was downgraded, vocally, by lack of the standard-setter when the production was new. In the Verdi it was Montserrat Caballé who was replaced by Adriana Maliponte, an experienced soprano of rather hard sound; in the Beethoven it was Leonie Rysanek who was absent, Ingrid Bjoner who was present. Miss Bjoner is a serious artist who has to work hard for her results and rarely strikes sparks. James McCracken's Florestan will be reviewed later.

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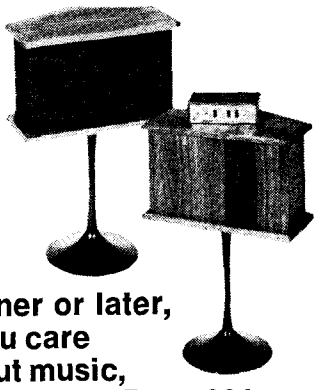

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BOOKS

BLACK TALK

by Ben Sidran

Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 201 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Chris Albertson

■ Now that jazz, as we have known it, seems well on its way to becoming a thing of the past, white America is finally beginning to take a serious look at black America's cultural heritage.

Jazz being an important part of that heritage, it was inevitable that someone would devote a book to its socio-cultural aspects. So far, this has been done only tangentially—most notably by LeRoi Jones—and although this music, or rather its offspring (perhaps best referred to as black music), has in recent years moved into such "respectable" quarters as Lincoln Center and the Museum of Modern Art without the stigma of novelty that was attached to Benny Goodman's famous Carnegie Hall concert of 1938 and subsequent all-star jazz events at the Metropolitan Opera House, the majority of white Americans still fail to regard the music of black Americans as anything more than entertainment.

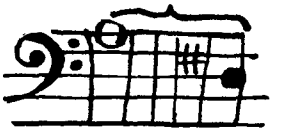
In the past, most books on the subject of black music have been written by white authors and critics who have had little or no social contact with the jazz makers, outside of the semi-business chats that go with the profession. Consequently, the fair amount of jazz literature published over the past three decades has dealt only lightly with the social significance of black music—except in the writings of Nat Hentoff, Martin Williams, and a few newcomers—failing to look beyond its musical impact to the attitudes that fostered its growth and development. Contrary to common belief, racial barriers do exist within the jazz community—they are perhaps more subtle, but they are there. Black performers are often reluctant to reveal their inner feelings to a white interviewer, fearing reprisals in the form of closed doors. Such fears are not unfounded, but we rarely hear of the record sessions or engagements that *didn't* take place because of personal biases within the power structure.

Caution exercised by performers—particularly of the older generation—combined with much conjecture on the part of writers, has resulted in serious distortion of black music's history. Scholarly approaches sometimes yield ludicrous results: Several years ago, a noted French jazz critic devoted three or four paragraphs to a very technical explanation of Louis Armstrong's decision to switch from the cornet to the trumpet. When I read the article to Armstrong, he shook his head. "I switched because Erskine Tate didn't like one short horn in his trumpet section," he said. "It didn't look good on the bandstand."

Mr. Sidran has obviously devoted a great deal of time to the study of black Americans and their music, but he has been misled too many times by gaining his knowledge from books. He refers to Louis Jordan as "one of the 'honking' tenor players," but had he listened to Jordan he would have discovered that he neither honked nor played tenor. "The T.O.B.A. circuit," he writes, "was known among black musicians as the 'tough on black artists' circuit. This is perhaps the earliest time the phrase *black artists* was used by Negro musicians to describe themselves." Actually, the interpretation had been altered by inhibited writers of the past—any black performer who was around at that time will tell you that the real interpretation of those initials was "Tough On Black *Asses*," a significant difference.

Such avoidable errors—avoidable because performers today speak more freely—mar the book throughout, but the author makes other mistakes, too, such as omitting the influence of Charlie Christian on bop music, almost totally neglecting the highly influential force of gospel music, and overemphasizing the role of "jazz" in black politics. He tends to attach deep social significance to what were strictly musical decisions, as in his description of Miles Davis's 1949 Capitol recordings: "The lack of rhythmic propulsion indicated the guarded nature of the black community, inasmuch as rhythmic assertion had always characterized black cultural assertion." This becomes particularly meaningless in view of the fact that the recordings in question were highly atypical of black music, and the arranger (Gil Evans) as well as half the players were white.

Rife with quotes, many of which come from unidentified sources and reflect opinions that are personal, but which the author nevertheless treats as general, *Black Talk* rambles on to its conclusion, undoubtedly leaving the uninitiated white reader—for whom this book is surely intended—with the belief that he has gained an insight into the world of black communication. Unfortunately, *Black Talk* reads more like a term paper, assembled in the school library, and the result is mainly a rehash of a lot of white talk.



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Letters to the MultiMedia Editor

The "Beethoven" Symphony No. 10

RECENTLY I became the owner of a thirty- to forty-year-old recording of Beethoven's *Jena* Symphony in C major. The record jacket admitted to the doubt that it was really a symphony of Beethoven.

An old instructor of mine suggested I write and ask (since it is an old recording) if since then the symphony, which was found only in parts (not score), has been substantially proved to be Beethoven's or not.

BYRON BERNHEIM,
Irvington, N.J.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In recent research, especially by H. C. Robbins-Landon, attribution of the "Jena" Symphony to Beethoven has been discredited entirely.*

Louis and England

JOHN HAMMOND errs when he tells us [*SR*, Sept. 25] that he first became acquainted with Louis Armstrong "in 1933 . . . when he was first traveling to Europe." Armstrong was in Europe for the first time in 1932, and it is my recollection that Mr. Hammond wasn't on the boat that took him to Plymouth.

FRANK LITTLER,
Chicago, Ill.

Stone vs. Bodies

IRVING KOLODIN's article "Countdown for Kennedy" [*SR*, July 31] reminded me of the curious American compulsion to value real estate and spectacular show as prime considerations in any discussions, projects, or applications of art and culture.

It could be argued that these huge, empty spaces designed to house the few, exclusive companies of music, dance, and theater are exactly what we deserve, that another monster which thousands of artists will never touch because their visions are not palatable in the driving, desperate sterility of late-twentieth-century America only reflects a true image of where we are and where we wish to go. But I feel differently.

When will we invest in ourselves rather than in concrete? For example, $65-million could support 130 medium-sized companies for an extended period! When will the era of Kulture Palaces give way to the possibility of a vital, native, artistic climate that encourages the arts to be responsive to every fiber of American life?

To many of us, the Kennedy Center is yet another travesty erected to soothe the insecure feelings of society. By combining a monument to our past President with a building to house the performing arts, we have aggressively murdered two more ideas with our stone.

PETER FRISCH,
Victoria,
British Columbia

EDITOR'S NOTE: *There would hardly seem to be a matter of "either/or" here. There is, in being, a National Endowment for the Arts, which will spend more than the Kennedy Center's cost within the next two years. Some of the performers thus supported will doubtless appear in Washington's new concert hall and opera house. The function of one effort is not negated by the other.*

Bowers and Scriabin

IRVING KOLODIN has taken me to task in print before, but this time he stirs me to reply. He is offended by my liner notes to Scriabin's twelve études, Opus 8, played by Victor Merzhanov, in that I say America lacks a Scriabin tradition of performance [MISCELLANEOUS LPS, Sept. 25]. He omits my ". . . as yet." But he cites Vladimir Horowitz, who indeed plays Scriabin with dazzle. Horowitz played for Scriabin himself, taken to him by his uncle who was Scriabin's pet pupil, although he did not teach his own compositions at the Moscow Conservatory.

Horowitz plays better than Professor Merzhanov. However, when it comes to Scriabin, I wouldn't say he plays him more traditionally. Kolodin cites Morton Estrin's record of the Opus 8 études favorably. It is, alas, not very good by either orthodox or heterodox standards. And Ruth Laredo, whom Kolodin also praises for the same Opus 8 études, has never recorded them, nor played them privately. So I don't know by what standard Kolodin reviews a nonexistent record.

Kolodin's comment concerning "separatism and non-objectivity," if a jacket commentator discusses the player's performance, is both separatist and subjective in itself. I fail to see how I am "separatist" (élitist, maybe) when I admire an old professor's conventional playing and react to style and the school of playing that Russia

developed, especially when it was sealed off from other countries for the decades after the Revolution. Memories of Scriabin's own manner of performance were, thus, caught like a boulder in a glacier, instead of washing down to the river and into the sea of sameness.

Kolodin responds to Merzhanov's D-minor étude. While it has the sanctity of academic correctness, internationally, it still is a slam-bang, encore type of pianistic maneuvering, like Horowitz's performance, too, and quite at variance with Scriabin's own feelings about it as we now know, since his papers have become avail-

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able to the public and "tradition," in this instance, can be rectified.

FAUBION BOWERS,
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The reference to Miss Laredo is incorrect. The point at issue, really, is whether, as Mr. Bowers contends, "there has been" since the deaths of Koussevitzky, Rachmaninoff, and Siloti "no orchestral or pianistic traditions for Scriabin performances" and that we must "look to Russia for advice, guidance, and information." The development of Estrin, Laredo, Hilde Somer, etc., would seem to argue otherwise.*

Where to Find "My One and Only"

RICHARD EISENHAUER writes that he cannot find the song "My One and Only Love" in his collection of forty-five Sinatra records. I am the happy possessor of perhaps a dozen, but quickly found the song in question on Capitol's T 768—*This is Sinatra!*, a record which Mr. Eisenhauer would find a valuable addition to his collection.

MRS. ROBERT M. NELSON,
Chambersburg, Pa.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 18:
slating, salting, lasting.

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Booked for Travel

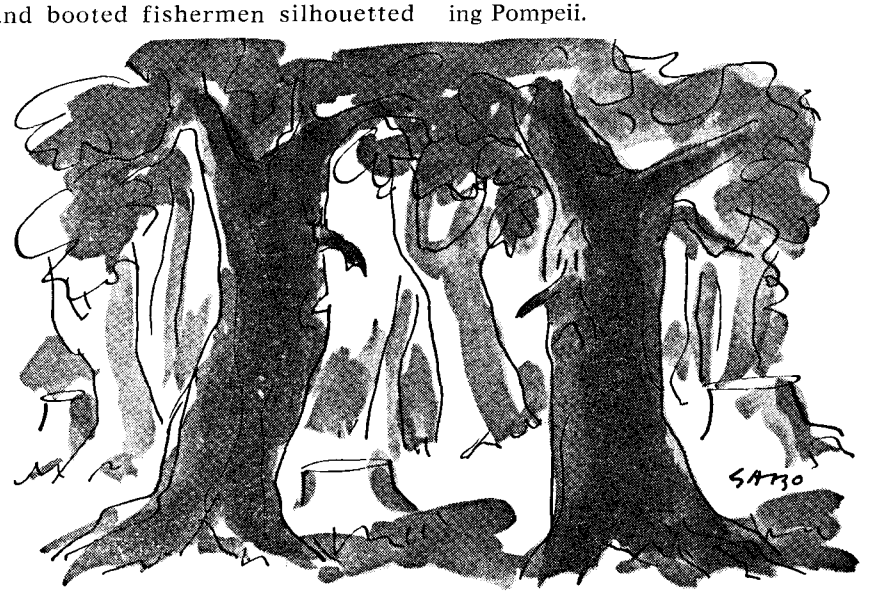
Continued from page 60

on Torcello, which the wise old bartender had bought years before when it was a rundown pub that had seen its salad days at the turn of the century. Cipriani had added a few rooms, and Hemingway had come in 1948 for lunch. He stayed the whole winter to write *Across the River and into the Trees*, and they kept it open for him. Then came Nancy Mitford, who stayed for two months while working on *Madame de Pompadour*, and then even Elizabeth, Queen of England, who stopped in the course of a state visit.

But he remembered the summer he had come and the beauty of the gardens in full bloom and how the children had almost been able to reach the tops of the grapevines that hung from the arbor. They drank Bellinis, peach juice and spumante, and carried their glasses as they walked in the garden waiting for their table to be ready. And then came the *tagliolini verdi*, the homemade green noodles sticky with cheese, and the scampi that are an Adriatic version of Dublin Bay prawns and done *alla mugnaia*, seething with butter. He remembered how they rode back toward the silhouette of Venice in a cloud of Soave, with the spray splashing at them and the sea a glistening pattern of marquisite against the late afternoon sun.

But that was all long ago. Now, on this farewell trip, on this last outing to the tomb of a deceased city, he remembered that boat ride, and another one, when, homeward-bound that summer, they rode to Marco Polo Airport in the last light of a September day, the speedboat skimming the channel, passing the pilings, row upon row, clam diggers working the gray muck, and booted fishermen silhouetted against that orange ball that was dropping through the elongated, tinted clouds on its way to immersion in the Adriatic.

That was how he remembered Venice on that very last day, and he carried the memory when he went to Paris, hurrying over to the Orangerie to see the exhibition "Venise au Dix-huitième Siècle" organized to make money to save Venice. At home he bustled off to see what Luchino Visconti had done with *Death in Venice*, and he thought Dirk Bogarde was fabulous and Mangano beautiful, and Visconti's version a brilliant treatment that had come back to invade his consciousness again and again. He couldn't say as much, he remembered, for that other film of the season, *The Anonymous Venetian*, which was also about death and about Venice. All he could summon of that film was that the hero was dying of an incurable disease—terminal palaver, he had decided—and his estranged wife had spent a brief reunion arguing with him. "Let Venice sink back into the mud where it came from," she had said bitterly at one point. And that is what it had done. It hadn't been abandoned for lack of water like Fatehpur-Sikri, or left to die like Jerome, Arizona, because the copper ran out. Man and the sea had conspired to kill it or, to put it another way, not to save it. Other cities had died, as the angry wife had pointed out in *The Anonymous Venetian*. But this was Venice and not Babylon and it was part of his time or he of its. Old now, he had to come back this one last time to rake over the interludes of an earlier life. He hurried back to his stateroom to pack. The tender was coming to pick up the members of his tour, which was called "The Dead Cities of Europe." They were going south on the night train to Naples, and tomorrow they would be visiting Pompeii.



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PERSONALS

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B. French painter (1883-1955)	200 5 15 141 49 61 81
C. Rough up	100 146 164 176 180 203 207 21 29
D. Appropriate	72 84 91 98 105 115 148
E. Due	173 6 11 56 93
F. Suffer severe criticism or tribulation (3 wds.)	127 151 174 175 179 185 191 202 4 12 30 65 143 102
G. Creating dissension	187 205 28 32 82 97 142 149
H. Volcanic island, one of the Cyclades	152 154 158 162 177
I. Crouch, squat (2 wds.)	197 130 147 13 36 104 9 27 122 57
J. Followed by WORD K: Marlowe, Southwell, and Nashe, for instance	88 107 119 51 62 189 198 10 31 75 78
K. See WORD J	126 2 41 69 90
L. After *the*: current target of much criticism	94 159 161 182 150 22 23 83 118 201 14 64 111
M. Pamplona is its capital	114 163 35 77 184 8 132
N. Ancient Chinese ceremonial vessel, deep bowl with usu. two handles	140 172 206 18
O. Father of Hananiah (Jer. 28:1)	101 87 192 26
P. One of the Magi	121 186 181 38 110 168
Q. Conceitedly dogmatic	3 60 67 74 86 113 120 170 53 135 44
R. Dopes, simpletons	17 46 117 40 63 153 165
S. Poem by Shelley	34 109 188 169 7 68 89 123 92 33
T. Buteshire's body of water (3 wds.)	80 108 37 171 145 55 96 139 76 66 129 155
U. Nightingale (poetic)	25 70 48 124 39 204 103 183
V. Repugnant	128 137 156 43 1 99 73 47 71
W. "In such a night / Stood Dido with a ___ in her hand," says Lorenzo. ("Merchant of Venice")	19 50 125 85 95 59
X. Enlightenment	138 79 54 166 20 144 106 196 16 116 134
Y. German ace of WW I	42 112 45 160 178 199 58 136 190 195

DIRECTIONS

Don't let the definitions scare you. If you can guess five or six of these WORDS correctly, you should be able to solve the Double-Crostic . . . When you've guessed a WORD, fill in the dashes, and also write each letter in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When all the squares are filled in, you will have a quotation from a published work. Dark squares indicate the ends of words. If there is no dark square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . You should be able to see words and phrases begin to form in the diagram on the basis of having just a few letters. Enter the letters you can guess into the diagram and the blanks in the defined WORDS, and you'll find yourself working from WORDS to diagram and back, solving the puzzle . . . The initial letters of the defined WORDS spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation was taken. This acrostic feature can be very helpful to the solver.

				1 V	2 K		3 Q	4 F	5 B	6 E	7 S	8 M	9 I		10 J	11 E	12 F
13 I	14 L	15 B	16 X	17 R	18 N		19 W	20 X	21 C	22 L		23 L	24 A	25 U	26 O	27 I	28 G
29 C		30 F	31 J	32 G	33 S		34 S	35 M	36 I	37 T	38 P	39 U	40 R	41 K	42 Y	43 V	44 Q
	45 Y	46 R	47 V	48 U	49 B	50 W	51 J	52 A	53 Q	54 X	55 T	56 E		57 I	58 Y	59 W	
60 Q	61 B	62 J	63 R	64 L	65 F	66 T		67 Q	68 S		69 K	70 U	71 V		72 D	73 V	74 Q
75 J	76 T		77 M	78 J	79 X		80 T	81 B	82 G	83 L	84 D	85 W	86 Q	87 O	88 J	89 S	
90 K	91 D	92 S	93 E	94 L		95 W	96 T		97 G	98 D	99 V		100 C	101 O	102 F	103 U	104 I
105 D	106 X	107 J	108 T	109 S	110 P	111 L	112 Y	113 Q	114 M		115 D	116 X	117 R	118 L	119 J	120 Q	121 P
	122 I	123 S	124 U	125 W		126 K	127 F	128 V	129 T	130 I	131 A	132 M		133 A	134 X		135 Q
136 Y	137 V	138 X	139 T	140 N	141 B	142 G	143 F		144 X	145 T	146 C	147 I	148 D	149 G		150 L	151 F
152 H		153 R	154 H	155 T		156 V	157 A	158 H	159 L	160 Y		161 L	162 H	163 M	164 C	165 R	166 X
167 A	168 P	169 S	170 Q	171 T	172 N	173 E	174 F		175 F	176 C	177 H	178 Y		179 F	180 C	181 P	
182 L	183 U	184 M	185 F	186 P	187 G	188 S		189 J	190 Y	191 F	192 O	193 A		194 A	195 Y		196 X
197 I	198 J		199 Y	200 B	201 L	202 F	203 C		204 U	205 G	206 N	207 C					

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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John/nie/Walk/er/Red/La/bel.
1 2 3 4 5 6 7

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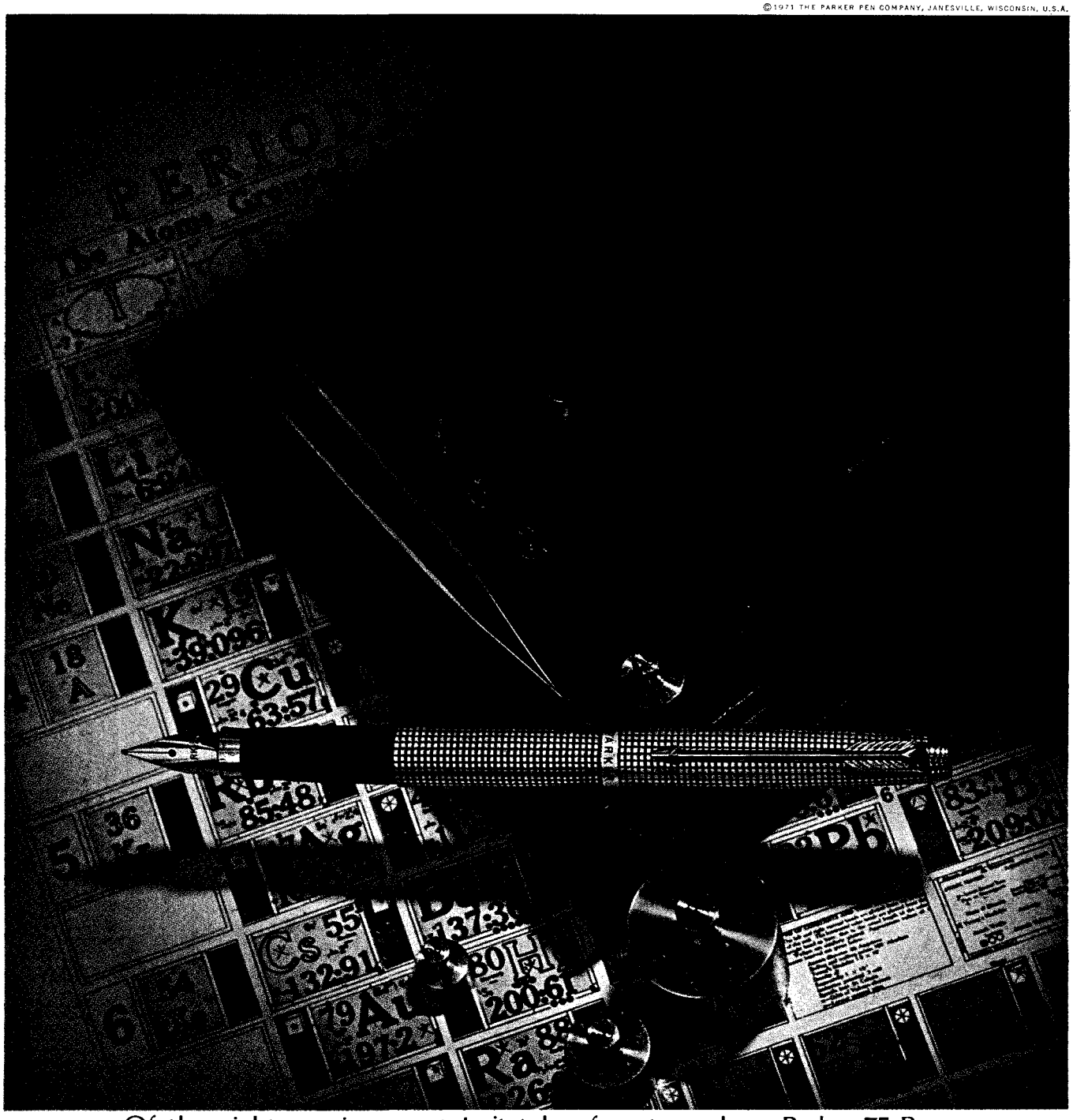

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